The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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December 9, 1964

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OUR CONTEST RESULTS

Men tell of their FAIR LADIES in twenty tender real-life stories

This week's 8-page lift-out

ALL ABOUT CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

LOVELY VISITOR FROM PARIS

Pages 8, 9

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The male ego can be so deadly

Have you ever met a man who isn't a good driver? To hear them talk you'd wonder how on earth 50,000 drivers and passengers were killed or injured in road accidents last year. Vanity is a big reason why many men refuse to give themselves and their family the protection of seat belts. This, despite overwhelming proof that seat belts can reduce the risk of death or serious injury in an accident by as much as 80%. Maybe your husband IS a good driver, but accidents CAN happen to anyone at any time. Remind him about this today. And if he should trot out any of the many misconceptions about seat belts give him these facts:

Seat belts are NOT uncomfortable. In fact you hardly know you're wearing them. Really they add to your comfort by giving you a feeling of greater security.

Seat belts do NOT restrict the driver—in fact, by holding him securely, they give him greater control in an emergency.

Seat belts ARE necessary in the back seat. Would you give yourself this life protection yet deny your children?

Seat belts, properly adjusted, will NOT crush your clothes.

In the event of an accident, a seat belt will NOT trap you in the car. All approved makes, complying with the current Australian Standard, have a quick release mechanism—you're free in a second.
Despite reports of some miraculous escapes, it is not generally safer to be thrown out of your car. The chances of being killed are five times greater if you are ejected from the car in an accident.

AUSTRALIAN ROAD SAFETY COUNCIL

Road Safety starts with you!

Issued by the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport.

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WORTH REPORTING

MONEY is the big item in our thinking this week. It's the big item every year as soon as we turn the calendar over to December.

All through the month, while we ponder which Christmas present to buy whom, and when, and what to use for money, our head is a jumble of £'s and ?'s.

Only another December, then dollar currency will take over. Christmas, 1966, will see us with a head full of $'s and ?'s.

Mr. A. T. Kay, of Mitcham, S.A., wrote to us recently about the origin of the dollar sign after he'd read Rita Dunstan's story in the November 4 issue about the Australian dollar.

Mr. Kay said:

"The $ sign is the result of evolution from the Mexican Ps sign for Spanish dollars or pesos (pieces of eight reals) by lowering the letter S on the letter P.

"The $ sign was widely used long before the U.S. adopted the dollar in 1785.

"In view of the fact that the $ is merely a shorthand method of writing Mexican pesos, why on earth are we in Australia to be compelled to use the $ to mean Australian dollars? . . . Why invite confusion with other varieties of dollars?

"Being old and a rebellious type I, for one, will never be guilty of using it in connection with the new Australian currency.

"I would rather settle for AD, even at the risk of being mistaken for Anno Domini!"

★ ★ ★

A *LETTER from a reader, Mrs. J. Rogerson, of Essendon, Vic., cheered a rather indifferent day for us.*

Mrs. Rogerson began by thanking "our wonderful Women's Weekly" for the Yoga book in our November 4 issue.

"We (sister-in-law, nieces, and friends) are having loads of fun with Yoga," she said.

"If you could hear the moans, groans, cracking of joints and knees, plus uncontrollable laughter coming from our weekly session, you'd come, too."

Our Cover

● **Madame Jean-Noel Grinda, the former Florence Michard-Pelissier, of Paris, in slacks bought at St. Tropez from "Choses" (where Brigitte Bardot shops) and Pucci top in patterned silk. See pages 8, 9. Picture by staff photographer Barry Cullen.**

HOW TO MAKE CHRISTMAS WREATH

THE Christmas wreath pictured on our cover was made by Mrs. Melanie Laidley, of Double Bay, N.S.W., who says it is quite easy to make. Here are the instructions:

Make the base from a length of basket cane (obtainable at handicraft shops). Soak the cane in water, then tie it into a circle about 10in. in diameter. When it is dry, paint it gold.

When the paint is dry, tie on to it with gold ribbon 13 large red baubles, seven sprigs of artificial holly, and 21 daisy baubles. (Use the picture as a guide for order and arrangement.)

From about 5yds. 1in.-wide ribbon make loops with long streamers. Tie the loops to the top of the wreath and allow the streamers to trail.

Tie a ribbon loop at the back of the wreath for attaching it to the door.

(Other ideas, see centre lift-out book.)

From a monk's eyelashes

AT the opening of the India Tea Centre in Sydney recently, we were enchanted to learn the legend of the origin of the tea bush.

According to Mr. Prem Kumar (official "tea adviser," Indian High Commission), Indian folklore has it that a very long time ago a Buddhist monk wanted to atone for his sins, and decided that his course would be seven waking years of solemn meditation.

However, after five sleepless years, he was so weary he didn't think he could go on without shutting his eyes.

His eyelids were becoming heavier, and heavier, and heavier . . .

Determined not to be defeated by his weak human nature, the monk plucked out all his eyelashes and threw them on the ground.

Their burden thus lightened, his eyes were refreshed, and he completed the last two years of meditation without sleep.

Many centuries later, in 1823, an Englishman — Major Robert Bruce — discovered tea bushes growing wild on the plains of Assam in north-east India.

Legend has it that these bushes had sprung up from the monk's eyelashes.

And this, said Mr. Kumar with a smile, explains why tea is "the drink that refreshes."

Holiday jobs in N.Z.

ON an "unofficial" visit to Australia to promote working holidays in her homeland, New Zealander Miss Beryl Greenberg says Australian girls are even more popular with New Zealand employers than the local girls.

Miss Greenberg runs a female employment agency in Wellington.

"Apart from their warmth and friendliness, Australian girls are much harder workers," she said. "This is probably because there is much more career competition in Australia, and they have to fight harder to get on in the world.

"New Zealand girls don't seem to care as much, and, frankly, they live a softer life."

Miss Greenberg says there is plenty of work available on a three-month basis in the main centres, Wellington and Auckland, for girls with secretarial ability.

They earn £16-£17 a week, the equivalent of a £20 weekly wage in Australia, says Miss Greenberg.

● *Miss Beryl Greenberg*

And empty purses can be replenished with casual work varying from a few days to a few weeks.

"Although it is not stable, this type of work attracts many visitors, because it offers much more variety and scope for meeting people," said Miss Greenberg.

"Relief work is plentiful for shorthand-typists in city offices, for receptionists in hotels, for shop assistants; and in country areas there is always the need for the live-in mother's help.

"But fruit-picking seems to be the most popular in the casual-work line, probably because it's healthy outdoor work, pays reasonably, and can be a lot of fun."

Main fruit-growing areas are the Nelson district — that's north of the South Island — and Central Otago in the centre of the South Island.

THE IDEAL GIFT!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	½ Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
Foreign	£3/3/6	£6/11/-

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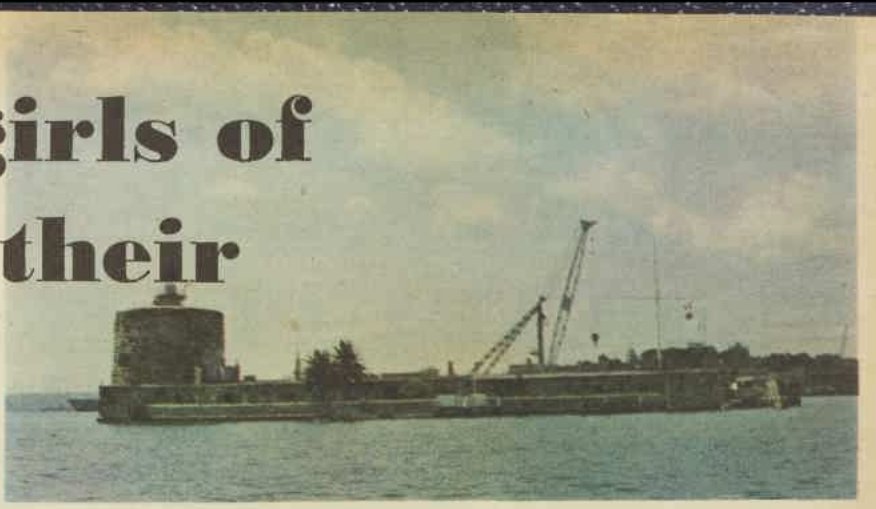
The two little girls of Pinchgut get their playmate back



● "We've missed the old cannon," said Mrs. June Morris. "It almost seems like one of the family."

MRS. MORRIS, wife of the caretaker of historic Fort Denison, on the tiny island of Pinchgut in Sydney Harbor, was speaking of the return of the largest of the century-old cannons, which had been away three months for renovations.

It was forged in England in 1854, during the Crimean War, and installed on Pinchgut in 1856 to resist a possible Russian attack.

"But the only shot fired against Fort Denison," said Mr. Clifford Morris, "was a mistake. During the war an American aircraft-carrier fired at a target in the Harbor and the shot ricocheted and hit the tower.

"I think the fort would have stood up pretty well to those Russians — you could hardly see the chip afterwards."

Tourist attraction

Pinchgut Island got its name when early convicts were marooned — and half-starved — on the barren rock as a punishment. Now, with its cannon back in place, it is complete as a tourist attraction again.

The traversing platform on which the cannon is mounted had to be rebuilt — not of teak, like the original platform, for this would cost more than £400 for the runners alone, but of Australian ironbark.

Replacing the seven-ton gun on the island fortress took two hours using a 35-ton floating crane.

"The girls were so excited this morning," said Mrs. Morris, speaking of her two daughters, Julie, 10, and Jo-Anne, 9. "They've missed the cannon more than anyone else.

"Living on a fortress in the middle of the Harbor, they have to rely on their own company and make up their own games.

"One of their favorites is playing imprisoned princesses. They dress up in my old dresses and clamber over the cannon pretending to look for 'rescue' ships.

"The cannon is their third playmate."

— PATRICIA JOHNSON

JO-ANNE and JULIE MORRIS, who live on the island, climb over their cannon. Top picture includes the floating crane which brought it back after repairs. One of these muzzle-loaders used to be fired each day as Sydney's 1 p.m. time signal.

AT LEFT: Caretaker Mr. Clifford Morris and his wife. AT RIGHT: The cannon is swung into its emplacement. Sightseers can visit the island by a tourist ferry sent five times a week by the Maritime Services Board.

Pictures by Ian Mitchell

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Men readers win prizes for telling "WHY

IN one of our most successful contests yet, male readers were invited to write about that important somebody in their lives, telling "why she is My Fair Lady."

The national winner receives Qantas V-jet return tickets to London for two (valued at £1200); in addition, £350 spending money from the Australian Record Company. State winners receive return tickets for two to Melbourne by Ansett-A.N.A. for the gala charity Australian premiere of the Warner Bros. film "My Fair Lady" at the Palladium Entertainment Centre on December 9, with overnight accommodation and meals at the Southern Cross Hotel. They are also given a soundtrack from the film by courtesy of the Australian Record Company.

Winner for Victoria

DO I ENVY PROF. HIGGINS?

• *Mr. R. E. BARRY, of Glen Iris, Vic. wrote:*

I GUESS there's a lot of fellows who envy Professor Higgins. Not me. He had to create his ideal woman. Me, I had to "do little" to perfect my Eliza. Nature had done a wonderful job before I even came on the scene.

All I had to do was meet her, and a Saturday night hop in the local W.A.A.F. camp during the Blitz gave me the opportunity. Her name isn't Patience, but it should have been. At the best of times I'm no Victor Sylvester, and while service-issue boots have their uses they're not the best substitute for dancing pumps.

Any girl who could smile through three waltzes with me, take successful avoiding action from size 11 R.A.F. boots, and convince me she had loved every minute of it is something pretty special. We, too, could have danced all night, but by this time Jerry was providing much more percussion than the Stan Jones Five.

With "a little bit of luck" and a fair amount of pure cunning, I managed, after a couple of hours hanging around the main gate of the Waafery, to bump into her again.

It was a typical English day in high summer. I don't know much about the rain in Spain, but it droppeth from heaven three times a day in England, with matinees every Saturday. Well, there SHE was, looking lovelier than ever, five feet four and eight stone seven of Mother Nature's finest handiwork. Hair like finely spun gold, eyes as blue as the Caribbean, a peaches-and-cream complexion, and a figure that defied all a W.A.A.F. uniform could do to hide it.

When she smiled it was like sunshine in Manchester. I forgot all about the raindrops running down my neck, and the fact that pay-day was still ten days away didn't seem to matter a bit. I just stood there wondering what she saw in me, while she chatted away in a voice that bubbled along merrily, like a Scottish burn.

I didn't "get married in the morning." I had to wait until she — and the R.A.F. — said "yes." That was twenty wonderful years ago. She hasn't changed and, please God, she never will.

Twenty years of putting up with me, nurturing my hopes, comforting me in my failures, creating my home, making the most of the "better" and the best of the "worse." And presenting me with a son and a daughter that any man would be proud to have. And still she keeps on loving and caring, sacrificing, and sharing.

Me envy Professor Higgins?

Not bloody likely!

THE BARRYS look over an album of wartime snapshots, taken soon after they met.

Surprise for Mrs. Barry

UNTIL her husband was contacted by our reporter, Mrs. Reg Barry had no idea that he had entered the contest.

Their two children, Michael, 19, and Sheila, 18, had been shown the entry and kept the secret well.

Mr. Barry is 45, English-born, tall, grey-haired, with bright blue eyes in a tanned face.

His wife, Nessie, is a year younger, with fair complexion, the eyes that he described in his entry as "blue as the Caribbean," and light brown hair.

Born in Glasgow, she has a pronounced and attractive deep Scottish voice.

The family lives in the Melbourne suburb of Glen Iris. Mr. Barry is senior master, teaching mathematics and English, at Malvern Grammar School, and Mrs. Barry works in the office of a local girls' school.

Mr. Barry saw the announcement of the contest in The Australian Women's Weekly, which he always reads when his wife brings it home each week.

With characteristic male avoidance of anything that smacks of sentimentality, Mr. Barry tried to inject humor into his entry so that he could say nice things about his wife without appearing to overdo it.

Reg and Nessie met in 1943 when he was a Flight-Sergeant in R.A.F. Intelligence at Uxbridge and she was a W.A.A.F. stenographer at Ruislip, two miles away. They married in Glasgow in 1944.

The Barrys came to Australia in 1955.

They have returned once since, for nine months in 1960, because of illness in their families at home.

In Australia they went first to Hobart, where Mr. Barry taught at the Friends School, and later moved to Melbourne.

The children are both students at Monash University. Michael is doing second-year Economics and Sheila is in the first year of an Arts course, studying Russian, French, and German.

Mr. Barry plays tennis and is a qualified cricket and Soccer coach. Off duty he likes to potter about the house and garden. He is very interested in the standard of television and films for children, and in England was concerned with survey work of this nature.

• *As Mr. Barry lives in Melbourne a special prize of £50 is awarded to him in lieu of the interstate trip.*

Winner for South Australia

After thirty years she still makes me feel ten feet tall

• *Mr. A. D. DEAKIN, of Croydon Park, S.A., wrote:*

MR. AND MRS. DEAKIN

WHEN Jim Deakin first met Thelma Raggett in Adelaide 37 years ago, she was wearing a white dance frock with a red rose on the hip.

"I am about to bury my nose in that flower," said Jim.

It was at a church dance. Thelma was a little shocked at this unorthodox approach, but still she rather liked Jim. "He talked me into letting him take me home," she says. "I wondered what I had struck. He quoted Shakespeare and Omar Khayyam all the way home.

"Some time later he told me he didn't know whether to kiss me and risk getting his ears boxed.

"But he always tells friends that when he did kiss me I wouldn't let him go."

Mr. Alfred ("Jim") Deakin shook his head disapprovingly at this tale, but chuckled with enjoyment.

They live in a comfortable, beautifully kept home, and moved there the day they were married. They have been in it for 36 years, making alterations and improvements planned by Mrs. Deakin and carried out by her husband.

"Dad has been a wonderful father to us," said his elder daughter, Mrs. Cliff Turner, of Camden Park.

"We have always been able to take our problems to him and he would find the solution. When we were young we took all our questions to him, too. If he didn't know the answer he would make it up, but we didn't find that out until later on."

The other daughter is Mrs. Bruce Dittmar, whose husband is an army lieutenant.

Mrs. Deakin is just over 5ft., a good cook and homemaker, but cannot sew. "I need a blueprint to hem a tea-towel," she says, laughing at the joke against herself.

The rest of the family laugh, too, at yet another of the countless family jokes that make this household a very happy one indeed.

WHY is she My Fair Lady? Because after living with her for over 30 years there is not a single facet of her character that I would change.

Although privately she remains my severest yet kindest critic, she still sends me out each day to face the world feeling ten feet tall, and when I fall down the image of the man she has created of me always manages to pick me up again. And all these years of striving to be the man she insists I am must surely be good for the soul even if no improvement is effected.

She has an all-pervading love and compassion for wee baby things: a hurt child runs instinctively to her, even at times past its own mother. A tiny bird with a broken wing lies passively in her gentle hand. When you feel off-color nobody can tuck you up in bed so comfortably.

Yet she is no gentle Dora. She has a fierce pride in her family, so let any attacker beware — she is instantly on the defensive and the odds are not even considered.

To give her a present is a sheer joy, because it is always accepted with the spontaneous glee of the very young and immediately becomes a prized possession, stoutly acclaimed as the best ever and is cared for and cherished because of the giver. A flower on her breakfast tray is kept in a vase until its head sags from sheer old age.

Over the years she has presented me with two marvellous daughters, carefully brought up and as accomplished as their mother, and trained, also from babyhood, to view their father through the same rose-colored spectacles.

Her home is her castle and is kept spotless and well organised, but don't get the idea that she is the brown-mouse, home-body type. She can make a witty speech in front of the microphone. Recently she wowed them when she modelled hats at a charity fashion parade. She remains extremely feminine, loves clothes and nice things, good shoes, and silly hats.

Yes, she is definitely "My Fair Lady." Our home is only a house when she is away. No party starts until she enters the room, and life for me without her would become merely a matter of working and eating.

Other winners: Pages 7, 18, 20, 21

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SHE IS MY FAIR LADY"

NATIONAL WINNER

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER Mr. Don Hendry, with his "Fair Lady," Jo. They have been married 23 years.

My wife won a long battle to save my life

● *Mr. Don Hendry, of Helensburgh, N.S.W., wrote:*

I HAD long decided to marry the natural, outdoor, fun-loving type, and the second I clapped eyes on Jo I knew she was for me.

We were both mad on horses, surfing, dancing, music, poetry, and politics. When our children came we were just as crazy about kids.

Each day was an adventure and we lived it enthusiastically.

Suddenly everything changed. I developed a mysterious illness and couldn't work. Baffled doctors said it must be chronic rheumatism, and could do nothing to help me. Jo took up the challenge. She read medical journals, books, magazines — anything to find a clue to my illness.

Finally, she came across an article which convinced her I might have lvmphosarcoma, a cancerous disease of the blood. A biopsy was taken. I was given three months to live. I could now endure life only with the aid of morphia, and longed for a dose large enough to end the pain for ever.

Jo persuaded me to hang on. She corresponded with cancer clinics all over the world and learned some sufferers had responded to deep-ray, others to an extraordinarily nourishing diet, aimed at a rapid build-up of general health. She decided to try both.

Sydney Hospital, then one of the few hospitals with deep-ray equipment, had a long list of patients awaiting treatment. It would take a book to describe Jo's struggle to get the treatment for me, and also to pay for and prepare my expensive diet, and persuade me to accept it with her own faith in its ultimate success.

She also had to provide for herself and our two babies. She could not take a job, so she found work to do at home. Home by this time was a room in a residential. She made baby clothes, soft toys, and wigs for display models, using the kitchen table for her work-bench.

WEDDING DAY portrait of Don Hendry and his bride. His grave illness began about five years afterwards.

The owner of the residential wanted to sell the property. He claimed that by Jo earning her living on the premises the terms of the lease were broken.

Jo fought the case. The day of the final hearing I was well enough to get to court on crutches. I now suffered no pain and had gained a stone in weight. But neither of us realised how much my health had improved until the verdict went against us and I got to my feet in anger.

My anger evaporated when I realised I was standing unaided on my own two legs.

I knew then that with the help of Jo's love and cheerful courage I had licked the terrible disease. Jo hugged and kissed me. At the moment when we appeared to have lost everything, she said, "I feel I am on the top of the world."

That was in 1948 and My Fair Lady doesn't look a bit different from the day I married her—to me, anyway.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Hendry's wig-making "factory" where she earned the money that helped to get her husband through a long and dangerous illness. Now the wigs are only a sideline. They're made of nylon for shop dummies, and Mr. Hendry helps by trimming the stylings with scissors.

Steady courage and clever fingers

TODAY, at the Hendrys' pretty little home, the only reminders of a perilous period are an electric juice-extractor in the kitchen and a one-woman wig "factory" in the garden.

Don Hendry is now 46 and drives a truck.

The use of the juice-extractor loomed largely in the high-protein diet Jo Hendry gave her husband in her race against time to restore the ravages of lymphosarcoma.

Mrs. Hendry says that when the disease was arrested by radiotherapy at Sydney Hospital she was cautioned not to build any hopes that her husband would recover.

"Don had been a toolmaker in an aircraft-parts factory, but now we were penniless," Jo recalls. "Donna was four and Ricky nearly two. Unemployment relief didn't do much more than pay our milk bill."

She just HAD to find some way of raising money. Most of all she wanted to buy a juice-extractor.

At the time when a cancer condition was first suspected she had begun a correspondence with cancer clinics in various parts of the world. Radiotherapy was recommended, and some medical men, when stressing the importance of diet in the effort to restore the patient's strength, advised the use of a juice-extractor.

It was explained that this offered a way of reducing to an acceptable, highly concentrated form huge quantities of high-level nourishment which in bulk could not easily be consumed even by a healthy person.

"I did the rounds of Sydney stores," Jo recalls.

"Finally, two men manufacturing juice-extractors locally at Newtown let me have one on credit."

At first they, too, had refused, but when she presented Don for their inspection their hearts melted and one partner said to the other, "Let her have a machine. We'll get it back. She's not likely to need it long!"

For the next two years Jo poured the juice of 56lb. of carrots a week down her husband's throat.

She also nourished him with mashed-banana-enriched egg-flips, steamed fish and chicken, grilled baby lamb cutlets, salads, milk, butter, cream, cheese, nuts, fruit and vegetables — and their juices. He used honey instead of sugar. The diet cost a small fortune.

At first Jo worked the clock round making baby clothes at home for a clothing factory at 5/- a garment.

Then one day she left the children in Don's care while she dashed into the city, entered for a lunch-hour model quest being conducted daily by a newspaper, paraded in her swimsuit, and carried off an award of £5.

Jo invested the £5 in an enormous sackful of high-quality material scraps bought from a clothing firm and turned her nimble fingers to making long-limbed ballerina dolls.

Everyone was raving about a Borovansky Ballet Company season, and the dolls sold well in shops at £3 each.

A department store buyer casually asked if she could make artificial-hair wigs for lifesize dummy models because his firm had to pay £30 each for imported wigs.

"I could try," Jo volunteered.

She went home with a bundle of sisal, the plant fibre used in rope-making, and spent the weekend exploring ways of stranding it like locks of hair on a stiffened cambric base, moulded into shape on Ricky's head.

With a proud smile Don Hendry described how, by the Monday morning, his wife was in business as a wig-maker.

Moreover, he was now well enough to help her.

By 1950, when they had saved enough to buy a block of land at Helensburgh, he was able to help build a garage as their first home there.

Helensburgh, an old mining township on the fringe of the Royal National Park, south of Sydney, was where Don's parents had settled when they migrated from England many years before.

Now Don looked after the business side of the wig-making. "We were the first in Australia to make wigs from nylon when it became available," they recall.

Don's health improved further and in 1960 he got a job as a truck-driver at Helensburgh Geriatrics Hospital.

He has worked a 40-hour week there ever since.

Three times a year he reports to Sydney Hospital, and for the past two years the doctors have been able to tell him he is in perfect health.

One of the most prized items of furniture in the Hendry's home is a record-player.

"I fell so madly in love with the music of 'My Fair Lady' I couldn't resist getting a record-player to listen to the album as often as I liked at home," she said.

"And now the idea of seeing Eliza Doolittle's London —with a 'second honeymoon' round the world (our first was a camping honeymoon in a tent on the coast) is just something beyond my wildest dreams."

● Confirming Mr. Hendry's account of his recovery from lymphosarcoma, Sydney medical authorities stressed that the cancerous condition was arrested by radiotherapy treatment. They agreed that his nourishing diet was of invaluable assistance as after-care in restoring his strength and general health from the effects of the disease.

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New diamond-bright Gossamer
the only hair spray that passes the close-up test

Close as a snuggle and nobody knows it's there on your hair . . . this is the new, clear, clean look of diamond-bright Gossamer, the only hair spray that passes the close-up test. New Gossamer accents the subtle highlights in any hairstyle, yet holds so beautifully, there's never a wisp in sight. New Gossamer is so clear, so clean, so right . . . and it brushes right out at night.

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OTHER STATE WINNERS IN THE "MY FAIR LADY" CONTEST

Queensland

SHE HAS NEVER TOLD ME A LIE

● *Mr. RON NIXON, of East Bundaberg, Qld., wrote:*

MY FAIR LADY is my wife. In the 26 years I have known her she has always greeted me with a smile.

When her mother died 20 years ago, leaving a sick husband and a schoolboy son, she cheerfully accepted the task of caring for them and included an adult single brother in her family as well. Our own son and myself still received the same loving care and attention as before.

Throughout our married life she has always been brave and cheerful, giving my family the same loyalty as her own. Throughout my father's long and fatal illness she was always there. Now that my mother is a very frail old lady she does all she can to help.

She never asks for expensive things. A bouquet on a special occasion really makes her face glow. She never nags, but quietly and firmly makes her point known. Just a walk window-shopping can be a happy adventure with her.

An unexpected visitor at meal-times is no problem to her. Our daughter-in-law is truly accepted as another daughter. She will cheerfully offer daughter-in-law the loan of a hat or jewellery—even a new hat she has not worn.

She has never told me a lie. She believes in her Church and is a good Christian. On big occasions I always feel proud of the way she looks and acts.

Our own nine-year-old daughter, with the training she gets and the mother she has, will surely make another Fair Lady.

P.S.—She is never late.

RON NIXON, now 48, met his wife in Bundaberg 26 years ago when he was on leave from his job at Emerald. The pretty girl's name was Betty Faithfull.

"We got married with only a few pounds in the bank, not even enough to go away for a honeymoon," said Betty. "We were perfectly content with three or four days' holiday to set up house.

"When I see the young people now with everything at their feet, all cut and dried, and the new home waiting for them, I feel no envy..

"I only hope they will be as happy as we have been, because when we had found each other we felt we had everything that mattered."

Betty's mother died, and after only three years of married life she and Ron and their baby son, Alan, moved to the Faithfull family home so that she could look after her ailing father and two of her brothers.

They still live there, taking care of Betty's father, Mr. Stanley Faithfull. Their daughter, Rhonda, is nine.

Alan is now 21 and, as Ron's winning letter explains, has brought a treasured daughter-in-law to the family circle. Alan is a keen surf life-saver and was once a member of the Queensland champion junior rescue and resuscitation team.

The old home is on the banks of the Burnett River, and Ron, who likes the simple life, can catch mud crabs "from the doorstep" and take a fishing-boat out.

He used to be a baker and pastrycook, a trade which he entered at the age of 14, but the long hours were too demanding and he is now employed by a petrol company.

"Ron likes to tell people that he taught me to cook," said Betty. "I think I have always been able to cook, but I let him have his little joke because it is so nice to have him fix a meal for me sometimes."

Her hobbies are sewing, knitting, picnicking, and going out to afternoon tea with other women.

FAIR LADY Mrs. Ron Nixon and Mr. Nixon.

Tasmania

TRIBUTE TO A DAUGHTER

● *Mr. R. W. C. CAMERON, of Davey Street, Hobart, wrote:*

I AM an old man, 84 to be exact, and I live in a home for elderly people here in Hobart, and a very fine place it is, too. But unless you too have lived in an institution you could never understand what it means to be no longer in a home of your own, and how wonderful it is to have a member, or members, of your family close by to give the companionship that only one of your own kith and kin can give.

In an institution, however well run, there is discipline and regimentation — there has to be; but what few people realise is that one can be incredibly lonely while still living a communal life, and ever, in a community of elderly people, death stares one squarely in the face.

FAIR LADY Mrs. A. B. Crisp and her father, Mr. R. W. C. Cameron.

Lucky indeed are we who have someone outside the home to go to and talk with.

My Fair Lady is my elder daughter, Margaret, the only one of my three children close enough to give me active companionship. And the wonderful thing about her is that she does not treat me as an old man; she doesn't seem to think that I and my ideas are passe.

She laughs and jokes a lot, and I love my visits to her. Every week I go down, and while she does my laundry we talk about everything under the sun: the old days on the farm, the family, sport, politics, religion — the time simply flies.

Probably the most important thing to me is that she frequently asks my advice. Maybe she does not often take it; I don't know, but when you are 84 it is very nice to have someone seek your advice. Her friends often come in to see me, too—in fact, we seldom have a day entirely to ourselves, there is usually someone coming in for a chat.

Every Saturday in the winter we go to the football together; my son-in-law picks me up in the car and takes me home later. In the summer we sometimes go to a cricket match, or for a drive and a picnic. If anything interesting happens Margaret will give me a ring, so I am included in everything.

Any moment now the phone will ring and I will hear her excited voice: "Daddy, the new baby has arrived." That will be my second great-grandchild, a seventh-generation Tasmanian.

This may sound a very ordinary little story to you — we are ordinary people. I am just another old man in a home for elderly people, but thanks to my Fair Lady I am still an integral part of my family, and that is what counts.

"YOU seem to be giving me a terrible lot of publicity just because I have won something in a competition," Mr. Cameron said.

"Now, what I would really like would be for someone to make a fuss of me because my ambition to sing in a stage show had been realised."

Mr. Cameron is still an energetic man with a twinkle never far from his eyes. He spends at least one and a half hours each day practising his singing.

The daughter whom he proudly nominated as his "fair lady" is Margaret (Mrs. A. B. Crisp), of Taroona. His other daughter, Jeanette (Mrs. W. Blackwall), lives in Prahran, Victoria, and a son, Robert, is a dairy farmer at West Ridgley, near Burnie, Tasmania.

Mr. Cameon used to run his own property, "Gala," in the Deloraine district. His wife died in 1941. It was after his retirement eight years ago that he resumed his boyhood interest in singing and started to take lessons. He has sung at cabarets and for Hobart's 60 and Over Club.

"You could say I have two ambitions now—to get a singing part in a stage production and to stay on this planet just as long as I can, making the most of every moment I'm here," he said.

Western Australia

FOR SUCH DEVOTION...

● *The Rev. Fred Clarke wrote from the Rectory, Margaret River, W.A.:*

LIKE Eliza Doolittle, my Fair Lady is a very remarkable person. Yet I hesitate to write about her because, just seeing her, you would think that the only remarkable thing about her was that she was remarkably ordinary.

She is not tall, willowy, and elegant, nor is she small and chic. She is neither a sultry brunette nor a dazzling blonde. People do not turn around to gaze after her in the street, and if she attempted to float gracefully into a crowded room as the cynosure of all eyes she would most likely trip over the carpet.

She is remarkably inept in all housewifely accomplishments. She neither sews nor knits, nor does she stock her cupboards with home-made preserves and other evidences of domestic efficiency. Her culinary achievements are so remarkably prosaic that you can tell the day of the week from the menu, but we all laugh a great deal at meal-times and we do not suffer from indigestion.

She is almost completely uninterested in feminine fashions and fripperies and she has to be blackmailed into buying herself a new dress. She is even content to wear other people's "hand-outs."

Consequently no one is jealous of her and no one envies her, and so all her female acquaintances are her friends and they all love her.

No one could call her a brilliant conversationalist, for her knowledge of history and world affairs is almost solely confined to the Boer War (which she did at school) and to the latest developments in Test cricket. She is content to listen and occasionally ask a question, and she doesn't mind if cigarette ash is dropped on the carpet.

So a remarkable number of men enjoy her company and find her charming and easy to get on with.

Most remarkable of all, she thinks that her husband is wonderful. She is quite sure that he is one of the most intelligent and accomplished of men, and his lack of success is simply due to unrecognised genius—the fate of many great men. She recognises his brilliance and she appreciates his talents and scorns the insensibility of an indifferent world.

FAIR LADY Mrs. Fred Clarke and the Rev. Mr. Clarke.

For such loyalty and love, I rate my Fair Lady among the most remarkable and wonderful of women. A woman who, without condition or complaint, has been willing to throw in her lot with the man of her choosing, to share his work and his worries, his pain and poverty, and ask nothing for herself; such is my Fair Lady.

She has gone with me wherever my work has taken me, never protesting and never complaining. She has left home and parents and friends to come with me halfway round the world.

Glamor, efficiency, talents? What are these compared with love and loyalty and devotion? And these my Fair Lady possesses in abundance, making her the richest and fairest of women in the eyes of her husband and children.

"I'M not altogether sure that my wife knows I have done this," said the Rev. Mr. Clarke, "but I have been wanting to write it for a long while."

The Clarkes were married in England in 1948, and both come from the North Country, Mrs. Clarke from Sheffield and he from Durham. They have three children, Philip (15), Lesley (13), and Helen (10).

The family came out to Australia nearly three years ago and went straight to Margaret River, in the heart of Western Australia's dairy country.

Mrs. Clarke teaches kindergarten five mornings a week.

In World War II Mr. Clarke was in the Royal Signals. He was taken prisoner in Singapore and held in Changi Camp.

£10 winners—pages 18, 20, 21

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Mme Grinda's couture wardrobe

With Paris chic and charm

● She is young (21), slim, beautiful, and her clothes are among the most elegant we've seen. She is Florence Grinda, wife of the visting French tennis star Jean-Noel Grinda.

Married six months ago in Paris, the Grindas are on an extended honeymoon-cum-tennis tour of the world.

Madame Grinda spends nearly £4000 a year on her clothes — buys one or two gowns from top couturiers every three months.

While she was in Sydney recently, we photographed her in some of her clothes — a tiny part of her magnificent wardrobe.

—PATRICIA KENT

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

GUY LAROCHE dress (left) for dinner, cocktails is made of chiffon, beaded all over in tiny squares of crystals. Laroche is Madame Grinda's favorite couturier. "His clothes are young and simple," she said, "and his fabrics are truly exquisite."

BRILLIANT dress of an all-over-ruched silky fabric was made by "a little dress-maker." The material was copied from Laroche, the design a combination of couturier Desses and Madame Grinda, who studied at the Art Decoratif School.

BIKINI in dark-patterned cotton with matching organza coat was bought in St. Tropez, on the French Riviera. Madame Grinda buys many of her casual clothes in St. Tropez — finds them relatively cheap and always chic. The sunglasses pushed up over a headband is currently "the" way to wear them.

JACKET DRESS, again by her favorite couturier, Guy Laroche, typifies his clothes. Superbly cut, the design is extremely simple, relying on fabric (in this case shantung) and line for its effect. Bag and shoes are by Chanel, another of her favorite designers.

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SCARF of chiffon, heavily beaded round the edge in crystals and pearls, came from the Greek island of Mykonos. "There is a woman there from a very good Greek family," she explained, "who does the most marvellous beading, and this scarf I bought from her. It is one of my most favorite things, and I like to know there is no other scarf in the whole world exactly like mine."

"BONNET" (below) in gaily patterned silk is from the house of a famous Paris hairdresser, Jacques Dessang. It is made in the style of the old-fashioned snood and covers the hair completely. "These are becoming very popular in France," said Madame Grinda. "They are very practical, and particularly in windy weather."

SHIFT by Emilio Pucci, top Italian designer. This one is made in chiffon and is cut with great subtlety. The sleeves are narrow at the top and bell out slightly to bracelet-length. Pucci, based in Rome, has boutiques all over Europe, and Madame Grinda bought this shift in Paris. With Laroche, Pucci, and Chanel, Madame Grinda's other favored designers are Pierre Cardin and Yves St. Laurent, both couturiers who prefer simple design and beautiful fabrics. Her nomination for the title of best-dressed woman in the world is her friend the Vicomtesse de Ribes, Paris social leader and hostess, who has been on the best-dressed list for years.

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Sandra Dee, star of Universal International Pictures' Ross Hunter Production "I'd Rather Be Rich" says, "Creamy Lux lather softens as it cleanses. And soft, soft skin is so important to a woman's beauty — on and off the screen."

Like the filmstars YOU have an audience too...

You have an audience too, so look your loveliest for him. Cherish your complexion with pure, mild Lux.

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Use the beauty care of 9 out of 10 filmstars. Trust only Lux — purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all.

Cherish your complexion with pure, mild

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

"COME for breakfast and a swim" is the novel invitation Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Rose have issued for the Sunday morning Christmas party they are giving at their home at Point Piper on December 13.

Guests (who've been asked for 10.30 a.m.) will sit at tables set out on the terrace and around the swimming-pool to eat a breakfast of fruit and fruit juice, ham and eggs, sausages, kidneys, and coffee.

Helping the Roses to entertain will be their three children, Malcolm, Vicky, and Joanne (who made the long floral patio dress Mrs. Rose will wear) — and Charlie Brown, the family's Great Dane, who loves a party.

Mrs. Rose brought back the idea of a breakfast party from New Orleans, which she visited earlier this year.

"Breakfast at Brennans is the smart thing to do in New Orleans," she says. "Everyone turns up at this famous restaurant around eleven each morning for Eggs Benedictine, orange juice and champagne, bananas cooked in rum, and all sorts of exotic dishes."

N.B. If it's a wet day Mrs. Rose plans to get up early, ring her 60 guests, and postpone the party until the following Sunday.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH many people are planning outdoor parties for Christmas, one hostess who prefers to stay indoors is Mrs. Frank Dunworth — she hates the heat and the flies. Among guests she has invited to a chicken-and-champagne luncheon at her home at Bellevue Hill, on December 3, are Mrs. Bob McInerney, Mrs. Max Sturzen, Mrs. Richard Christian, Mrs. Neville Christie, Mrs. Albert Joris, Mrs. Tom Frost, Mrs. Keith Mallett, and Mrs. Barry Lyle.

★ ★ ★

TWO Christmas parties for Mr. and Mrs. Rudi Tolnay, who've asked friends in on December 4 and December 11 for cocktails, which will be served out on the verandah of their Darling Point home.

★ ★ ★

CHRISTINE CREAL, of Turramurra, and Libby Mendl, of Newcastle, were hostesses last week at a party in the flat they share in Draycott Place, Chelsea, with Philippa Sceats, of Seaforth, to celebrate Philippa's twenty-first birthday. The girls are all in England on a working holiday. Among Australians there were Andrew Warden, Robert Carr, Suzanne and Paul Isherwood, and Barbara and Richard Gibb. Philippa has just returned from a holiday on the Isle of Skye, where she stayed with Liz Stuart, a second cousin of Dame Flora MacLeod.

ABOVE: Begum K. M. Kaiser, wife of the Pakistan High Commissioner, with Sir Howard Beale at the Australia-Pakistan Association's reception in honor of Sir Howard at the Chevron Hilton Hotel.

A FAREWELL party which has now become a Christmas party will be given by Mr. and Mrs. George Christmas at Caprice on December 2, when they've asked a hundred friends for a buffet dinner. When the invitations were originally issued they were planning a trip abroad with their two sons, Phillip and Anthony, but when the trip was cancelled they made it a Christmas party instead.

★ ★ ★

DOWN from the country for a few days' Christmas shopping are Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis, who are staying at their flat at Darling Point. Their son, Randall, who came down with them, will stay on for six months with his aunt, Dr. Phyllis Cheatham, at Bellevue Hill.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that the very latest fashion craze in London is skin jewellery. Earrings, necklets, and bangles to match shoes, bags, belts, and hats in lizard, crocodile, and cobra skin have just appeared in shop windows. For wives who want their husbands to be in the new craze there are matching cuff links.

★ ★ ★

FIVE attendants in simple blue check cotton dresses will follow Prue Hogbin up the aisle at St. John's Church, Wahroonga, on December 3, when she marries Brian Cleary, of Hunter's Hill. Caroline White, Julie Cocks, and Jenny Irwin will be bridesmaids, and Deborah and Christine Burke flowergirls. Prue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Hogbin, of Wahroonga, who'll entertain at a reception at Pymble Golf Club.

★ ★ ★

NEWSY letter this week from newlywed Mrs. John Despres, the former Gina Eviston, to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Eviston, told them that she and her husband have found an apartment at Berkeley, quite near the University of California, which they'll both attend next year. Gina, who first met John in Greece on her way to take up a scholarship at Munich University, will work for her Master of Arts degree, and John, a Bachelor of Economics, will do postgraduate work.

★ ★ ★

JUST back from their cruise to Hawaii, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stephens have planned a Christmas cocktail party at their Point Piper home on December 11. Friends who will join them for a festive drink will include the Russell Kings, the Ian Platt Hepworths, and the Eric Abrahams.

AT RIGHT: Following their marriage at Wantagong Presbyterian Church, Mr. Stuart Beveridge looked on while his bride signed the register. She was formerly Miss Wendy McMillan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMillan, of "Wantagong," Holbrook. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Beveridge, of Gilgandra.

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TO WED. Lovely Indian sapphire ring is being worn by Dr. Jill Taylor, daughter of Mr. A. W. Taylor, of Randwick, and the late Mrs. E. E. Taylor, who has just announced her engagement to Dr. Colin Laverty, son of Mrs. K. Laverty, of Double Bay, and the late Dr. C. R. Laverty. They are making plans to marry early in the new year.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Richardson were among those at the Art Gallery Society's Christmas Gala evening at the National Art Gallery. Guests watched a display of ballroom and ballet dancing and then had a champagne supper in the main court.

LEGACY PARTY. Mrs. Ken Dunlop (dressed as pioneer Mary Reiby) looked on while Dr. Max Holliday helped his wife through the entrance gate to the Argyle Bond Stores, where the women's auxiliary of Legacy held a buffet dinner in the courtyard.

JUST ENGAGED. Miss Carolyn White and Mr. David Hum will marry late next year. Miss White is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. White, of Killara. Her fiance is the son of Mrs. John Kitto, of Longueville, and of the late Mr. G. D. Hum.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Harris leaving St. Mary's Church, North Sydney, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Margaret Melville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Melville, of Double Bay, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Harris, of North Sydney. They will make their home at Pymble. Bridesmaids were Miss Jenny Jones and Miss Sally Harris.

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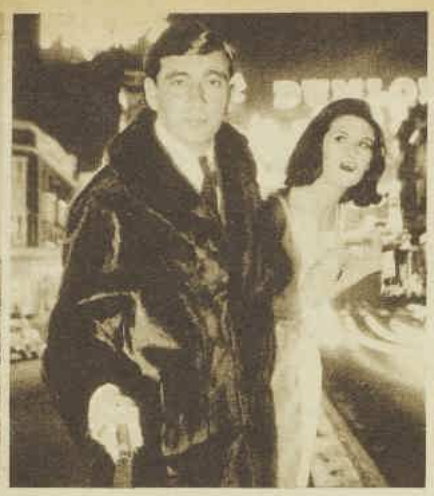

MODELS NEED MANY FACES

Jim Myles with (left) the James Bond look, (centre) in kangaroo-skin coat, and (right) sportive. He takes a personal and professional interest in fashion but says he's happiest in old jeans.

Modelling is soft but not cissy

JIM MYLES. His favorite sport is polo, which he started on his parents' property at Glenorie, N.S.W.

says Jim Myles, 22-year-old ex-jackaroo, of Glenorie, N.S.W., who within a year became a leading model in Australia. He was accepted recently by the top-rating Eileen Ford agency in New York, where he stopped over en route to London.

Before he left Sydney he talked to reporter Mary Ellen Johnson about the changed Australian attitude to male models and fashions for men.

"AUSTRALIAN men are at last showing signs of growing up," said Jim Myles.

A former jackaroo and New Guinea plantation-hand, he was referring to their attitude to clothes.

"What's the matter with men making the most of the way they look?

"For too long Australian men have been terrified of being labelled cissies.

"At last they are beginning to realise it isn't unmanly to take an interest in clothes or use a deodorant.

"In fact, the Australian man has even begun to regard the male model—former target of scorn—as a normal fellow just like himself."

Jim Myles says that modelling, far from being a game for glamorous girls only, has much to offer young men.

"Admittedly, it's unstable work," he said (the demand for male models is only one quarter of that for females), "but it provides scope for travel and meeting people.

"This in turn can lead to other more permanent careers in photography, advertising, fashion design, public relations, theatre.

"Australian film star Rod Taylor was modelling when he was 'discovered.'

"Then there are always the few like Gene Barakat or Ted Dawson who make a successful full-time career of it overseas. Others, like Tony Madigan, make it a permanent sideline."

A year ago Jim, a darkly handsome six-footer with the James Bond look, fell into modelling in what he calls "the traditional manner."

"I was walking down a Sydney city street when a woman model agency manager tapped me on the shoulder and asked me if I'd ever done any modelling," he said.

"I laughed scornfully at the very idea of anything so unmasculine—that is, until she mentioned the lucrative fee I would get for making one television commercial.

"Within weeks I was busy blowing cigarette smoke all over everyone's television screen and marvelling at the money I'd made for an enjoyable half-day's work.

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

"But even then I couldn't bring myself to take it seriously."

Jim had just returned from New Guinea, where he had spent two years working on a copra and cocoa plantation. He planned to stay in Sydney only a few weeks before going back to work on his grandparents' property at Parkes, N.S.W.

"But suddenly I was swamped with photographic assignments (I think there must have been a shortage of men willing to model at the time!), so I decided to stay and earn some pounds while the sun shone."

His face has been described by photographers as so versatile that in his "boyish" shots he looks quite different from the man in the "sophisticated" pictures.

This ability to look different is difficult for a man.

A woman can have a dozen different looks with the flick of a comb or a change of make-up. But a man must rely on "acting" to change the mood of a picture, the look of a suit, even his face.

Jim Myles uses what he calls a "sense of drama."

He has hopes of an acting career in London.

He had small parts in several productions of Sydney's Independent Theatre group, and hopes to study overseas.

"Very important to me," he explained, "will be the chance I hope to get of auditioning for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art next April.

"I'd live like a pauper in London if I could be accepted at R.A.D.A.

"In the meantime I shall build up my savings as much as possible with modelling. That shouldn't be too difficult as the rate for a male model in London is five guineas an hour.

"In London models are categorised much more than here, where we are required to sell everything from builders' overalls to E-type Jaguars.

"I have been told by my agency that I can expect to fall in for high-fashion work — particularly as a 'prop' for female haute couture."

Which means that Jim could spend most of his working days with elegant and glamorous girls.

"But you forget I have already worked with glamorous Australian models," said Jim. "Frankly, I prefer to date more down-to-earth girls, full of fun and life and less taken up with the way they look. Models are workmates, but that's all."

Fashion ideas

In Jim's luggage is a black three-quarter-length kangaroo-skin coat.

"An outrageous thing for a man to wear in Australia," he said, "but I'm hoping the English will be more liberal."

Because he likes to be different (can't stand Beatle or Mod wear), he often has clothes made to his design.

"Suits must be subtle, slim, and conservative to be smart," he said, "but nowadays you can be as off-beat and colorful as you like in sportswear.

"Shirts are important, nearly always striped now. My favorite is an adaptation of the Edwardian high-collared style, with a small-knot tie and one inch of visible cuff.

"Shoes should be square-toed, socks ALWAYS black, ties plain-knitted with winter wool suits, raw silk in muted tones with summer linens.

"As for evening wear, the latest—if you're game—is dark navy-blue worn with a cloak lined in brilliant red silk!"

Despite these definite fashion ideas and reputation for being a well-dressed man about town, Jim is happiest "slopping about in old faded jeans."

NEXT WEEK:

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By RICHARD BURTON

• Elizabeth Taylor's famous actor-husband has written his first short story—an appealing recollection of a Christmas Eve during his own childhood in Wales.

★

Knit and crochet lift-out

• An eight-page book offers knitting and crochet designs to make holiday wear for summer.

★

ROAD SAFETY CONTEST RESULTS — Who won the big prizes, two cars

★

BEST CHEESECAKES

• Rich, luscious cheesecakes — always popular — are the type of dessert well suited to the festive season. You'll find the 12 best recipes.

★

Games and toys

• A valuable, easy - to - follow guide to children's play activities and the toys they need at different ages, prepared by a child-care expert.

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The case of the two Perry Masons

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Perry Mason (Raymond Burr) is winning his cases better than ever in his new TCN9 series (Wednesdays, 8 p.m.).

Television

I ALWAYS find something special to look at in "Perry Mason." This new series, I notice, seems to be specialising in off-beat casting.

"The Case of the Betrayed Bride," a recent episode, starred John Larkin as Tod Meacham, the nephew of the bride. Larkin for years was American radio's Perry Mason.

I couldn't help wondering what he thought of the way Raymond Burr handled his role of Perry. Noticing his eye on Burr, I imagined it was rather critical as TV's Perry put his case.

Guest-star spots on "Perry Mason" have a waiting list as long as your arm. Producer Gail Patrick has a hard and fast rule that no one—except the regulars — may appear more than once a year, so actors can't make a career out of guest-starring on the show.

But guest-star roles in the shadow of the great Burr are popular.

Soon you will see English actor Victor Maddern (he was the English father in "Fair Exchange"), playing a notorious jewel smuggler, and Stephen Franken (you may remember him as the nutty playboy, Chatsworth Osborne, jun., in the "Dobie Gillis" series), playing a psychotic killer.

★ ★ ★

"PROJECT 64," TCN9's prestige programme (Mondays 9.30 p.m.), with its frequent emphasis on overseas politics, can be a bit wearing at the latter end of a hard day's night (and what Monday isn't hard?).

Last week's edition, "The Rivals," a relaxed and superficial look at the rivalry that exists between Sydney and Melbourne, was a welcome change.

TV'S PERRY MASON, Raymond Burr, came face to face with his radio counterpart in a recent episode.

Instead of plunging up to the eyes into some crushing problem, here we were on home ground with a script that was light-hearted, and good photography.

There should be more of it.

A little goes a long way

"BROADSIDES" (ATN7, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.) is a perfect example of the Hollywood belief that if a little is good, more is better.

In this case the little is "McHale's Navy," the more is "Broadsides," which disproves the belief completely.

"Broadsides" is rather ghastly, a poor version of "McHale's Navy" with WAVES (girl sailors), headed by Kathy Nolan, as motor-pool mechanics and the only women on this tiny island paradise. You can imagine the relentless march of the cliche jokes.

The only thing I find interesting is the cast — there are so many old TV friends among those present.

Kathy Nolan, who was the buxom, bouncy wife of farmer Luke McCoy of "The Real McCoys," has changed. The warm charm that Kate McCoy specialised in shows through rarely. She has cut her hair short, has lost about two stone, and looks younger and perter.

A girl who hasn't changed is Sheila James, who was once that thorn in the side of Dobie Gillis, Zelda. Zelda is as tough and realistic as ever.

Topping it all off is Edward Andrews, who plays Commander Adrian, the soft-living big boss of the island. Probably the name doesn't mean a thing to you, but I'm sure you will recognise Edward Andrews as an old friend.

"Broadsides" is his first TV series, but over the past eight years he has specialised in guest-star roles, and has appeared in practically every series you can think of — "Cheyenne," "Dr. Kildare," "Ben Casey," "Bonanza," "Mr. Novak."

It is a pity such competent people don't have better material.

★ ★ ★

THE appearance of the "Mavis Brampton Show" has been one of the year's TV events. It is a great pity that each edition has been bluer than the last.

Anything even slightly off color is shocking on TV, it seems to reverberate round the living-room, heavily underlined, Mavis (couldn't she be embalmed now?) will lose fans unless someone with a ruthless blue pencil cleans up the script.

Bing likes "noodling"

NO bellowing or shouting is allowed on the set of the Bing Crosby Show (TCN9, Fridays, 7 p.m.). Noted for its relaxed atmosphere, the only noise allowed between takes except conversation is what Bing describes as a musician "noodling" — mood music played softly on a baby-grand.

There is one other noise allowed — the click of golf balls. Bing, whose other favorite occupation on set is doing a soft-shoe routine with Frank McHugh, has a weird contraption in what would be the wings in a theatre.

It's an odd-looking net supported by aluminium tubing, the "green" into which he chips an unending supply of golf balls.

Look out, Eartha!

● Each year round this time, ABC-TV unveils a live variety show. This time it is "On Stage," with singer Ted Hamilton as compere.

THE first edition of "On Stage" was full of surprises. The best surprise was local singer Candy Devine, who made international entertainer Eartha Kitt look and sound rather passe.

Second-best surprise was Ted Hamilton himself. In any other TV appearance I have seen, Hamilton, a good-looking man with a good voice, looked so frozen and unhappy in front of the TV camera that it was quite painful to watch him.

He is quite different now. He sings better than ever, seems to have forgotten the TV camera, is poised and happy, and made a good fist of compering.

Some of the "On Stage" acts were better than others, some of the jokes were terribly old and unfunny, but the good outweighed the bad — which is not always the case with local variety shows.

"On Stage" bore the mark of producer James Upshaw — it was a smooth and thoroughly professional production.

TED HAMILTON

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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LUCILLE'S 13th YEAR

● Lucille Ball recently began her 13th year before television cameras still determined to keep her professional life from overwhelming her private life.

LUCILLE BALL

IN her working week, the orange-haired comedienne follows a schedule that could break the back of a navvy.

In addition to her weekly TV series, "The Lucy Show," she records a daily radio show and is president of Desilu Studios, which employs 1200 people.

But Lucy considers her family and her private life just as important as her career.

Every weekday morning at her showplace Beverly Hills mansion Lucille rises at 6 a.m. to have breakfast with little Desi, 11½, and Lucy, 13, her children by ex-husband Desi Arnaz.

She leaves home in her Lincoln Continental (she buys a new one every year) for the studio about 9 a.m. Once there, she conducts Desilu business from her bungalow—a three-room home-away-from-home—which doubles as dressing-room and office.

Her routine varies from script conferences to payrolls to new properties and casting. She rarely leaves the studio before nightfall, and on Tuesdays stays for script conferences until 8.30 p.m.

Wednesday evening the entire show is blocked out, and she is lucky to get home by nine o'clock. Thursday is show night, which means Lucy performs until 10. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday nights are for the family.

During the winter Lucy, her children, and her new husband, Gary Morton, drive to their eight-room home in Palm Springs.

Lucy is a candid, straight-from-the-shoulder gal, who avoids night-clubs but enjoys quiet, informal dinners at home and entertaining friends at barbecues.

Her home life is enlivened by three toy poodles, who scramble about the house with the children.

Television

Lucy can be found in capri pants, blouse, and sweater when she's rehearsing or relaxing at home. Even when she gets all dressed up, Lucy prefers informal clothes.

She has remodelled a small stage on the Desilu lot, converting it into a gymnasium, where she works out for a few minutes each day.

Lucy has never had a weight problem and happily eats as if food were going out of style.

She prefers steak and baked potato or Chinese delicacies.

She seldom drinks liquor. Her idea of an enjoyable evening is a night at home with Morton and the youngsters.

Lucy always provides a bit of startling color in her wardrobe—pinks, oranges, reds—which stand out against the decor of her home, most of which is done in white, including carpets and draperies.

Lucille Ball has no immediate plans for retirement and for an excellent reason. She'd have no idea of what to do with all her free time.

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T587/64

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said (after reading about the latest space flight): "Why are we spending billions to try to land a man on the moon? We can't even get along on earth. Wouldn't it be nice if we could spend just a fraction of that money to promote better understanding among the earthlings? Oh, I know that outer space is the last place we have to explore. But somehow it just seems a shame. And there's even a sadder thought . . ."

Momma's moral: While the governments are busy trying to land a man on the moon, some girls are still trying to land one on earth.

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MAGIC OF MUSIC—plus DIANA

MR. MAGIC OF MUSIC, Eric Jupp, wearing his new lightweight jacket, designed for coolness under the studio lights. The new series features Latin American music.

Television

● *Channel 2's revamped "Magic of Music" (Thursday, 8.30 p.m.) has all the polish and soothing charm of the old series.*

Eric Jupp and his orchestra, augmented for the new series by a four-man Latin American rhythm section, play all the old favorites (with special arrangements by Eric), and there are guest stars each week.

The sets for the new show are sophisticated and different and were designed by Barbara Riley.

All this and more, for ABN's top presentation announcer Diana Ward hostesses the programme.

—PATRICIA KENT

"Magic of Music" is at present showing on ABC-TV in N.S.W. on Thursdays, 8.30 p.m., and in Victoria on Friday at 9.30 p.m. It will be screened in Queensland on Monday at 8.30 p.m. (from December 7), Western Australia on Fridays at 8.30 p.m. (from January 1, 1965), South Australia from February 2, 1965, at 8 p.m., and Tasmania on Thursdays at 8.30 p.m., from December 17.

ABOVE: Eric Jupp (left) with hostess Diana Ward and three of the orchestra (from left), Billy Burton (trumpet), Don Burrows (clarinet), and Derek Fairbrass on the conga drums.

DIANA WARD, lovely hostess of the new "Magic of Music," wearing one of the gowns from her spectacular wardrobe, which will be one of the show's highlights for women viewers.

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"MY FAIR LADY" CONTEST

These entries each win £10

● The judges in our "My Fair Lady" contest had such a bad time choosing the winners from so many good entries that it was decided to award extra prizes of £10 each to 14 selected entries. Some of these special prizewinning letters are on this page. See others on pages 20 and 21.

'Nana Pussy Cat'

● In my life there have been two Fair Ladies. One is dead now and one is living.

THE first was my great-grandmother, our "Nana Pussy Cat." I was the first in our family to call her that name. It was short for "our Nana with the pussy cat."

She was old and she was shabby, but she was wonderful.

Nana Pussy Cat used to tell me she thought her own children were ashamed of her, and she used to cry.

But I always cheered her up when I told her she was a queen, and next to Mummy she was the most precious woman in my life.

Even though it seemed silly for a 14-year-old boy to say that, it certainly made Nana happy.

Nana had a heart of pure gold. When my mother and all of us children had nothing much to eat, Nana would come out and spend nearly all her money on food for us.

She helped my mother care for us when we were sick, and once when mother almost died, Nana spent five days and nights at her side.

When mother came home again, Nana would come out every day to do the housework, etc. — no mean feat for an 80-year-old woman.

Ate stale bread

Just before she passed away we discovered that each pension day, when she would spend nearly all her pension on us (she used to tell my mother fibs, such as she had had a win at the races or in the Casket), Nana Pussy Cat used to go back to her dingy little flatette and live on stale bread and reheated tea for the next fortnight.

My old Nana Pussy Cat will be my guiding light all my life.

When I feel mean or cranky or know I am doing something wrong, I close my eyes and think of Nana, and pray to be made as kind and understanding as she was.

My mother is my next Fair Lady.

All through our troubles she has been cheerful and made us laugh.

She helped me with my schoolwork, and when I put on a bit of an act because I did not want to go to school any more, she understood and helped me get a job.

Even though it had cost her a small fortune in outfitting me, etc., for high school, she never complained, but just locked my school stuff away and concentrated on getting me a job.

Without going into sordid details, my mother has suffered terribly to get me my bike, my dogs, and everything my sister, brothers, and I have.

So each day I pray to be a better son, a better brother, and a better citizen and make Mum proud of me.

For my mother is kindness, comfort, understanding, courage, and, indeed, everything that makes a saint is in my mother.

Thank you for the chance to talk about "My Fair Ladies."

— £10 to Geoff Hinton, Norman Park, Brisbane.

Another boy chooses Mum

● My Fair Lady is my mother. I am 14 years old; I have had no father since I was two.

WE have no relatives except my grandmother, who is a cripple and quite elderly.

So you see Mum is everything to me — teacher and companion. And boy, is she strict!

She has to work to keep us both because clothing, and all that kind of thing, is awfully expensive.

It's three years since we had a holiday, but we hope to take one this year; we've both been saving up madly.

Mum, I know, has gone without a lot of things to keep me decently dressed like the other boys at school, but I grow so quickly.

A lady, aged 2

● I see her first in the morning. Pink cheeks, tousled hair. She calls me, commands me, an obedient servant.

WE share breakfast, segments of orange or an apple, bite for bite.

As I leave she watches me, quietly, sadly, one hand raised. I am sad to leave her.

Sometimes we spend a morning together, talking, sharing common chores. If separately occupied, we meet from time to time to reassure each other that the separation is temporary.

When we drive she sits close to me, pointing out colors, shapes, faces that I had not noticed before.

We window-shop; she has no doubts about what she wants to see and do and buy.

I protest. She is unrelenting.

Finally I cannot hold out against her insistence and we come away with the impracticable and the impossible, and she is delighted.

Yet for both of us this is a passing love. Sometimes I see in her my wife and my mother; unconsciously perhaps she will look for an ideal man who may in some ways remind her of me. I will take it as a rare compliment.

As she grows away from me I will try to keep her affection, confidence, and some of her love. Perhaps she knows this as she rests her head on my chest and smiles at me when her day is over.

We walk into the garden to see the moon, the trees, the lights of passing cars.

I hope that she will become someone else's ideal woman; she is my daughter, nearly two years old.—

— £10 to Dale Harvey, Downer, A.C.T.

I wanted to leave school this year and get a job, but she won't hear of this.

I work weekends when I can to help.

We discuss ways and means to things and that is what makes her such a good person to be related to.

I know I am anything but an angel, but she has patience and understanding, and although I get punished and feel resentful, at night-time in bed I begin to think, and I know she's right.

Nobody on this earth could have a more wonderful Fair Lady.

— £10 to Simon Prior, aged 14, Manly, N.S.W.

Mother-in-law

● "My Fair Lady" is, wait for it, my mother-in-law.

SHE is ever ready to help anyone and has reared our children when circumstances prevented my wife doing so.

Although not reared with the proverbial "silver spoon" in her mouth, she has by study added to her natural grace and sweetness of manner, and overcome any lack of educational advantages which these days we take for granted.

My own mother having passed away, my mother-in-law has given the help and comfort to me and my family which my mother would have given us.

Do not think Mum is a dull, serious-looking old woman; far from it. She has a sense of humor, which is always turned against herself.

World's best cook

She helps around the farm, can turn her hand to anything, and is the world's best cook.

It really does not matter how many folk turn up unexpectedly for a meal, Mum can always find enough to eat and a bed for all-comers.

The house is tastefully furnished, and always clean without being clinical.

I am amazed at the knowledge and common sense with which this lady can discuss any subject, from world affairs to the best way to strike carnation cuttings.

She will help the children with their homework, or spare a minute to tell them where to go to watch a magpie feeding her nestlings.

Last, but not least, Mum can dress up, look beaut, mix with and entertain any person of no matter what social rank, from a duke to a dustman.

No wonder my father-in-law repeatedly tells the family: "Life has never been dull since Mum and I were married."

Is it any wonder I say she is "The Fairest Lady" I know?

— £10 to A. G. Wilson, McLaren Flat, S.A.

Towel trouble

● When we were married I thought she was perfect. Soon afterwards I began to notice some faults.

THIS appeared as a challenge to me and appealed as it would have to Professor Higgins. I would soon have my wife properly trained.

The main trouble was that My Fair Lady was not aware of her faults and it was rather difficult to explain them to her.

Quite often after I emerged streaming wet from the shower I found the towel rails bare. In a loud voice I told my wife so.

She told me, also in a loud voice, that the towels were on the line drying.

I explained that towels should always be available in the bathroom. She replied that wet towels were useless for drying oneself on.

Clearly a great deal of patience was needed.

Another instance: When my wife is in the kitchen and I am in the bedroom—three brick walls intervening—I will hear something like this, "..... rang today."

I yell for a repeat. This time I catch only the word "mother."

To save straining my ears I go out to the kitchen. "My mother rang today? What did she say?"

"You never listen to anything I say. Not your mother. Flora's mother."

Professor Higgins had a much easier task.

I persevered toward my goal, constantly explaining and frequently enduring angry, hasty words and nasty threats.

The breakthrough came in the matter of the clocks, none of which were ever right and all showed a different time.

One morning the signal for 11 o'clock from the radio prompted my wife to say, "I must put the clocks right."

Of course, she did not drop her duster for another twenty minutes and the adjusted clocks were at least that much out, but she was trying.

My Fair Lady changed rapidly after this.

Salt and pepper shakers were always filled. Butter dishes contained butter.

I began to feel uneasy.

I missed her items of gossip. Blokes on the bus going to work always knew the local scandal before I did.

I knew she was really correcting her faults when the gas lighter was always in place.

No sugar in bowl

But perhaps she was becoming too perfect. There was no doubt of it when she even began complaining about me.

She said, among other things, that I was untidy, left my clothes on the floor, wouldn't mend fences, clean the yard, or get home early.

Life became a misery.

But gradually she lapsed and her faults crept back.

I was pleased when I noticed that she had forgotten to fill the sugar bowl, but I was positively delighted one day when I got out of the shower and couldn't find a towel.

I had come to realise that my wife is My Fair Lady precisely because of what she is, and any attempt to change her is apt to make her into someone else, whom I did not intend to marry anyway.

— £10 to B. Bohan, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Continued on page 20

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4884622

"FAIR LADY" OF FILM

STARS Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn as Professor Higgins and Eliza Doolittle in the Warner Bros. film "My Fair Lady." Left: Cockney urchin Eliza with the Professor in his London home. Above: Eliza, transformed, ready to be passed off as a "real lady" at the Embassy ball.

Scenes from the film "My Fair Lady." A lavish remake of the stage success, it has been highly praised by New York critics.

BALL SCENE. Eliza, mistaken for European royalty incognito, is a sensation at the ball. Seated left on the dais is the Baroness Bina de Goldschmidt-Rothschild in her role as the Queen of Transylvania.

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HE-48

"MY FAIR LADY" CONTEST

More

"Mrs. Murphy"

● In my desk is a strip of tape on which my name is marked many times in my mother's characteristic script.

IT was given to me when I left home that I might cut off sections to sew on new garments when she was no longer there to do it for me.

Shame on me that I never did use it, but that tape went with me over the years, and reminded me of her presence, helping me along when the way was rough.

It now recalls the times when her arms were the world; when her strength and encircling tenderness were my refuge; and how I came to rely on her common sense and light-hearted good humor to solve the crises that came with dreary regularity when I was an adolescent.

My mother had her own peculiar sense of humor.

For example, there was the invisible Mrs. Murphy. We never saw her, yet she was very real to us.

When other mothers emphasised — with a smack — the need to keep muddy boots off newly scrubbed floors, my mother would hold a two-way conversation with Mrs. Murphy, realistically imitating her Irish voice.

"What a mess my floor is in," my mother would say sadly.

Mrs. Murphy would reply wistfully, "And sure, it looked so nice with all your polishing."

"Well, I suppose they don't think what hard work it was."

And Mrs. Murphy would suggest helpfully, "Perhaps the little spalpeens could get the mop and clean it all up again."

And that was how it would be, without any smacks, reprimands, or fuss.

Because mother with her Mrs. Murphy was so different from other mothers, our home was always full of other people's children.

As we grew older, it seemed as if all the schemes and romances of my friends were born in our kitchen, helped out by the smell of all smells, the never-ending products of her oven.

All the fun and craziness of young people were enjoyed, not just tolerated, and how that old kitchen rang with laughter!

The sharp pang a father feels toward his baby son makes him realise, perhaps dimly, the roundness of life's circle when he sees his mother hold that son in her arms, and makes his heart fly back in yearning and gratitude for her who felt just so toward him.

So, when in retrospect, I go back three score years and ten along memory lane, and dwell on the unspeakably dear and forgotten trifles, all the love and sacrifices, and remember all she did to help me on my way, I know it is for these reasons that my mother is My Fair Lady.

— £10 to Dr. R. M. Gillies, Berwick, Victoria.

"Her hair is white now"

● This is not something about an ideal. It is about the girl I married. Today, her hair is white and her face has those little wrinkles etched by time.

SOME of them I put there, because she and I are just ordinary people.

Her fingers show the passage of the early days; the washtub and the scrubbing brush.

There is a shadow of roundness, too, on her shoulders, because no woman can carry the burdens of married life entirely unscathed.

There have been moments when I could have walked out of the home and slammed the door. Hard.

How many times she may have wanted to do that I don't know, but there must have been plenty.

There have been times, too, when I haven't been fair to her. Times when I have hurt her so deeply that, looking back, her forgiveness remains a miracle.

She has her faults, too, but they have been those of the moment — a sudden flare of mood only to be followed by remorse that had the power of cleansing the souls of both of us.

But the greatest hurt of all has come in those moments when I have sensed her longing for all those things I have never been able to give her.

The thrill of new clothes — things she has not had to make herself; the world sights that friends, having seen, return to tell us about; things that a woman longs for, as a woman, deep within herself, but which remain unfulfilled.

It's hell when you know all this and there is nothing you can do about it; more especially when nothing is ever hinted at; when all the outspoken thoughts are for you.

Pennies put on top of pennies so that at Christmas, or on your birthday, there will be something for you. Pennies, the sum total of which would have brought even a little balm for a woman's ache.

Years pass

But none of those things are visible. You can only sense them, ever gaining an innate conception of them as the years slip by and in some mystic way the two of you become one.

I have a photograph on my tallboy. It has been there so long, and I have got so used to it being there, that, perhaps, I don't always realise its presence.

It is that of a girl I met many years ago; a girl with all the beauty and freshness of youth in her face.

Sometimes, just before I put the light out, I look down at the little grey-haired old lady in the bed next to mine.

And I lean down and kiss her and the lips that meet mine are those of the girl in the photograph.

Those of My Fair Lady.

— £10 to J. M. Giles, Manly, N.S.W.

"Our first-born"

● What I remember most about her the first time I saw her were her large liquid wide-awake eyes.

SHE gazed at me with a steady, all-knowing expression which gave me the feeling that she had known me for a very long time.

This was surprising really, because she had only been breathing the air of this world for 18 hours.

She was our first-born. A wonderful present on my wife's 21st birthday.

She was incredibly doll-like, without the red screwed up look that I thought all babies were born with.

My wife, surrounded with birthday cards and golden keys, glowed with achievement. She proudly announced that the baby was perfect all over. She had even counted her fingers and toes!

We named our treasure Lorraine.

This was because I had learned that the storks went to Alsace-Lorraine for the winter. During that winter one missed out and came to us, so what other name could we give our baby but Lorraine.

When my wife and Lorraine were due to leave hospital, I couldn't afford to take the day off and that day at work seemed never-ending.

I have rarely known the excitement I felt when I went home that night.

From that day onward we worried endlessly about the responsibilities of parenthood.

We made some appalling mistakes. We over-fed and under-fed, sometimes with the wrong sort of food, and every murmur the baby made seemed to present us with new problems. But we sought no advice and wanted no outside help. This was to be OUR baby.

Because of her, our lives now had a meaning and purpose beyond ourselves and it was a wonderful feeling.

We had very little money, the house was practically unfurnished and Lorraine's crib was a cardboard box, even her baby carriage was second-hand. But the attention and care we gave her were of the first order.

Lorraine started to grow up, wide-eyed and beautiful, becoming, as most little girls do, a daddy's girl.

Her little face always lit up with pride when I praised something she had done and I was usually rewarded with a shower of kisses.

"More precious"

One day, just after she was five, I whispered in her ear as I had done on many occasions, but this time there was no response. All I got was a slightly puzzled look and a soft kiss. Lorraine hadn't heard me.

Even though specialists later confirmed our worst fears, we were a long time acknowledging the fact that our child was slowly going deaf.

For a while it was impossible for us to realise that this glowing little jewel had a flaw, but then we thought that perfection was only for the gods.

Lorraine's disability has only served to make her more precious.

And to me, this little girl of mine, full of vitality, expression, and trust, will always be the Fairest of all the Fair Ladies.

— £10 to P. Sharp, Para Hills, S.A.

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winners of £10 prizes

(See also page 18)

Foster-mother

● When I was orphaned at the age of nine, she whom I called "Aunty" took me gladly into her home and, more important, into her heart.

ON nothing more than the old age pension she schooled and reared me. Many times she went without, and always for me.

She was a widow, and she earnestly tried to teach me a correct and proper sense of values. I like to think she succeeded.

Yet she was not even a relative, just a close friend of my mother.

I often, now, marvel at the thought of a lone elderly woman, bearing the strain — as it must have been — of guiding a boy to manhood.

Gallant, alone

Now I am 34 years old and living in a different State. I can, and do, visit my foster-mum on each holiday.

Although now crippled with age and arthritis, a gallant, independent 86 years of age, she exists alone, still proudly doing her household chores.

She lives her daily struggle with scarcely a complaint. Come what may, I will always be proud, oh, so proud of My Fair Lady.

— £10 to Kevin Rynehart, Beulah Park, S.A.

Met by accident

● On March 20 I was involved in the most fortunate motor-cycle accident anyone could wish to have.

BECAUSE of this accident I met, and later became engaged to, the most wonderful girl in the world.

She was a third-year nurse training at the hospital to which I was admitted.

Jennifer means the world to me—without her I would be nothing.

Nobody in this world could describe her beauty and give it justice. She is pure and sweet as honey and her eyes shine brighter than the evening star.

If all girls were as kind and gentle as Jenny, we men would think we were in heaven.

Jenny doesn't cure patients with medicine; she cures them with her warm and loving touch. She should be working in the children's hospital, as she is very fond of children.

"Proudest man"

I know she will make a wonderful wife and mother.

Everywhere Jenny goes people seem to be looking at her, and I think that they say to themselves what a beautiful girl she is, and wish there were more like her.

Looks aren't the only thing she has. She has a heart as big as herself, which she has given to me, making me the proudest man in the world.

Jenny is always full of fun and when she is in a mad mood she says to me, "I love you fifteen million times with all my being."

Then I say, "Darling, I love you just as much."

— £10 to Kevin Keegan, Manly, Qld.

"Near-blonde"

● At the age of almost 19 years I found I had a latent weakness for blue-grey eyes — it suddenly surfaced as I looked into a pair, one evening in church.

THESE jewels were set in a well-defined face, unspoiled and full of health and youth.

The angelic windows sparkled in unison with a delightful row of teeth, giving brilliance to a smile that to me was shattering.

She was almost 16, and "near-blonde."

What chemistry was set into motion just then, to produce mental effervescence and cause red corpuscles to do ring-o'-roses I shall never know; but I knew for certain that this feeling was "it."

This girl, this woman, this Eve, who talked and walked brightly and kicked up her heels in lively action when she ran — I delighted in her every aspect.

Not too clever, so that I might appear to be wise, yet having a simple directness which could be devastating.

In height, just above my shoulder, so that I could feel strong and protective.

Mischievously daring (not many girls drop live cats on to a headmistress), so that even when alarmed over her I was yet pleased by her showing qualities which I lacked, but for which I longed.

Perfectly feminine, in being fond of a giggle and also a little bit possessive, suggesting that her catch would not slip the hook without a struggle.

I enjoyed being aware of that, which, on reflection, was mutual.

In temper a bit fiery, a ready duellist with the tongue, she yet balanced my sulky obstinacy. Though we had a little strife, in striving, neither imagined living apart from the other, so we married in 1940.

My ideal woman is sitting here now, 30 years after we met.

At 46 she is the mother of seven, a grandma, too, and life would be hard to imagine without the presence of my greatest earthly asset.

Her hair is toned now to light brown with passing years, with a few silver strands intermingled, but those honest eyes have proved their message, as the years have written it.

Intensely loyal in her love, she waited a long time and prayed often during those war years, like many another true woman.

I shall never forget the farewell smile, five days after our first child was born, when I was going overseas. It beamed on me for 3½ years, like sunshine through the rain.

Though not demanded, she ever seeks to put me first in the midst of a busy family life.

Daddy's decisions are always best, even though she still is girl enough to pull a face behind his back, for her good humor is plentiful.

Even now, when I go out with her, I still feel twice my size.

What more can a man say, apart from writing a book, but to conclude with the words of King Solomon: "Who can find a virtuous woman? Her price is far above rubies."

She is my treasure — My Fair Lady.

— £10 to Sydney W. Whittington, South Burnie, Tas.

"STILL IN LOVE"
(Girls, why shouldn't he be?)

● My wife is beautiful because she was hoping I'd change jobs (when I got fired). She has a perfect sense of humor (my jokes always make her laugh). She doesn't care for tall men (I'm under six feet). She thinks grey hair is distinguished and mature men most attractive (I blew out forty-nine candles this birthday). She even noticed they are using smaller print in the newspapers (after I adopted reading glasses). She insists I make all important family decisions (so far they have all been minor enough for her to handle). I'm still in love, for it isn't how beautiful she is that counts but how beautiful everything is because of her.

— £10 to Frank Hurtle, Newport, Vic.

"Hello, Charlie"

● I first met her at kindergarten. She was a rather plump kid with large, soulful eyes.

SHE took charge of me, and as we had to pass her home going home from school, I walked with her as far as her gate.

A few years later we left the district and I didn't see her again.

Then, when I was 17, I was going for a walk with a friend when we saw two girls going the other way.

Of course, we looked, and they looked, and we all looked again.

Then one girl stepped in front of me and said, "Hello, Charlie Shaw."

I took another look at her, good Lord, Hilda Goodlad! I couldn't believe it.

She was a picture — shining black wavy hair like anthracite coal, the same large eyes, but they were now laughing and mischievous, under a large brimmed hat, tilted to one side (this was 1908).

Down the aisle

It was Easter Sunday morning and they were going to the open-air church services in the cemetery, so we went along with them.

We soon found out that we both had the same outlook on life, the same fondness for the outdoors, sport, music, and art.

You can guess the next.

In 1914 she walked down the aisle and I was waiting. It was the day after Christmas Day; snow was on the ground, but the sun was shining.

Nine years later we decided to come to Australia.

We have had some ups and downs since then, but always there was that sweet smile and the "never mind, we'll get through."

For seven years she acted as emergency housekeeper for the C.W.A. She covered thousands of miles and cared for hundreds of children from the far south to well up north, often going at a few hours' notice.

As this covered the war years, you can guess the trouble it meant with the rationing.

At the age of 70 she joined the bowling club and was runner-up in the Ladies' Singles Plate in her first year.

She's away at bowls now, that is why I am sneaking this letter in. She is really my "fair" lady now, but her hair still has its natural shine and wave, and a smile and cheery word for everyone.

This is our Golden Wedding year, bless her little heart. Five hundred words are not enough to describe "My Fair Lady."

— £10 to Charles W. Shaw, Waroona, W.A.

Fair Lady of the alphabet

● My Fair Lady is, of course, my wife. Why? I shall tell you.

A — She is amusing, amiable, artistic, and affectionate, too, even to our family dog and cat.

B — Bright and breezy.

C — Courteous and considerate. A capable clever cook. She can turn ordinary mince into a delicious Toad-in-Blanket. Also she is a conscientious community worker.

D — Determined. Dignified. I've seen her work all day in the dust or mud, helping me in the fruit season. Then dress for a "do" at night and look like a million dollars.

E — Entertaining. When the atmosphere is dismal, she can always bring a smile, or give one.

F — Friendly and faithful. Fairy Godmother to quite a few kids around the place. Fashion-wise, too, she can wear the right things in the right places.

G — Gay and generous. Always giving, never expecting any returns.

H — Housekeeper. Makes the beds. Polishes the floor. Mends the socks. Does the washing. Brings my clean clothes to the bathroom.

I — Interesting. If she wasn't, I couldn't write about her. Intelligent. I'll say! Didn't she marry me? Insistent. I had a holiday this year. First time in 20 years.

J — Jovial. Loves having practical jokes with friends and neighbors.

K — Kind. I've seen her stop in the city and help an old lady across the street.

L — Lovable. I'm not the only one who loves her.

M — Marvellous mother. Ask my two teenage sons. They love and respect her.

N — Never-on-time. Notoriously late at our wedding. Kept me waiting twenty minutes. But she was worth it!

O — One. The one and only for me.

P — Personality plus. This fair lady of mine.

Q — Quaint, but not a quitter.

R — Refreshing. She always looks so fresh and nice.

S — Sympathetic. Never refuses to listen to my troubles and worries. Sporty, too. Used to excel at badminton and hockey. A golfer, now, still on 36 handicap — but smiling.

T — Tenderhearted. Thoughtful to both young and old.

U — Unruffled. You bet. Never seen to lose her temper. Unusual, to say the least.

V — Versatile. She can take an old overcoat and make it into an exciting teddy bear for some fete, or make a delightful Christmas decoration from an empty beer bottle and a few pine cones.

W — Wonderful. Witty. Never a dull moment with this gem.

X — Xactly right for me.

Y — Youthful. I wonder how she does it, when I look at my wrinkled brow and greying hair.

Z — Zealous and zany. And how!

Boy, if she ever gets to read this, I'll never live it down. I can just hear her. "Darling. You never TOLD ME."

— £10 to J. L. Kile, Huon, Tas.

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The one safe, sure way to kill this filthy fly,

spray Mortein

Just one fly. Yet he could be loaded with five million disease germs to menace your family's health. Polio, hepatitis, typhoid, gastro-enteritis and more. These are the deadly killers he could be carrying into your home. There is only one *safe*, sure way to kill flies . . . spray Mortein.

Flies and insects can never become immune to Mortein

Mortein kills all insects, even those resistant to DDT, dieldrin, lindane and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior insect sprays. Insects can never develop a resistance to Mortein — powerful Mortein kills them all.

Mortein is deadliest to flies, yet safest to use

Mortein Pressure * Pak and Mortein Plus both contain costly African Pyrethrum, synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide. These are the most powerful insect killing ingredients known to science and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near little children, food and pets. Spray Safe . . . Spray Only Mortein.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

ST 928/64

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Forming table habits

IN reply to "Table Manners" (Qld.), your little girls will probably find using a knife difficult at first, no matter what their age. It's practice that makes the difference. I encourage my children to use a knife (blunt to begin with, of course) almost as soon as they can start feeding themselves.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. B. Horan, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

★ ★ ★

LITTLE girls of five and six should be using knives and forks. The food should still be cut up for them, and they need a spoon. Persevere, and encourage with suitable food.

£1/1/- to "Another Mother" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

★ ★ ★

THIS is how I managed with my two sons. Both were given a child-size set of cutlery on their first birthday, the knife being put away until the age of about two to two-and-a-half, when I started setting it with the other utensils on the table. I did not urge the use of it, but said they could if they wished. Both ignored the knife, after a day or two of awkward handling, until about three years old, when it came into regular use. At four they were well able to manage full-size cutlery of all descriptions.

£1/1/- to J. R. Williams, Dalkeith, W.A.

★ ★ ★

NOW five, my eldest is only just beginning to know what to do with his knife. For the past year I have put it, with the spoon and the fork, on the table. He used it occasionally, but has only now developed sufficient hand control to use it with much success. My daughter of three has very little idea about its use.

£1/1/- to "Virgo" (name supplied), Merrylands, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY two children have been using knives and forks since they were three. My daughter, now five, handles both implements extremely well, cutting up all her food except meat. She also holds her dessertspoon in the correct manner, instead of shovelling with it. I believe you should allow children to use their own small knives and forks as they want to.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Beaton, Grafton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY experience has been that by setting a knife with the children's spoon, the children will try the knife when they are ready for it, as they usually like to feel grown up. But give a spoon in case of difficulties.

£1/1/- to "Mamma" (name supplied), Pearcedale, Vic.

Working mothers

DO working mothers really save? One I know with three young children pays £4/10/- a week for their care. She pays out fares to town and has to buy lunches, and the children's clothes, normally home made, are now bought. To work, one needs more and better clothes, and stockings are a never-ending worry. Their taxes are increased, so tell me how do such working mothers really save. Give me a few cotton dresses, my children to enjoy, and freedom to enjoy my own time and cooking.

£1/1/- to "Homelover" (name supplied), Yagoona, N.S.W.

Handicapped need education

"THAT poor child! He has enough to put up with without having to work at his school lessons, and there's really no need — he'll always have a pension." I can assure you that we who are physically handicapped are grateful to those teachers who scolded us when we neglected our lessons. For they realised, even before we did, that knowledge and education would be the most effective weapons to use in our battle to widen our horizons, and have lives which would be both happier and more worth while.

£1/1/- to Miss Valerie Freeman, Wynnum, Qld.

Man stands on his own

A NEW approach to the problem of the lonely, unwanted feeling so many elderly people suffer from should be an education from schooldays that everyone is always alone, or simply an individual in a large and busy world. Thoughts of being alone magnify with age, but if people were to become used to the idea from childhood, they would be better able to accept the fact as they got older. Our so-called ties with others, under the spotlight of truth, are very frail, as we all live our own lives.

£1/1/- to "Review" (name supplied), Ivanhoe, Vic.

Unwanted Christmas gifts

IT is a pity so many Christmas gifts are ill-chosen and put away unused. Last year an elderly friend said wistfully, "She gave me a honey pot. At my age I do not need any more crockery, and she used to give me such useful presents like scented talc powder or skin perfume." There's a clue. Or even a good hair shampoo is often acceptable. I knew another elderly lady who had more than 200 handkerchiefs, many of them yellowing in their unopened boxes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Campbell, Wynnum, Qld.

Nature Notes

• A Brisbane scientist says that animals establish their own social order. When a batch of fowls, reared together, is later penned with others there is usually strife before the two groups settle down.

Life is hard
For fowls and folk.
Most must knuckle
To the yoke.
Consequently,
Early on,
Wiser types
Decide upon
Where they're going
Year by year,
Knowing that
The choice is clear:
Every creature,
They reflect,
Is a pecker
Or is pecked.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

Mailing a Christmas cake

WHEN sending a decorated Christmas cake by post or rail, push several longish drawing-pins up through the bottom of the box in which the cake is packed. Place the cake on a long, thin piece of paper and, by holding both ends of the paper, lower it gently on to the drawing-pins. Pack any space between the cake and the sides of the box with cotton-wool, which is softer than paper and less likely to damage the decorations.

£1/1/- to A.P. (name supplied), Subiaco, W.A.

Recipe for insomnia

TRY this for insomnia. See that the inner person is a lightweight, not a heavyweight. Take clock, pencil, and pad to bed, do not lie down, but sit up and write as many two-syllable words as you can think of, keeping time with the ticking of the clock. Warm milk generally induces sleep if people relax and do not worry. When drowsiness overcomes you, lie down to SLEEP.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Alice Strudwick, Redfern, N.S.W.

Origin of the Christmas stocking

THIS version of the origin of the Christmas stocking goes back to St. Nicholas. Unwilling to embarrass a poor but proud family by giving them money, he dropped a purse down the cottage chimney. Instead of falling into the hearth, it fell into a stocking which was hanging up to dry.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE postman was going past outside.

"Have you got any bills for us?" said Baby Pip.

He replied with a cheery "None today," and I relaxed.

There was a time when I waited eagerly for the postman. He used to bring exciting letters of a personal nature.

But now I watch his approach with uneasiness. The same change comes over most people. Marriage, you could say, is the time when the postman stops bringing letters and starts bringing bills.

As you get to know different bill-senders you come to like some more than others.

My favorites are the ones that give three months to pay. The council that sends the rates bill does that. So does the Water Board, which sends the bill for water rates.

There is something about collecting rates that makes people patient and civil.

The telephone crowd are a different kettle of fish. They can hardly wait to get their money.

Two weeks is all they give. After that they drop unpleasant hints about cutting the phone off.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

(Les Hopkins actually had his phone cut off. He didn't mind, but his wife and daughter nearly went crazy.)

You can tell the nice bill-senders

from the nasty ones by the way they go on when you are overdue.

I give high marks to Dobsons' department store, where I have an account. Once, after I had kept them waiting a while, they sent a charming letter. It began: "The Chinese have an old custom of settling their outstanding debts in the New Year . . ."

On the other hand, Swope and Son, in the same situation, turned nasty. Their curt note said: "Our terms are net cash in 30 days," etc. Nothing whatever about the Chinese New Year.

All in all, I think the Water Board is my favorite bill-sender. Even after the three long months of grace have slid by the Board does not panic.

This year, owing to certain difficulties, I was slow in coming up to scratch. When the time came, the Water Board gave me a gentle nudge. "It may have escaped your notice," the letter said, "that your rates have not been paid."

I liked that touch about it escaping my notice, when I had been thinking about the bill for weeks. It seemed the height of tactfulness.

I was so moved that I sent the money immediately.

Swope and Son, please note: Debtors respond to a kind word as well as a big stick.

MUMMY, WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND? — a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings — is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

Hair beauty consultant writes

Sun + Surf = DRY, BRITTLE HAIR!

Most of us use a skin food to fight summer dryness, but what about *hair?*

To wash sand out is not nearly enough! Your hair needs the rich, revitalising goodness of 'KIRONE-R'*.

Developed by L'Oreal of Paris, 'KIRONE-R' nourishes the hair, giving new shining health and beauty!

Just shampoo, rinse and apply 'KIRONE-R' before setting. It's not an expensive luxury!

Anne Bryant

Hair Beauty Advisory Service
Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.
699 Warrigal Rd., Chadstone, Vic.

*TRADE MARK NMBA/0050

WHAT A RELIEF!

UNSIGHTLY VEINS HIDDEN . . . PAIN RELIEVED . . . LEGS IMPROVED

That's the beauty of Scholl Surgical Hosiery. It hides varicose veins, provides correct, pain-relieving support, yet can't be seen under ordinary nylons. Your legs look better and you *feel* better. Scholl hosiery is light, seamless and surgically accurate. Acclaimed world-wide. Recommended by doctors. All fittings, with exclusive "soft-grip" top and instep, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl SOFT GRIP SURGICAL HOSIERY NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN H36

Nailoid gives you lovelier, healthier nails

Because Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.

CORNS

THIS TAKES THE O OUT OF CORNS

Get instant relief with Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. They soothe, cushion, protect. Stop shoe pressure and friction. Medicated discs quickly remove corns. Only 3/6 pkt. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions. When you visit your chemist or store . . .

LOOK FOR Dr. SCHOLL'S SELF-SERVICE CENTRE

Dr Scholl's ZINO PADS

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TAKE A

long cool look at Christmas

Now's the time for Christmas-gifting. And time for summer's long and frosty drinks. Put the two thoughts together for the gift idea that's part of the party; a Syphon by Sparklets (makers of the original soda-syphon). It's the sensible way to make soda-water. Just a fingertouch and you liven any summer drink with the sparkling boost that only fresh soda gives. And Sparklets have styled these syphons in the shapes, sizes and decorator-colours for today's kind of living. They're the sparklingest gift idea ever.

*give a *Sparklets syphon*

For that certain Party!

Give the gift that shares its fun for years and years, **GLOBEMASTER** Syphon (double capacity); colours: Ruby, Silver Leaf, Wedgwood, Old Gold. **155/-. HOSTMASTER** In Ruby, Pale Green, Wedgwood, Poppy, Cornflower, Primrose, Old Gold. **111/6. DE-LUXE STREAMLINE MODEL** in gleaming chrome. **179/6.** New satin-finish Stainless Steel model. **179/6.** Every Syphon complete with Bulbs — available almost everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher in some areas).

Gift for the man who has everything!

If ever he's struggled to open a bottle of wine he'll appreciate this. Simply insert "Corkmaster's" needle — and the cork dramatically removes itself! Quite surprising. Quite effortless. Quite the perfect, different gift . . . Sparklets "CORKMASTER" 49/-. Complete with gift box.

Sole Australian Agents: Wilmo Division, Monsanto Chemicals (Aust.) Ltd.

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In tropical Queensland

SUNRISE: Taken from Mt. Oldfield, on Lindeman Island, in the colorful calm of early morning, picture (above) looks down over East Cape, with Shaw Island on the right. In the foreground, formed by East Cape, is Princess Alexandra Bay — Alex stayed on Lindeman during her Queensland tour in 1957.

BELOW: The waters of Whitsunday Passage in North Queensland turn blue after sunrise and are studded with some of the loveliest islands of the Pacific. In the background of this picture, taken from Lindeman Island, is Pentecost Island, named by Captain Cook as he sailed through the Passage on Whitsunday.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

Pictures by Adelie Hurley.

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ART TREASURES . . .

● This beautiful French provincial-style home, "Chateau Blanc," at Ingleburn, N.S.W., is the setting for a magnificent private collection of art treasures and antiques. The house is the country residence of Mrs. G. Penfold Hyland, a well-known connoisseur of antiques. She recently gave a collection of 17th- and 18th-century paintings, silver, porcelain, and furniture to the South Australian National Gallery, where it is attracting big crowds.

ENTRANCE (above) to the lovely courtyard of Mrs. Penfold Hyland's country home at Ingleburn, N.S.W., is framed by grand black iron gates which were specially designed for the house. Sandstone path leads to a circular pond, then to the house.

VICTORIAN MIRROR over the 19th-century marble fireplace is one of many interesting pieces in the drawing-room (above). Built-in cupboards on either side of the fireplace display exquisite 18th-century porcelain. Early Queen Anne bureau at right is mahogany.

DINING-ROOM (left) has a Georgian dining-table, Hepplewhite chairs, and a Georgian mahogany sideboard (at left). White louvered doors divide dining- and drawing-rooms. Door in background leads to the kitchen. The painting in the drawing-room is by Ruysdael.

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IN A COUNTRY SETTING

"CHATEAU BLANC," a French provincial-style house, is of white painted brick with a grey tiled roof. The driveway leads to a port cochere, with impressive black iron gates, flanked on either side by two antique lamps. Octagonal sunroom is off the main bedroom.

Photographs by Ron Berg

OCTAGONAL SUNROOM (above) off the main bedroom is decorated in brilliant colors. Above the windows is a continuous padded pelmet of glazed cotton which accents the sunroom's unusual shape.

GREY SHUTTERS frame the doors which open on to the magnificent sandstone terrace (right), off the drawing-room. From here, one of the highest points in the district, is a view of the surrounding rich grazing land. Colorful gardens and a graceful balustrade provide a border for the terrace and lawn.

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1964 BRITISH FASHION AWARDS

LINE-UP OF DESIGNS from award-winning collections. From left: Silk tunic and trousers, by Galitzine (Italy); wool coat and suede hat, by Paterson (U.K.); wool evening coat and exotic headdress by Tiffeau (U.S.A.); coat and pants, by Courreges (France); fringed suede pants and blouse, by Cashin (U.S.A.).

● *Australian model Justine McCarthy's hair is styled by Gerard Austin, of Carita of London, for the showing.*

AT PRESENTATIONS: From left, Mr. Charles Clore, Lord Thomson, Mademoiselle von Celsing, and Madame Hagglof, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, at the London Hilton Hotel.

Gala showing in London of the winners' collections

● "The Sunday Times" international fashion awards for 1964 were presented by Lord Thomson of Fleet, owner of the newspaper, during a gala fashion night at the London Hilton Hotel.

THIS is the second year the newspaper has made the awards.

An international jury, with three chairmen, was established to choose the winners.

The chairmen were Mrs. Ernestine Carter, O.B.E., fashion editor of "The Sunday Times" (for the U.K.); well-known New York fashion personality Eleanor Lambert (U.S.A.); and Alice Chavane de Dalmassy (France).

Their choices were Andre Courreges, of France, Ronald Paterson, of the U.K., and Jacques Tiffeau, of the U.S.A.

Bonnie Cashin, of the U.S.A., and Princess Irene Galitzine, of Italy, received honorable mentions.

Michael Whittaker, noted producer of couture parades, was responsible for the speed and glamor of the showing of the winners' collections before a brilliant audience, which included well-known society and fashion personalities.

Mannequins representing each of the five fashion houses were flown by the newspaper from France, Italy, and America to parade the clothes.

Carita of London dressed their hair.

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JACQUES TIFFEAU, winner of the U.S. award, is French-born, but has worked in America for 12 years. He has won the Coty American Fashion Critics' Award twice, and the Cotton Fashion Award. The judges considered his present collection young and imaginative. Tiffeau likes to design for the leggy figure. He also likes color, but not brassy color. His favorite fabrics are silk, often imaginatively patterned, and pure wool tweeds. (See pictures here.)

● *Tiffeau and models in chic tweed.*

● *Imaginative casuals — jungle-patterned tights, check dress.*

● *Button-through theatre dress.*

● *London designer Ronald Paterson.*

RONALD PATERSON, winner of the British award, was honored for beautiful formals and understated daytime fashions.

Paterson is a dark, good-looking Scot and a member of the incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. He has many rich private clients, but is down-to-earth enough to appreciate the problems of the average woman.

He has strong views on color, and unlike most English designers does not believe in "the little black dress" unless it is really beautiful.

With the exception of black, white, and neutral, Paterson says for day wear definite colors look smarter than timid shades. For instance, if you wear green, see that it is emerald; or if your choice is yellow, it is best vivid.

OVERLEAF: Cashin and Galitzine

● *Graceful Paterson evening dress in chiffon.*

● *Exciting and functional suit in beige velours.*

● *Group of Courreges' flowing evening coats and pants.*

ANDRE COURREGES, of France, showed a superb collection of clothes anticipating the times and modern living. Courreges' day fashions are both functional and chic. His shaped pants and long jackets, and his short skirts that bare the knee are perfect fashions for sports, mini-cars, and bus-hopping. In contrast, his lavish evening ensembles of sweeping coats worn over trousers and little tops are the very high of glamor for at-home entertaining.

● *Courreges and his pants suit.*

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There's a Parker Pen for everyone ... *well, almost everyone!*

He'll learn soon enough that there's a Parker Pen for everyone. Which makes Christmas giving so simple. Just give Parker Pens from the range that remembers everyone. They're beautiful, practical gifts. And a lasting reminder of your good taste. Give Parker—the world's most wanted pen.

61*: Parker's finest—the ultimate in pen craftsmanship. This magnificent pen has solid 14 ct. gold nib and self-filling capillary action. **From £9/2/6.**

51*: The world's most honoured pen. Universally popular for its perfect performance. A beautiful gift that will be appreciated for many, many years. **From £6/15/-.**

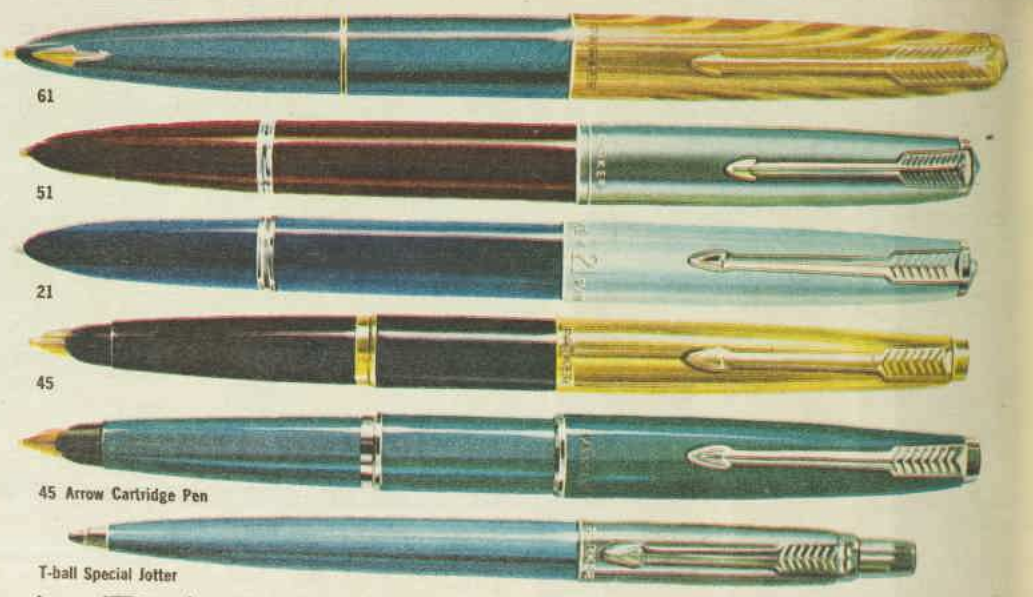
21: A sturdy pen designed for really hard work. An extra-large ink reservoir is controlled and metered for perfect performance. **£3/19/6.**

45*: Ideal for those who write a lot. Refilling is swift, neat and clean, with up to 10,000-word-capacity ink cartridges. **From £3/10/6.**

45* Arrow Cartridge Pen: Quick, clean refill action (giant-size ink cartridges). (12/- more gives you refill unit to make the Arrow convertible.) **£1/15/-.**

T-ball Special Jotter: A precision writing instrument, quality made. Outwrites ordinary ballpens. Textured tungsten ball grips paper, writes with smooth, unbroken line. **£1/5/-.**

*Matching Ballpens and Pencils available.



PARKER *maker of the world's most wanted pens.*

DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY PARKER EVERSHARP (AUST.) PTY. LIMITED

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BONNIE CASHIN gives last-minute approval to her leather fisherman's suit.

GALITZINE with two mannequins wearing her at-home "formals."

• Suede and jersey is a Cashin favorite. Chic example here.

BONNIE CASHIN

AMERICAN Bonnie Cashin won a special award for her constantly fresh approach to youthful designing.

Her clothes have great appeal to one of the strongest youth groups to emerge at any time in history — the Mods.

The fashions are alert, varied, and at times show an unconventional use of trimming.

Patterned stockings and boots were recurring accessories throughout her collection.

The aggressive youthfulness of the designs brought a breath of fresh air to autumn fashions in general.

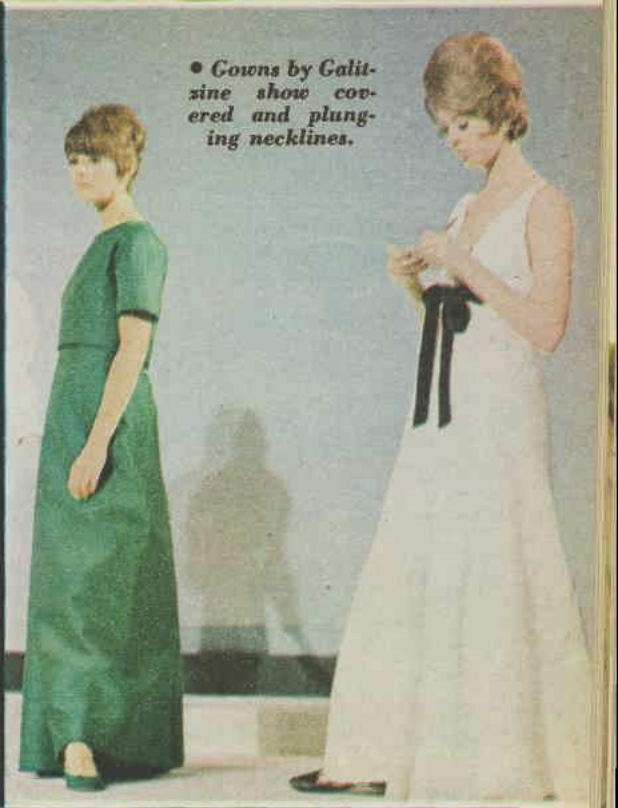
PRINCESS GALITZINE

ITALIAN Princess Irene Galitzine received a special award for contributing beauty and femininity to formal fashions and originality and chic to casuals and beachwear.

Galitzine was the only designer who showed a formal evening dress featuring the much-publicised plunge neckline.

She loves the slacks suit, both formal and informal, is a follower of sarong fashions for the beach, and believes that a splash of gay color is important in the sunshine.

• Galitzine's beach- and swimwear (below).



• Gowns by Galitzine show covered and plunging necklines.

• For "walking the dog," her separates in suede and jersey.

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For the men in your life

MENNEN

America's top-selling grooming aids for men

Seventeen different Gift Set combinations, available in Deluxe Maroon or Ebony Black presentation boxes, or 24 attractively packed individual products.

Skin Bracer After Shave
Brake Deodorant
After Shave Talc 43/6

Skin Bracer After Shave
'Prop' Electric Pre-Shave Lotion
32/6

Skin Bracer After Shave
Shave Talc 19/6

Skin Bracer After Shave
Lather Shave Cream 15/9

Speed-Stick
Deodorant 15/9

Spray Deodorant
(two sizes) 8/6, 16/-

Skin Bracer After Shave
Lotion (three sizes)
9/6 15/9, 21/-

Mennen Gifts for Christmas! Man-sized grooming products, singly or in any one of the seventeen Gift Set combinations. From 9/6 to 49/6. You'll be proud of your gift . . . and he'll appreciate your clever choice. Mennen grooming aids have a distinctive masculine quality. This Christmas . . . give him Mennen.

gifts for men who take pride

MENNEN

Sold at leading department stores and pharmacies throughout Australia

MN122

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French champagne was "on" each night

● Champagne every night, as much as we could drink! It was a luxury, but we felt we deserved it after picking the grapes for the champagne all day in the back-breaking vineyards of a little French village.

IT was the hardest work I have ever done in my life, but an unforgettable experience.

We arranged our trip through a Youth Organisation in London six months earlier and were given a tentative date for the commencement of the harvest.

The final instructions arrived a fortnight before we were due to leave — pages of them, all labelled "Important," and all in French.

A couple of hours' work with a dictionary and we had a rough idea of the contents, and a few shocks.

Working hours were approximately ten hours a day including Sunday.

Under the heading "Suitable Clothing" the only suggestions were for a raincoat and waterproof boots, which was rather a blow after an English summer — we had had visions of ourselves turning golden brown under a burning sun.

Instructions for finding the village were far from detailed, but much to our surprise we arrived without too much bother.

The village was Chigny-les-Roses, in the heart of the champagne country.

Many of the vintners from that area had applied for foreigners for grape-picking, and the demand far exceeded the supply.

Our farmer had asked for ten and received only six, and we were a motley collection.

My friend, Margaret Haysom, and I were the only girls, and as Australians were great curiosities. We were the centre of attention the whole time, which was rather nice.

The others were a Yugoslav economist, the inevitable American student (at least one is found in every corner of the world), and two delightful Englishmen who did not go out to the harvest with bowler hats and umbrellas, although we felt they easily could.

Then there were about 20 friends, relatives, and neighbors of our employer, none of whom spoke a word of English.

My French was of the schoolgirl variety, but it improved by leaps and bounds, and by the end of the harvest I was understanding comments not meant for my ears, much to the embarrassment of all concerned.

Early start

The first morning we jumped out of bed quite cheerfully at 6.30, drank our strong, sweet coffee, and by 7.15 were hard at work.

We had mastered the art of grape - picking in five minutes — we snipped the bunches from the vine with secateurs, then dropped them into a large wooden basket.

When the basket was full we screamed "panier" (basket) and our full basket was replaced with an empty one.

Unfortunately for our backs the grapes grew low.

By 8.30, when we stopped for half an hour for breakfast, we were beginning to feel that perhaps it wasn't going to be easy.

At 1 o'clock when we stopped for an hour for lunch we were sure of it, and when we finally stopped work at 6 p.m. the poor foreigners had almost to be carried off, much to the natives' amusement.

Next morning we could hardly walk. But from then on every day we felt a little better.

Much to our surprise, the grapes were a small purple variety, with only a few rows of the white ones we had imagined champagne to be made from.

Our farmer had one very large field, which took us three days to harvest, and an odd collection of small scattered fields.

Changing fields was a welcome break — by the time the equipment and harvesters had been collected, loaded on a tractor, and driven a mile or so over rough roads, an hour or more had passed.

Any little diversion, such as the load falling off the cart, was welcome.

However, very little time was wasted in the field, as one Frenchman, who took frequent wine breaks, quickly found out — he was sacked after three days of quite ingenious go-slow tactics.

We worked with two people to a row, snipping off the grapes from either side, with an occasional snip at an unwary finger.

We all started our rows together but certainly did not finish together.

Margaret and I usually found ourselves coming a bad last, and a delightful old man, who was the champion of the vineyards, would finish our row as well as his, telling us each time we were very good — for beginners.

Gradually we became faster until the memorable morning when we finished our row first.

It was the first row of the morning, and we were so exhausted from our mighty effort that we were disgracefully slow for the rest of the day, but we felt a great sense of achievement.

But it wasn't until the last row of the harvest that we discovered our poor class.

A bottle of champagne was the prize for the first who finished, and the locals went up the rows like lightning.

We had finished roughly a quarter of our row, with the Englishmen a few yards ahead, when the winners broke the tape.

Although the work was horribly monotonous and physically exhausting, we had a lot of fun, and the vineyard was a happy, noisy place.

The two Englishmen had a typical dry English sense of humor and they kept us constantly amused.

Half a dozen local boys had time off from school to help with the harvest, and they were delighted with the chance to improve their English.

We would have liked to attend an English lesson at their school, as their vocabulary consisted mainly of phrases such as "I love you" and "Kiss me quick"!

● Story and pictures by Valerie Thomas, W. Preston, Victoria, a teacher who has now been overseas for 18 months.

AT WORK in a French vineyard is the writer of this article, Valerie Thomas (right), and Margaret Haysom. Both are Australian.

The French people sang continuously, but, instead of folk songs about the harvest, French and English pop songs were the usual thing.

Toward the end of the harvest the fun became more riotous — I can't think of a better way of registering a protest than a well-aimed bunch of overripe grapes.

Then suddenly the harvest was over.

We had taken only seven days instead of the expected ten, and although we had been looking forward to this moment since the first hour we felt rather sad.

Still, there were to be great celebrations that night.

We put on our prettiest dresses, and the Englishmen were resplendent in their best suits — which seemed to amuse the locals. They hadn't dressed up at all.

We discovered why as the first bottle of champagne was vigorously shaken before being opened, and then pointed at us.

"Tradition," they explained as the champagne dripped off our hair and soaked into our clothes.

Roast beef

We were assured it would not stain.

We joined in the battle enthusiastically, and when everybody was drenched there was plenty more champagne to drink.

The main dish on the menu was roast beef — a friendly gesture to the English, who the French believe eat nothing but roast beef or eggs and bacon.

We danced and sang until 3 a.m., though we'd been hard at work since 7 a.m., and it was a wonderfully gay night — French capacity for enjoyment is enormous and very infectious.

Next morning early the French harvesters left, but we stayed on an extra two days.

Most of the vintners were still harvesting, and in each courtyard the winemaking was going on.

The grapes are taken from the field straight to the house, where every family has its own press and cellar.

We were disappointed to find that it was all done mechanically — we didn't have to trample the grapes after all.

We were shown over one of the biggest caves, where we gazed in rapture at 12 miles of bottles of champagne.

The family drove us around the area and overwhelmed us with kindness.

Finally, with great reluctance, we packed our cases and were ready to leave. We were paid 17 francs a day, roughly 30/- Australian, and with full board this is an excellent wage in France.

We were each given a bottle of champagne, and the whole family gathered for a noisy farewell involving much kissing and handshaking.

The expressions on the faces of the Englishmen as they were enthusiastically kissed by both men and women were delightful, but they only commented, "Home was never like this."

Next day we were back in London, a pale brown.

We had not needed our raincoats, but the sun was the same one that shines on London — which is nothing like the Australian variety.

As we settled back into routine, Chigny - les - Roses seemed another world.

But I shall never again see a bottle of champagne without also seeing an endless row of vines laden with purple grapes, hearing the plaintive cry of "panier," and feeling a twinge of agonising backache.

GRAPE-PICKING in the French vineyard.

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VW451F

For Christmas '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, '69, '70, etc.

The only thing that beats a new Volkswagen for drama on, say, July 18, is a new one arriving on December 25.

(5.20 a.m. Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep.)

All the neighbours know about it.

And after an hour or two of driving, so do you.

The air-cooled engine starts immediately, and unlike a lot of Christmas drivers, you won't get stuck on the side of the road waiting for a boiling radiator to cool down.

The VW doesn't have a radiator.

What it does have is a four-speed synchromesh gear box that experts often claim is the best in any car.

Independent torsion bar suspension on all four wheels, so each wheel takes its own bump and the car keeps an even keel.

Big wheels, and an average 40 thousand miles from a set of tyres, depending on how you drive.

And reliability no-one can match. So even if you don't get a Volkswagen for Christmas, keep it in mind.

Because the day you do, everyone acts like it's Christmas, anyway.

VW1200 £819. VW1200 Deluxe £919. VW1200 Deluxe Sunroof £966 (State Capital City prices, including sales tax).

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Round Australia with a little dog

PIXIE with her pups, one week old. Gloria obtained a health certificate for Pixie before making her her travelling companion. Later Pixie had the pups.

GLORIA and PIXIE

BARRAMUNDI catch was a highlight of Gloria's brief stay in Geiki Gorge, Fitzroy Crossing, on the Fitzroy River, W.A. Here she demonstrated the fish's size.

● A young woman who drove her baby car 18,000 miles around Australia alone arrived home in Brisbane looking as neat as a jet passenger—and with a 9lb. kelpie acquired on the way.

By
MARJORIE STAPLETON

IT is difficult to picture Mrs. Gloria Morris, 30, roughing it in jeans and sweater, and sleeping under the stars for seven months.

When she left Brisbane on February 6, Gloria had no spartan plan of camping out every night, but early in her travels she acquired Motel Enemy Number One — a small kelpie.

The little creature weighed only 9lb., but was enough to put them both in the doghouse.

Before long she was saddled with Numbers Two, Three, Four, and Five — a litter of nondescript, but adorable, puppies.

Gloria owns a hairdressing salon in Inala, Brisbane, which helps account for her unruffled return from walkabout. A comb, a car mirror, and a lipstick are all she needs to change from outback motorist to city dweller.

She has a compulsive urge to travel, and an interesting observation to make.

"Most people harp on seeing Australia first," she told me. "But I will always be grateful that I made a world trip before seeing Australia.

"It is not until you have seen other beauty spots that you really appreciate your own."

She went via Sydney, Canberra, the Snowy Mountains, and Melbourne to Tasmania.

Near Hobart, on March 10, she found Pixie, a frightened little thing trying to hide from a pack of fighting dogs.

She put collarless Pixie ("to see her is to name her") in the car and advertised unsuccessfully for the owner.

"I'm strictly a cat woman — I have two magnificent cats at home," said Gloria. "But if I'd been looking for a dog I couldn't have found a more dainty and affectionate one.

"She's a perfect little lady."

The lady must have met the tramp shortly before Gloria found her. Eight weeks later, in Scarborough, Perth, little brown Pixie produced four little black pups — in the car.

Gloria bought a larger basket, and continued her journey.

She pitched tent on cold nights, lit a fire, heated a meal (from cans), mixed powdered milk for herself and Pixie.

Chaperones

She made friends all along the trail. "It's easy when you have dogs," she explained. "They sort of chaperone you."

All of the people she met told her they would like to know how she and the dogs fared, and if they arrived home safely.

In the outback she met hundreds of truck drivers who invariably pulled up and asked her if she had food, water, and a map.

"I was only apprehensive once," she said. "Two rather rough-looking fellows approached when I was struggling with my tent in the wind, in the Northern Territory."

But she relaxed when they greeted her: "Are you right there, mate? Let's give you a hand."

Gloria's husband, Bruce Morris, does not care for travel. "He lets me go with his blessing, but is glad to see me home again."

Bruce works for a construction firm. Four years ago they lost their only child at birth, and Gloria says she was left with a sense of claustrophobia and wanderlust.

She finds peace in the wide, open spaces.

Her peace was only seriously shattered once — when she lost Pixie at the Carnarvon Blowholes, in Western Australia, where she had stopped for water.

As she drove away she heard the pups crying and squealing in the basket. She stopped. No Pixie.

In the search she was bogged in sand for four hours, eventually digging herself out.

She drove back to the Blowholes and hailed a car.

The occupants said they had seen some young men in a Land-Rover with a little dog — "a funny little thing like a chihuahua" — and Gloria's heart lifted.

She drove to Quobba, the nearest station, and found the young men giving Pixie a meal. Four hungry pups were glad to see mother.

Gloria taught them to lap at powdered milk in case such a thing happened again.

By the time she reached Broome the pups were growing bigger and the car seemed to be growing smaller. She gave one away to friends she made there.

At Derby she gave another one away. ("I could have found homes for a dozen," she said.)

At Darwin another one had to go, and she air-freighted it to friends she had made in Adelaide. They called it Sabby.

She motored down to Alice Springs with only Pixie and Ricky left. Gloria liked Darwin so much that she went back six weeks later.

There was a letter from her mother, Mrs. L. M. Eggar, of Inala, Brisbane, asking her not to stay away too long.

Gloria wrote her a long, happy letter and air-freighted it down to Brisbane — with Ricky.

She and Pixie set out for home via Tennant Creek, Camooweal, Mount Isa, Mary Kathleen, Townsville, Cooktown, Cairns, and down the coast, arriving on September 6.

Gloria had been away seven months to the day.

"I received a great welcome from Bruce, Mother, and the three wonderful girls who looked after my salon," she said.

"The trip cost me about £400 and I will probably do it again sometime, although I feel Africa pulling at me now.

"I was lonely occasionally, but I had a wonderful stay with Dell and Ray Bubb, at Kununurra near Ord River. I had met them in Perth.

"I stopped at Hillside Station, 80 miles from Marble Bar, to ask directions — and stayed a fortnight with Bruce and Pam Lang and their three children.

"They have a swimming-pool and their own tin mine.

"I spent only one night in a motel — in Tasmania. But used caravan parks quite a lot.

"My two real fears were of bushfires and snakes. I saw one of each. "The rock python was under my car — fortunately the pups and Pixie were sleeping in their basket on the back seat.

"I don't smoke or drink cocktails, and my needs are simple — like five cups of tea for breakfast.

"Sometimes washing was awkward. I've bathed in creeks, cattle troughs, and at windmills.

Angry bull

"The only real discomfort was the lack of water for laundry. I always carried six gallons, also six gallons of petrol.

"I'm not frightened of spiders or frogs. An angry bull bumped my car once and dented it.

"I had a few flat tyres and two blowouts, but no major breakdowns. I was very careful to get the car serviced as often as possible.

"I didn't take a pair of stockings, but lived in shirts, sweaters, shorts or jeans.

"I took a jar of skin cream and a first-aid kit, and most important of all — plenty of lipstick. Besides boosting the morale, it protects the lips against chapping.

"I carried a tent, four blankets, and an eiderdown and stretcher. The Centre gets cold at night.

"Pixie warned me if cattle were about, and one night when a curlew screamed I was extra grateful for her company."

Gloria is back in her salon now, with a new receptionist — Pixie.

CATTLE TRAIN in the N.T. with Gloria's baby car alongside. "The men had stopped for lunch and I couldn't resist pulling up and offering them a tow," Gloria said.

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twelve treats for festive tables

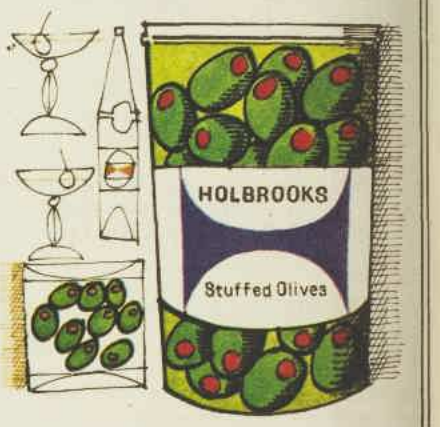
On the twelfth day of Christmas my grocer sent to me:

10 pops a-crunching

Crunchy snack. Punchy flavour. Light and dry. Nibble with something cool and wet.

Planters Cheezpop

9 olives tempting



They're plain, or stuffed. Spanish—the wonderful olive. How clean it tastes. How sharp. How clear.

Holbrooks Olives

6 Rice-a-Risos

Six great flavours—tender. Wholehearted! Eat it chilled with festive salads—stuff Christmas poultry with it! Delicious!

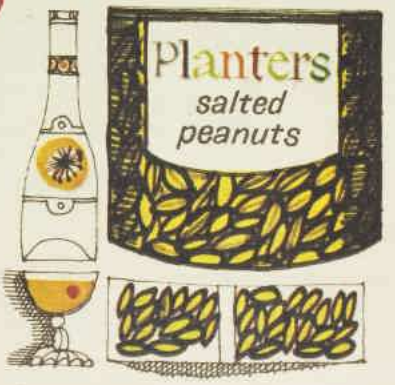
Holbrooks Rice-a-Riso

5 gherkins juicy.

Shiny green. Fat. Sumptuously juicy. Spicy. Lush. Party favourites for Christmas picking.

Holbrooks Calypso Gherkins

2 peanuts cracking



Peanuts: everybody's favourite. Joyful, salty nibbles. Packed fresh by Planters for perfect party munching.

Planters super-salted peanuts

and a bottle of Worcestershire sauce

The original full-bodied Worcestershire. Rich in essences, herbs and spices. Aged for months in oaken casks.

Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce

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12 crispbreads slimming

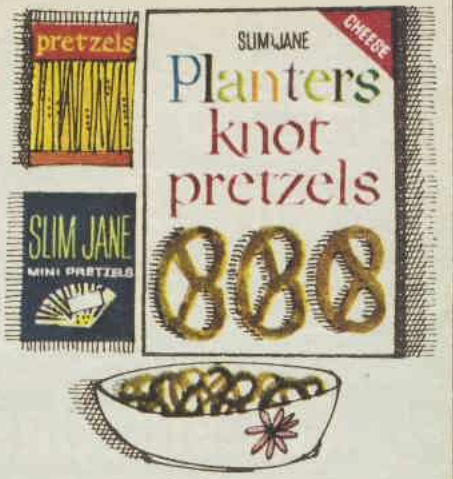
Starch-reduced trimmers for holiday slimmers. Crisp, crunchy. Cover them with Christmas ham!

En-a-vite starch reduced crispbread

11 Pretzels snapping

Snappy fun food. Nibble knotted with a drink. Spike titbits with sticks; salty rich.

Planters Slim Jane pretzels



8 Nuts assorted

Tastier, bigger, firmer. Noble nuts to grace a table. Nuttier nuts that snap and crunch.

Planters salted assorted nuts

7 onions pickling

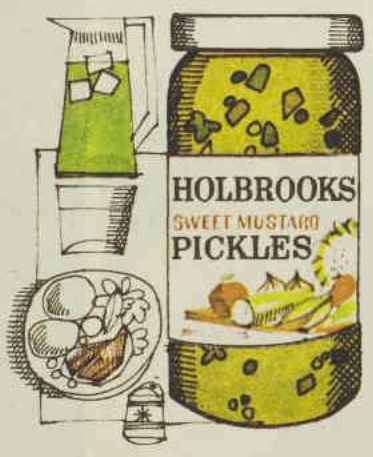
Red, green, yellow, white. Pickled perfect. Packed plump. Spiced and cured to cheery savoury freshness.

Holbrooks Cocktail Onions

4 mustard pickles

Here's a pretty pickle. Flavour-full for cold Christmas cuts. Tremendous on ham.

Holbrooks mustard pickles



3 cashews salted

Curly cashews. Rich with nuttiness. Sealed-in freshness for happy Christmas crunching.

Planters salted cashews

Make it a party with

Holbrooks & Planters

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If you're not going abroad
with Pan Am this year,
at least look as if you are.

(In sunglasses from the
Sunoroid International Collection.)

With Authentic Optical Glass Lenses.

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FIRST LOVE

No woman will ever forget the man she could have married . . . a story

By NANCY PHELAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Poor Claude was even shyer than Laura and because of that she would try to avoid him.

"THAT was my first love," Laura would say to her children, later to her grandchildren, showing the newspaper pictures of Claude Carew opening bridges, Claude at the races, Claude in the Queen's Birthday Honors. Sir Claude giving thousands to charity; Sir Claude and his wife at the opera. "He's enormously rich and distinguished."

"Why didn't you marry him, then?" the children would ask.

"Claude was my first love. I married my true love," Laura would say with a complacent smile . . .

Though Laura admired her sisters Charlotte and Emily, she feared them, for she never knew what they might do next. They were always bringing home brilliant, distinguished people to meals or at odd hours of the night. Sometimes after balls she would be woken and told to move over and make room for a visitor, even to get up and give her bed to several visitors.

She always obeyed without a murmur, but for the rest of the night would lie awake on the floor tense with worry and despair because she knew there were no clean towels or pillowcases and in the morning the guests would see the ghastly squalor of the bathroom. The visitors never showed any signs of surprise at the domestic appointments, though one terrible night she had heard a very rich girl say timidly to Emily, "Please, may I have a pillowcase?"

Laura had blushed and trembled; her mind splashed about in a panic; but Emily said sweepingly, "What do you want a pillowcase for? Don't be such an old maid."

The visitor apologised humbly and laid her head on the naked ticking. To Laura's astonishment she continued to come to the house as much as ever.

"I don't know why you worry," said her friend Amy. "People are glad to come. It's the thing. The Rectory's famous since your sister in London's book made such a hit."

"I can't help it," Laura said. "Being famous only makes it worse."

"What do the others think?" For all her brave talk, Amy was awed by the brilliant Macleans. "Your family, I mean."

"Oh, them. They don't seem to care. I don't think they notice."

They were all too busy talking about art and literature, passing exams, or playing the piano. Even mother was permanently buried in a book—there was always one propped up on the sink or kitchen table so she could read while she worked—and father was too unworldly to know where he was. Only Laura noticed.

She cared about appearances, and shrank from the thought of visitors taking them unprepared and seeing their sordid domestic secrets. Somewhere in the mixed bloods of bohemia and holiness was a middle-class streak that had appeared in her alone of all the children.

"They think I'm mad. They say if people don't like it they needn't come again."

"Well, they needn't."

"That's not the point." She could not explain that it was far more terrible than people just not coming again. It was something personal, an everlasting disgrace, like being caught in a deed so shameful that one could never again face one's exposer.

"Well, anyway, I wouldn't mind being put in a book," said Amy, forever secure from such dangers.

"You would if you were me. If you lived in a mess like we do. I hate it."

"The trouble with you," Amy said, "is you're just an ordinary person. I mean, if you were an artist or an intellectual or something you wouldn't mind."

"But I'm not," Laura said. "And I do mind."

She had no defences at all, no label to bolster confidence, liberate from convention. She was just the Daughter at Home. Her only talents — considered bourgeois, useless, and doomed to failure in that menage — were for cooking, doing flowers, and arranging a house. She had no dash or style like her sisters, nor their ability to carry off situations. Even when all went well she was diffident, and in awkward moments shrank, made excuses, and apologised too much.

At parties she slunk into corners, brought round the sandwiches, and blushed if people spoke to her. For the most part they didn't even notice her, though she was pretty. The university friends of her brothers, her sisters' young men, were all far too smart and amusing to bother with her. She knew she would die an old maid.

The parties were anguish. At these times every man in the district, every despised acquaintance, plain younger brother of every brilliant suitor would be dragged in to make up the number of dancing. When these "Spares," as the sisters called them, danced with Laura their dumb sweating agony equalled her own private fury and gloom; for, though alarmed by the handsome boys, she admired them, and with a secret dreamer's arrogance resented inferior substitutes.

The worst of the Spares was Claude Carew, even shyer than herself. She had always avoided him, not only because shy people fear each other with a cruel intensity beyond the understanding of extroverts but because he was so

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MOMENT OF TRIAL

THE voice of the announcer caught her attention with his crisp "Stand by for a special announcement!" She put down the mop with which she'd been polishing the hardwood floor of the living-room and rushed over to listen to the small radio she often turned on in the afternoon.

It was only a moment before the brief interlude of music ended and a serious voice came on with, "Flight 640 from Miami to Chicago has been out of contact with the airport since a few minutes after the jet took off.

"This report has just been given us. And while it is too soon to make a definite announcement, it could mean there has been some difficulty with the flight."

She sank slowly on the chair as she listened, her pretty face suddenly pale. She had been nervous all day, and now she knew why. This was to be the day! The day she'd waited for and hoped would never come.

The announcer's voice intruded on her consciousness again, "—there was a minor squall just after the plane left Miami. Officials at the airport are still confident, however, that the silence merely indicates there has been trouble with the jet's communications system. Other bulletins will be released as information comes in."

The music resumed on the radio and Joan felt the room waver about her. She thought she might be ill, and sat staring with eyes that saw nothing. A wave of trembling came over her and she clasped her hands to fight it. She bowed her head and her eyes blurred with tears.

Fear had been with her ever since she married Jim. As a commercial pilot he'd flown nearly every day of their married life. She thought she'd steeled herself to it.

She remembered the cold, foggy day when, feeling particularly worried about the thought of Jim going off on a trip to California, they'd had an early breakfast and, in spite of her good resolutions, she had burst into sobs, the tears falling on to the check tablecloth.

Jim had cupped her chin in his big hand and smiled at her. "Listen, little wife, most pilots die of old age! Worry about my hardening arteries for a change!"

But she hated flying. It was part of this cold, automatic age in which they lived. This era in which things had more importance than people. And jets were more frightening to her than all the others.

Jim had flown a jet on the Chicago run today. The noise of them! The weird, frightening sound they made! And the crazy speeds! More than 500 miles an hour.

Next to the jets she disliked Florida most. The sameness of it palled on her. The continual dampness in the air and the hot sun. She missed the winters up north and the evergreens loaded with snow.

"I'll get you some snow in Chicago," Jim promised only this morning. "We'll pack it specially in the galley freezer." He often did crazy, lovable things.

He was quite capable of telling the air hostess to pack some snow. At that she had a picture of the elegantly uniformed air hostess down on her knees in the cold Chicago airfield spooning up piles of snow into a container, and in spite of her misery it made Joan smile for the moment.

The phone rang and her hand trembled so she had trouble lifting the receiver. "Hallo, Joan!" It was Brent Stevens, a friend and neighbor. "Okay if I come now and look at the lawn-mower. Jim said the engine conked out."

She sighed with relief. "Oh, yes, any time!" She didn't tell him. Better to wait!

"I'll be right over," he promised.

She got up and went to the kitchen to see if the lawn-mower was at the back. Looking through

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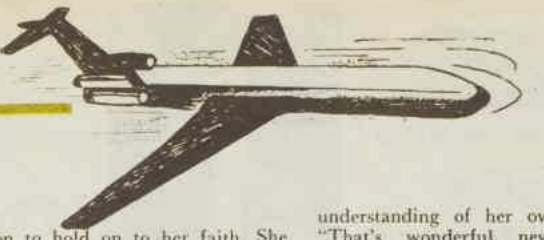
An appealing short short story by DAN ROSS



the screen door she saw it on the paved walk. It wasn't until she had returned to the living-room that the thought struck her. Brent could have already heard the news on the radio and fearing the worst had happened decided to rush over so he'd be with her and see her through the crisis.

But Brent had sounded so natural. She was just letting her fears get the best of her. She'd been warned. She sank into the chair beside the radio as the announcer came on again and in his grave tone reported, "No further word has been received concerning the fate of Flight 640 from Miami to Chicago. As reported earlier—" and he began to go over it all again. She couldn't bear to listen and turned the radio off.

And then she began to think about Jim and what he might be feeling at this moment, knowing she was here alone and waiting. She didn't dare admit to herself that even now he could be lying somewhere in the ruins of the big plane, broken and lost to her forever.

And then she remembered Jim telling her about a near accident he'd had one time before. And she had asked him: "What did you think of, darling? I mean just at that moment when you decided you might have to make a crash landing?"

He looked at her with surprise. "You, of course. And them — I mean the passengers. The ones depending on me. Sitting back there with their lives in my custody. To be honest I guess I worried most about them."

She'd almost resented this until she began to see it his way and admire him for worrying about his charges. And that's how it would be at this moment. And so she bent her head in prayer, not for Jim alone, but for those who were in his care.

Then she looked up at the smiling portrait of her husband on the end table. "I can hang on, darling," she said. "I can make it if you can."

She got up and strode out to the kitchen and stared for a moment at the empty counter. Then she came to a decision. She'd bake a cake. Keep busy. If her hands were busy maybe she could control the fear in her heart and mind.

Her sitting here and moping and brooding wouldn't make the minutes pass any more quickly, and the only result her gloomy thoughts were having was to make her even more gloomier. By the time Jim got home . . . and, determined Joan, he will be home. Nothing can keep him from me.

Suddenly Brent poked his head in the back door. "Hi Joan!" he said. And with a grin began to hum, "If I'd Known You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake."

In spite of herself, Joan smiled. "We're always needing cake here."

"I know," Brent said. "Flying gives you an appetite. I'll get at that mower." He let the screen door close and she heard him moving the lawn-mower.

She glanced up at the clock and saw only twenty minutes had gone by. She felt the fear rise up in her again and began to work harder than ever at her cake. At the same time she thought of Jim. "Bring them out of it safe." Pretty soon the cake was in the pan and in the oven. What now?

Clean up things. Keep the place neat. It was a woman's work, a woman's purpose to keep the home cheerful and neat and wait. Wait!

At last it came again. The harsh jangle of the phone. Demanding! She went to it. Taking a deep breath, controlling her urge to tremble, resolute in her determination to hold on to her faith. She picked up the phone.

It was Jim's voice that came clearly to her over the wire. "Listen, darling, it's all right! I had to make an emergency landing in a field. We're damaged a bit, but I'm not hurt, and I'll be home in a couple of hours."

She was surprised at the calm, understanding of her own voice. "That's wonderful news, Jim. What about your passengers? Were any of them hurt?"

"Only a few minor injuries, thank goodness." He sounded surprised and pleased at her question.

"I'm so glad," she said quietly, though it was a moment of triumph.

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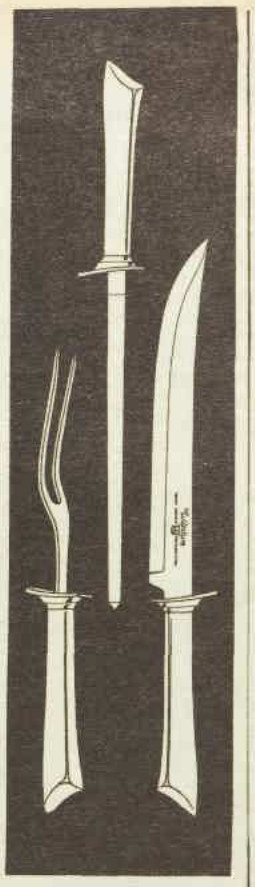

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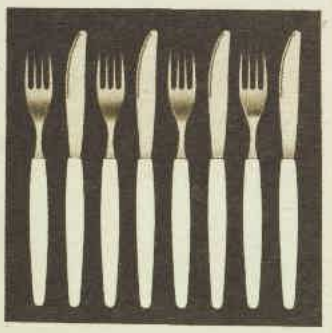

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RUN SCARED

Final instalment of our dramatic serial

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

The governor watched Lem put his arm round Martha as she finished her speech.

LOOKING straight ahead, Martha said, "My husband did not know — until now — that I would be here to speak to you. Perhaps by now some of you have seen the newspapers. My husband made a statement to the Press this afternoon. I wish to make my own statement to you. I was driving. By accident I struck a man. I left him. I went to find a telephone and call a doctor and the police. A friend went back to help the man I struck. He had gone. He wasn't on the road, anywhere. He had gone. After inquiries we felt sure that the man I struck was not injured. I believed that it was a trivial accident. I—did not report it. I broke a law—"

The governor said, low at her side, but urgently, "Lem — wait —"

Then she knew that Lem had come up beside her. There was a stir and murmur from the audience. She glanced up at Lem; his hair was tousled, his eyes blazing. "Martha —"

She met his eyes in a passion of pleading. "Let me finish, please—"

The governor said again, "Wait, Lem —"

Martha turned swiftly back to the microphone. "I want to tell you that I made that decision myself. My husband did not know anything about the accident. I didn't tell him. He did not advise me. He had nothing to do with my decision. It was a wrong and mistaken decision. I regret it. I'll always regret it—"

For the first time her voice wavered, but she hurried on for fear Lem would somehow stop her before she could finish. "I regret it as any one of you would regret it. I intend to pay the full penalty for breaking a law, as any one of you would pay the full penalty." Her voice was going to run out. She said, "That's all I have to say. Thank you —"

She turned away and Lem caught her hand; he put his arm tight around her. She thought the governor said something but couldn't be sure, for a queer kind of roar broke out from the auditorium, applause, shouts—approval or disapproval or merely surprise and speculation—she couldn't be sure what it meant, but the roar engulfed her. Lem's face was white; he held her close to him; they left the lights behind them.

Suddenly they were in the wings again. Archie was dancing up and down, beside her, talking, saying something, she couldn't hear what. Lem's lips were moving; she couldn't hear what he said, either, because of the roar from the auditorium. Then Mrs. Bascom took her hands and Archie and Bob Newton were pushing at Lem, thrusting him forcefully back on the stage, telling him something. Bob Newton was as white and tense as Lem.

Suddenly again Mrs. Bascom was leading her back along the way they had come. Archie ran beside them, ran back again to peer at the stage, rejoined them, flustered as a hen.

They reached the side door and the policemen still standing there stared at her, goggle-eyed. The roar from the auditorium suddenly subsided. The governor's voice came hollowly out into the wide passage. Mrs. Bascom said, "Do you want to stay and listen or shall we go home?"

"Go home," Martha said.

"All right—"

The governor had stopped and Lem's voice came out from the wide doors into the auditorium. "—came here tonight to tell you that I have asked the State committee to consider my withdrawal as a candidate—"

Mrs. Bascom turned back. "Listen, Martha—listen—"

Lem's voice was grave and slow, as if he were seeking words. "—my wife—has given me—the strength—and courage to go on. I do not now intend to withdraw. Whether or not I have made the right decision rests with you—all the voters—when you go to the polls tomorrow—"

Someone shouted shrilly, "What about the dead man? Who shot him?"

Martha's heart pounded. Lem said calmly, "I have here a statement from the police, which I'll read to you —"

Martha fled out the door to the waiting car. Mrs. Bascom came after her. "It's all right, Martha. It's all right. Lem knows what to do with hecklers. He knows how to answer questions—"

"Not that one," Martha said, huddling in her coat.

"If they don't confuse the issue," Mrs. Bascom said, "if they can see that Sykes' death had nothing to do with you or Lem or—" She leaned forward as the chauffeur got into the front seat. "We'll go back to the house on the lake."

Back through the city streets, back under the street-lights, back along the narrow small streets, with their lighted newspaper stands—back at last to the throughway, both women silent.

Finally Mrs. Bascom said. "You might have just stood there, tongue-tied. You might have run back off the stage. You might have—but then I knew you wouldn't. And I knew that if you were left to yourself you'd know what to say."

"I don't know—"

"It was right, Martha. You told only your part of it. You didn't try to excuse yourself. They believed you. I can tell."

Now that it was over Martha was shivering and drained of energy. "But that man—Sykes—" she said dully.

"Yes. Yes, that's bad. If there were only time to clear it all up, show it was a trap for you, prove it was a scheme to get Mansour off. Well, there isn't time."

They had turned off the throughway and were winding along the country road when Mrs. Bascom spoke again. "But Lem is not going to withdraw. He's not going to quit. He's going to keep on fighting. Thanks to you, Martha."

But he can't be elected, Martha thought: not while the shadow of murder hangs over him, a shadow I brought, a rat-faced, shabby, seedy—yet in death a pathetic little man.

Mrs. Bascom seemed to guess her thoughts. "And if Lem is licked he'll take his licking like a man."

The driver suddenly spoke over his shoulder. "Excuse me, Mrs. Bascom. I listened. A policeman let me in. I think she was great." He made a swirling turn at the Stenson corner. The house was now dark.

Dilly was waiting for them and flung the door open. "How did it go?" Mrs. Bascom asked quickly.

"I don't know. I can't tell. There was a stampede on the stage afterward. Applause, a near riot. He made the greatest speech I've ever heard. I didn't think even Lem could do it. But as to voting for him—no, I can't tell. Chrissy left some sandwiches and hot chocolate for you." She looked at Martha. "You did well, Martha. You surprised me. Who told you what to say?"

"Nobody told her." Mrs. Bascom took Martha's coat. "You're cold. Stir up the fire, Dilly."

She slid out of her own coat, went to the tray of sandwiches, took off the big white napkin that covered it, and brought Martha a plate. "Here—eat this. What did Lem say about Sykes' death, Dilly?"

"He read a police report. Simply that the man had been found Sunday night, shot. That Jim Stenson had given himself up, but the ballistics report had not yet been returned. That there was reason to believe that Walt Sykes had been recently released from State prison, that the police were investigating and would give a full report as soon as possible."

"Nothing about Mansour?"

"No. Only that the police were searching for a car and its licence number—and a man—there was a description only—"

"Didn't the report name Oliver Brown?"

Dilly shrugged. "More pussyfooting. No."

"They couldn't," Mrs. Bascom said thoughtfully. "Not until they're sure he is Brown. Lem was right about that. Chocolate, Martha?"

Martha drank the thick, hot chocolate; she ate a sandwich. She looked at Dilly and felt an odd kind of surprise, for Dilly's eyes were red-rimmed as if she'd been crying.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

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FROM GREAT BRITAIN, THE CONTINENT AND THE AMERICAS

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Thrown to the wolf

By SUSAN SHEA

The party was as gay as Vicky had imagined, but she wondered if her tactics would ever capture Edward

EDWARD braked his sports car carefully and leant across me to open the nearside door. As he leant he kissed my cheek and said: "See you at the office on Monday."

By the time I had my key in the lock he was out of sight. Ten o'clock on a Friday night, and here I was, safely home again, having been pleasantly wined, dined, and kissed on the cheek. And I had not the foggiest idea how Edward T. Barker would be spending the weekend. I seemed to be getting nowhere fast.

There was a light on in the sitting-room. Daniel was there alone, reading a magazine. He is my brother's best friend, and seems to spend more time at our place than at his own. He raised a hand in absent salute. "It's decent of old Casanova T. Barker to get you home so bright and early," he remarked. "Did you have a jolly evening?"

"I did a couple of hours' overtime, and as a gesture of courtesy Mr. Barker gave me a dinner. After which he brought me home. And I fail to see anything worthy of comment in that."

Daniel put his magazine down. "You're so right. He's not worthy of comment, let alone hours of your precious time and all your waking thoughts! What kind of courting is that, may I ask, Victoria?"

My mother strolled into the room in her dressing-gown and gathered up a pile of books and papers. She always goes to bed with enough reading matter for a wet weekend.

"Hello, dear. Home so soon? Danny, I told you Joe would be late tonight — it's hardly worth your waiting."

She winked at me wickedly over her mobile library and disappeared.

"But seeing you're still here," she called, "I'm sure Vicky will make you some supper."

Daniel looked at me, and all the surliness had left his face. "I'll get the supper," he said. "You put up your pretty feet."

I lay back and closed my eyes. It was

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who could resist a closer look

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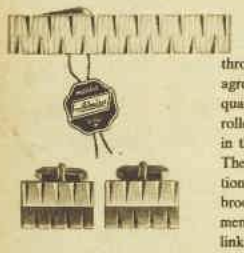

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VP15

Continued from page 39

FIRST LOVE

unattractive with outsize hands.

When he spoke, which was only when cornered, he stammered in a voice that was hoarse and full of rough shy edges. At best, he was to her a faceless nonentity, signifying nothing; at worst, the sort of boy she could not stand.

"But what do you think?" cried Charlotte one night at dinner. "Claude has a crush on Laura. Our Laura!"

Laura went red and felt sick, anticipating purgatories of teasing. No one had ever admired her before, but she felt little gratitude. Oh, why did it have to be Claude?

"How do you know?" said Edward.

"George found a lace handkerchief in Claude's pocket. It had Laura's name. Claude admitted he pinched it last time he came here."

Shock and indignation helped sustain her. Her best lace handkerchief! The nerve! Yet in her mortification a seed of compassion took life as she pictured Claude's suffering at the hands of his sarcastic brother. All for her. And to steal her lace handkerchief needed some courage. A strange little feeling of triumph flared up and she wondered what Amy would say.

The thought of Claude's unexpected admiration affected her oddly, drew her toward him, laid a claim on her.

A curious sense of responsibility for him, then an interest, then a softness came. The memory of his physical appearance faded, changed, became inoffensive and before long was acceptable, even pleasant. She thought about the creature she had created in his name and pictured meetings where they talked and laughed together.

At parties their palms were dry, they never blushed or lost their tongues; they went into restaurants and ordered fearlessly. From time to time, briefly, shatteringly she remembered Claude as he really was and turned away from the false image, angry and sick with herself; then memory would blur again and the fantasies continue, wilder than before.

UNKNOWINGLY, her family and their friends fed the flame with their remarks.

". . . Claude has a genius for engineering. His shyness would not matter in that sort of work." "They say he's a coming man." "He'll end by buying us all up."

She saw him getting on and saw herself behind him, the great man's wife, his helpmeet and confidante. She saw strange lands and engineering feats and pictures in the papers, all somehow inspired by her. Amy encouraged her.

"They say there's a woman behind every successful man," she said. "You could probably cure his stammer through your love."

Laura looked startled.

"Give him confidence," said Amy. "That's if you love him. That's what they say. Do you love him? I mean, would it hurt not to marry him?"

"He hasn't asked me," Laura said, but her native modesty was tinged with complacency.

"I mean if he did. Is it the real thing?"

This was a question Laura had not asked herself, but put to her now by Amy she felt that the answer could only be "Yes." She could not let Amy down, she thought, with a new subtle arrogance toward her friend. Poor Amy had little excitement in her life; a second-hand brush against passion was the most she was likely to get. Besides, now she thought of it she knew it was love. It couldn't be anything else.

She had been in a state of amorous devotion ever since she could remember; and since the giving of love is more important than its recipient Claude would do as well as anyone. Thus, on the instant, he whom she rarely saw, whose appearance she had forgotten, joined the band of those she had loved . . . Charles I, Starlight the Bushranger, the man in the chemist's shop . . . and became in the process as remote and as unreal as they.

Once more the sisters were arranging a dance and the countryside was being combed for partners. Laura quaked when she heard they had grudgingly included Claude in the Spares, and as the night of the party approached found herself in a curious state of mind. Her fantasies became more daring and the reactions following them more violent. She mooned about him and hated him in rapid succession.

When Emily said, "Oh, dear, fancy having to ask Claude!" she saw that only a naive fool would be interested in such a clod, but when Edward said, "Claude has more brains than all the others put together," she saw herself proudly, triumphantly helping him, facing the world for him. She was consistent only in ignoring the fact that the shy have nothing but mutual destruction to offer each other.

There was something else on her mind as the night of the party approached. As usual at such times she had gone to look critically at the drawing-room, gloomily renewing her intimate acquaintance with its shabbiness. She had done all she could and had no money for further improvements.

She had draped the mantelpiece with serge, mended the whatnot, turned the cracked side of the urn to the wall, and filled the vases with feathery grass. She had even cut up her pink silk petticoat for a lampshade that threw a rosy deceptive glow.

There were very few of those fine old pieces that lend dignity to shabby drawing-rooms in novels; only a china cabinet and a low walnut chair infested with borers. The rest was bamboo, threadbare plush and faded covers, a desert of humiliation created by indifference and poverty.

She pulled the walnut chair forward to be a focus of attention and with resignation knew she must leave it at that.

Two days before the party the borers finished eating a back leg and the walnut chair collapsed. She came, in the nick of time, upon Edward preparing to burn it.

"Imagine!" she protested to Amy next day. "It's the only good thing in the house."

"Oh!" Amy's interest and concern could not have been more generous if she had been asked to the party herself. "What did you do?"

"I hid it under the stairs. I'm going to fix it."

"You're wonderful in a house," Amy said. "A real homemaker. Claude's lucky."

On the night of the party, when all preparations in the way of ferns and sandwiches were complete and the family had gone upstairs to dress, Laura dragged the chair from under the stairs. A few minutes later it was back in the drawing-room, bathed in the dim and flattering light of her vieux-rose petticoat.

People began to arrive about eight and among the first were Claude and his brother, George. Hearing their voices in the hall Laura panicked. She ran upstairs and hid, horrified at the thought of having to face him, shake hands, and speak to him, admit his reality.

In her fantasies she had never had to cope with these preliminaries; he was always there, in position, as though dropped from above. She stayed in her bedroom till Charlotte came looking for her.

"What on earth are you doing up here?" Charlotte said. "You've got to come down and help."

"I'm coming."

"I know you. If I go down you'll never move.

Laura felt desperate. "I'm not coming. They don't want me. I look a fright!"

Charlotte stared at her. Then she seized her sister's shoulders and shook her.

"Think of someone but yourself," she said. "Selfish little beast. You come on down and help to hand the cold drinks round."

In the pink light the crowded drawing-room looked pretty, all the shabby covers hidden by the girls' new dresses. With eyes turned down, Laura edged round, mouse-like, with her tray of drinks. She scarcely dared breathe.

She raised her eyes and there was Claude, confronted at last in the flesh. As reality clashed with imagination she felt weak and giddy. She choked with a fearful rush of nerves and emotion.

It was not his appearance that shattered her, for his burnished plainness seemed quite strange, even interesting in his party suit; it was his unmistakable emanation of panic, gaucherie, embarrassment that she could not forgive. They stared at each other, stricken, silent.

With a bat-like squeak she offered a drink. He took a glass and his fingers brushed hers. Her heart beat faster. She felt everyone was watching them. She was outraged, dazed, desolated.

Who was this odious, shameful clod? Where was the personable youth to whom, by now, she should have been gaily talking? Where were the ease and assurance they both wore in her dreams? The pleasure and warmth of being like everyone else, of acting like normal people at a party? Aye, where were they? Must they stand for ever in this hideous trance? Why didn't he do something?

"Laura! The drinks!" Charlotte called. "We're waiting over here." Laura began to move.

Claude blushed. Stiffly his lips formed words.

"Le—let me take the tray," he said, and he stirred in his chair as though to rise; but something was wrong, terribly wrong. His face screwed up in agony, in horror; suddenly he fell backwards.

Ice descended to the base of Laura's spine and lodged there. She could not move or breathe. "He's dead," she thought calmly, as in shock. "Dead of shyness. He's had a heart attack."

There was a crash as his head hit the floor. His arms and legs splayed out; then into the petrified silence George's voice drawled loudly, "Good Lord, look at Claude!" and with a gentle thumping sound there rolled out into the room the wooden log she had fixed up under the chair.

Among the screams of laughter she could hear Edward saying, "That chair! It's Laura! I bet it's Laura!" They were all talking, rolling about, exaggeratedly holding their sides. Nobody looked at her. They shrieked and pointed at the chair, at the log, at Claude. "Good Lord! Look at Claude!" they repeated in transports of joy.

She looked at Claude. He had scrambled up and stood, red, sweating among the laughing people, shattered, appalled, and broken.

This was her chance to come to his side, to help him, to share his agony; the moment so long prepared for, so often discussed with Amy. It came and it passed and was gone. She hated his agony.

His anguished eyes besought her, but she looked away and heard her own voice shrieking with the others, shrill with the pain of disillusionment, grief, and shame, and the vicious cruelty of outcast turning upon outcast . . .

"So who did Claude marry?" the children would ask, displeased he had not remained single or died of a broken heart. "Who became Lady Carew?"

"A girl I once knew," Laura would say, folding the newspaper lest the bland, undistinguished features of Amy disturb her content.

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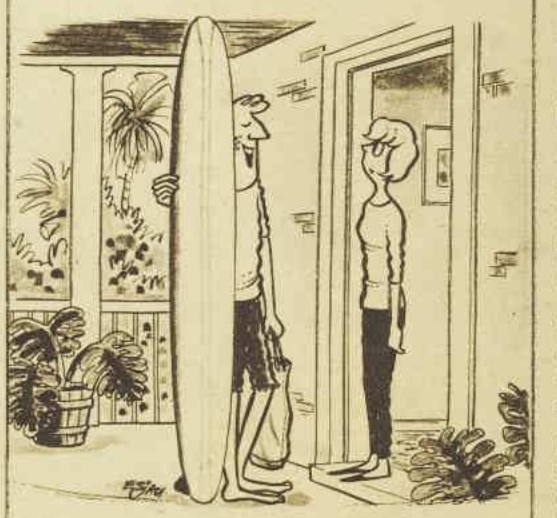
THE BOYFRIEND



"What would you like to do this afternoon?"

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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is your start of companionship

Sherry—the friendly rewarding drink at any time. When relaxing in the sunshine with company you prefer. When watching television . . . or when friends arrive and you turn it off.
When your neighbour drops in.
When *he* gets home ("What a day! Let's have a Sherry . . .").
That's the beauty of Sherry. The anytime, friendly drink.
Blends to suit every taste—Dry, Medium, Sweet, Cream. All inexpensive.
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And Sherry keeps. Just replace the cork. Adds flavour to food, too.
Your life is more pleasant with wine.

Authorised by the Australian Wine Board.

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Have you packed everything you need for a happy holiday?

Don't forget the 'ASPRO'! You'll find 'ASPRO' gives fast, soothing relief to the many summer complaints that could turn your family's holiday into misery. Read how 'ASPRO' can help you have a more enjoyable holiday this year.

SUMMER COLDS AND FLU

Most people tend to take a cold or flu less seriously in the summer than they do in the winter. For this reason, a summer cold or flu can drag on for weeks or months. If any member of your family shows a sign of cold or flu, make sure they get their 'ASPRO' right away. Remember, too, that 'ASPRO' makes a wonderful gargle for sore throat.

GLARE HEADACHE

If glare headache strikes while you're motoring or at the beach, remember the fast pain-relieving action of 'ASPRO'. You can take 'ASPRO' with perfect safety, because it doesn't dull the mind as some pain relievers do. You can continue driving with an easy mind. When you feel a headache on the way, rest for a moment, take 'ASPRO' —you'll soon feel better.

MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS

So often during our holidays we tend to "overdo" it — especially in the first few days. 'ASPRO' has the happy faculty of being able to soothe away muscular aches and pains quickly, effectively. It lets you get back to the fun faster. Take it easy this summer. But if you don't take it easy, take 'ASPRO'.

SLEEPLESSNESS

Sometimes, because of summer heat or jittery nerves, you may have trouble falling off to sleep. When this happens, take a couple of 'ASPRO' at bedtime. 'ASPRO' soothes away that jumpy feeling, induces a calm, restful sleep. You wake up feeling relaxed, refreshed, ready to meet the fun each new day brings.

"TESTY" CHILDREN

If summer heat, headache, or prolonged periods of being cooped up in the car make your children restless and irritable, give them 'ASPRO' — they'll soon feel better. (So will you!) You can give 'ASPRO' to children of any age — always give according to directions. 'ASPRO' does not contain narcotics — it is not habit-forming.

SUNBURN

'ASPRO' works four ways to relieve the miseries of sunburn. First, it takes the painful sting from the injured skin. It reduces feverishness and clears away that heavy feeling in the head. Finally 'ASPRO' calms and soothes —helps induce restful, *healing* sleep.

Keep your 'ASPRO' handy—you never know when you may need it. Carry one packet in the glove box of the car, another in with the luggage and a third in your pocket or purse.

'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

GOOD INSURANCE FOR A HAPPY HOLIDAY 6/6 2/- 6d.

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FAMILY AFFAIRS

"It's so wonderful NOT to be young"

● It's a wonderful feeling to be middle-aged, and to have outgrown the problems and uncertainties of youth, according to two readers whose stories are told on this page. Both readers, who refer to themselves as "oldies," supplied their names but wish to be anonymous.

"I just love being an oldie..."

I JUST love being an "oldie" with all the trials and tribulations of youth behind me, and how any woman can resent the onslaught of age or be forever seeking eternal youth is beyond me.

I AM the proud possessor of a loving husband who understands me (or thinks he does), two affectionate daughters, and a comfortable home unit without any gardens to tend, lawns to cut, or outsides to paint.

Who could ask for more?

One daughter is a happy housewife with an adorable imp of two, and now that she is married I see far more of her than I ever did when she was living with me.

She's even reached the age where she admits herself that a daughter never really appreciates her mother until she is a mother herself, which is saying something.

In the past when she was single, I was the end in her eyes.

I was one of those utter nuisances who always thought she knew more than a teenager ever could (which of course is quite ridiculous to a teenager); a real stinker who didn't "understand" her; a martinet who was cramping her "freedom."

Now we sit back over a comfortable cup of tea and hilariously chuckle about her teenage days, while my darling grandson careers around the house, opening cupboards, scattering toys, and in general behaving as noisily and happily as any normal child of two.

And when afternoon tea is over, my daughter departs with a knowing grin, saying, "You're the perfect grandmother, but only because you know we have to go home, and now you can have the place back to yourself. It must be marvellous to have all the fun of children without the responsibility."

And I grin knowingly back to her and say, "How true, my girl, how true."

So much for daughter No. 1, but daughter No. 2 is a different kettle of fish.

She is living in a different age to her sister—the mad, mad world of the current teenagers—and she finds it quite impossible to believe that any girl ever had the worries and troubles she has.

"Seventeen is the most ghastly age in the whole world, Mother," she moans at me, and I am coming to the conclusion that she couldn't be more right. (A year ago I was called Mummy.)

The MAJOR problems that keep cropping up are practically insurmountable in her eyes.

● How to wear her hair on Monday through to Friday, with the allied frustration of the weekends.

● The odd pimple that appears without warning and the weight that makes her "look a bag," but is not even noticeable to others.

● The constant worry of: "WHO ON EARTH WOULD EVER WANT TO MARRY ME?"

● The great manhunt with boys who appear and disappear with monotonous regularity.

● How to keep a steady and make him good husband material.

● The great crush on Bill. "He is divine, mother. Utterly divine," but in a couple of weeks he is referred to as "that boy."

Worry, worry, worry! That's all she does from morning till night.

She is waiting for the phone to ring, and wondering whether she will have a date for Saturday night, etc., etc.

She'd already started worrying about New Year's Eve early in November.

I guess she is a pretty average female teenager, and maybe I was the same at her age.

But I shudder when I think of it, and I look at my husband every night with a new respect.

How kind he was to deliver me from the frightening frustrations of early spinsterhood.

Who'd ever want to go through that turmoil again?

It's just so wonderful to be able to sit back and watch it all and have a good giggle in our nice double-bed at night, knowing full well that in a few short years she, plus her children, will be having afternoon tea with me.

And knowing she will say to me, "You know, Mum" (I will be back to Mum by that time), "a girl never really appreciates her mother till she is a mother herself."

Would you want to go back to youth again when you can find such perfect mental peace in middle-age?

"An employer's dream"

● The "oldies" are coming back into their own, despite the cynical mothballs teenagers so lavishly endow on them.

THIS indisputable fact is proved by the "situation vacant" columns which these days carry many ads such as: "Reliable Sec. required for Man. Director. Well-spoken, good spelling essential. Top salary. Preferably aged 35-45."

In this age, where speed is the essence, glamor is out, and good, reliable "oldies" who can hold the fort under any pressure are the dream of modern employers.

I am a very ancient "oldie" in the eyes of my own two teenagers.

I am nearly 46 years, but I hold a top job with a top salary and I'm sure I could hold my job for another 20 years.

Of course, I warrant the term of "old-fashioned oldie." I still believe that if I am being paid money to work, I should work.

Phone-happy juniors

This ridiculous theory has been explained to the incredulous, hair-combing, mirror-loving, phone-happy juniors in my office by the fact that I was brought up in the dim ages when "sickie" was an unknown word, when clock-watching was impossible, because only the boss could afford a watch, when education and a knowledge of words and their correct spelling were precious.

I also explained that when I was young, the ABC of job-getting at the enormous wage of thirty shililngs a week contained one vital element—the need to eat.

To hold the job, one had to work long hours, do accurate and reliable work, and respect the boss for providing a job.

Old habits never die among the ex-secretaries of my generation—as modern employers are finding to their great relief.

For me, coming back to work after rearing two children, running a house, and coping with financial worries was not easy.

I did it because both my husband and myself wanted our two kids to have the chance we never had — to go to university.

I was able to do it because I'd never let my shorthand and typing go to seed.

I had knocked out articles and pars on my typewriter not only, I must admit, to keep my typing up to date in case circumstances forced me back to work, but also to augment in a small way the family income.

I had practised my shorthand by teaching my children, so that when they go to university next year they will be able to take their notes with ease.

I may have thought myself hard done by at times, but it has reaped dividends.

I had no trouble getting a job—together with the large pay envelope each Friday—and it has proved very easy to hold.

Unlike the "youngies," my job isn't complicated by frivolous phone calls, intense worry about whether my eyebrows are on straight, doubts about whether I can set a letter out correctly and spell it accurately.

And to me the task of being polite to clients on the phone and thinking up rapid excuses for the boss not wanting to talk is simple after rearing two teenagers. As is the ability to cope with any unforeseen emergency, after running a home.

It's wonderful to be an "oldie" in the forties with such a wealth of experience reaching out to help in the job.

I feel 20 years younger since I went back to work, and my family is beginning to think so, too—particularly my daughter who is always trying to borrow my new outfits.

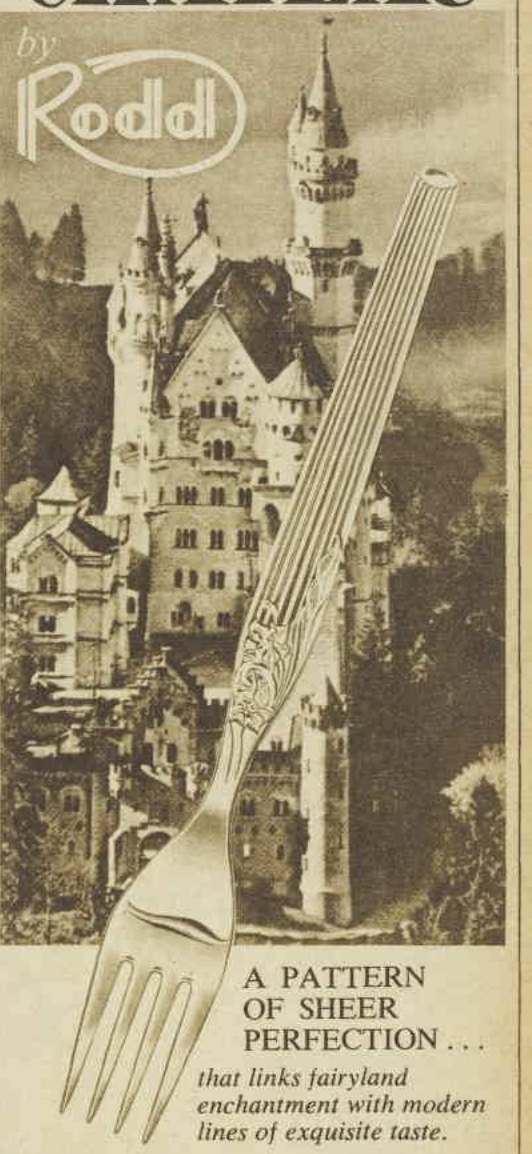
It's a wonderful new life for me, and I'm so thankful I saw that pleading little ad in the paper ending in the magical words "preferably aged between 35-45."

The table silver you've dreamed about...

NOW IT'S TRUE!

CHATEAU

by Roddl



A PATTERN OF SHEER PERFECTION...

that links fairyland enchantment with modern lines of exquisite taste.

Here is a quality table setting in sparkling silver, finely crafted, superbly finished, lovely to look at and to use. A complete 44-piece service with matching silver-handled knives costs only £28.18.0. A full range of 'Chateau' accessories is also available. See 'Chateau' now, at jewellers, gift and department stores.

Roddl

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST RANGE OF TABLE SILVER

6961

Burnie Bond

Socially correct brilliantly white writing paper.

Available in tablets, envelopes, notelets and gift boxes.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

BURNIE BOND PAPER IS MADE BY ASSOCIATED PULP AND PAPER MILLS LIMITED AND IS AVAILABLE IN A FINE RANGE OF STATIONERY.

Take the guesswork out of planning your new home.

CONSULT OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES. For addresses and service details see the coupon in this issue.

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Give the iron that sprays away wrinkles!

Sunbeam Spray Iron

Give her the latest and the best—you can't go wrong. And this is it. The new Sunbeam Spray and Steam Iron. It finishes tiresome damping down forever! Now when she meets the smallest crease or the most stubborn wrinkle, a press of the button produces a fine mist spray of water which dampens down! Sunbeam's revolutionary Spray Iron is the perfect steam and dry iron, too. Easy-to-see, easy-to-set fabric heats, with a special guide for delicate synthetics . . . heavy chrome, corrosion-free stainless steel tank, super smooth soleplate with scientifically perfect steam channels. **Give Sunbeam Spray Iron** **or choose from one of these famous Sunbeam gifts:**

Sunbeam 2-speed Blender
It blends, purees, liquefies, grinds — in seconds. Makes all drinks, milk shakes to cocktails. Powerful motor. Two speeds.

Sunbeam Round Gourmet Frypan
Ideal for small homes, quick snacks, second frypan, for sauces, sweets. Automatic heat control, domed lid, pan-grill tilt lever.

Sunbeam Toastermatic Toaster
Toaster that never burns toast. Fully automatic control toasts bread the way you like it from light to golden brown.

Give leisure... give pleasure... give *Sunbeam*

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Do you feel a tendency to yawn a tremendous yawn — or to hit out with the dishmop — when the man of the house comes home with yet another long whinge about the general ghastliness of women drivers?

IF you don't like to hit him with the dishmop, you can hit him instead with these recent views and figures.

They come from the Transport Department in N.S.W., and from senior police officers — two groups of people who really ought to know what's what when it comes to safe driving.

Women make up 36 per cent. of the one million licensed drivers in the State, yet have a far lower number of accidents per 100 drivers than any male group.

Out of 600 people, who had their licences suspended, only two were women.

One senior traffic officer said he could only remember one woman being charged with drunken driving and one with dangerous driving in the past 12 years.

The experts believe that women drivers are safer when approaching pedestrian crossings or places where there are likely to be children going to school or playing.

Women are booked occasionally for speeding, not giving hand signals, or for going through traffic lights, but the N.R.M.A. annual report shows that women of all age groups have fewer accidents than even the safest group of men — those over 60.

The over-sixty male drivers have 2.1 accidents per 100; the highest women's rate is 1.4 for those between the ages of 17 and 20.

Between 25 and 39 (the age group of most of the "mums" who shuttle their children back and forth to school and come in for so much criticism from male drivers) the rate is down to 0.7 per 100.

Don't think for a moment that you're going to get very far by quoting those figures to any man.

He'll merely say that women **cause** the huge numbers of accidents men have by driving inattentively in shopping centres, because they're looking out for parking places or gazing in shop windows, because they're indecisive at intersections, because they have bad road manners — or any other little accusation he can think up on the spur of the moment.

Have you ever met a man who says, "I'm not really a frightfully good driver," or "I hate driving up such-and-such a road in the rush-hour."

Women drivers say this sort of thing frequently, and they don't think they're all wizards at the wheel. Men do. It's part of masculine pride.

Ever met a male driver yet who doesn't think he's 100 per cent. competent at all times, handles a car better than anyone else he's likely to meet on the road, is never guilty of a breach of safety regulations or good manners (a near-miss is always the fault of the Charlie in the other car)?

Men have always thought they owned the road . . .

I'VE discovered that this male attitude to women out on the roads is older than the motor-car itself.

We have a curious book called "The Horse, in the Stable and the Field, his Varieties, Management in Health and Disease, Anatomy, Physiology, Etc., Etc."

Nobody is quite certain how it got into the house. It's a huge tome of 622 pages marked with the second-hand price 2/6.

This edition was published in 1875, but it appears to be a reprint from an earlier edition in the 1860s. And women, it seems, were no better then in transport matters!

On the subject of the ideal lady's hack, the writer says:

"A back too long to carry the weight of a man above nine stone is yet strong enough for a lady of average proportions, who seldom weighs, even with an 18- or 20-pound saddle, more than 10 stone.

"To be in proportion to this increased length of body, the neck should also be long, and thus an animal is well chosen for a lady, which would be rejected by most male judges, for their own use.

"In point of soundness, mouth, and temper, he must be unimpeachable, for the legs are far more tried by the canter than by any other pace, and ladies generally choose the cleanest and, therefore, the hardest part of the road, and ride the faster there, because they can do so without splashing their habits.

"There is a popular idea that a horse does not pull as much with a lady as with a gentleman, which is very erroneous.

"The hands of most men are bad enough, but for one good pair of female hands there are a dozen possessed by men, and this is irrespective of the greater number of riders among the male sex, but calculated in proportion, that is to say, the percentage of good hands is far greater among men than among women; they have neither the same weight nor the same strength as their brothers, fathers, and husbands; but as far as they can they spoil their horses' mouths."

The heavy-handed rider had a nimble thimble!

THE wife of the horsy gentleman to whom the book first belonged must have had a light hand with an embroidery needle all the same.

Between the leaves we found an advertisement for ready-to-embroider calendars, photograph frames, and pillow-shams—American by the look of their prices, which are 25 cents (about 2/3) a pair for the muslin pillow-shams, 50 cents for the photograph frame and glass, complete with stamped linen violet design to be worked.

I particularly liked the "white muslin pillow-shams, already embroidered with 'Good Night' on one side and 'Good Morning' on the other, worked in fast-dye red cotton, size about 29-30 inches, 25 cents a pair."

I do hope she had a lady's maid to go with them — someone to tuck the "Good Morning" side comfortably behind her shoulders when her breakfast-tray was carried in, and to turn the pillow to "Good Night" when she turned down the bed before going off duty in the evening.

No room for gophering on these — they're embroidered to the very edges, which brings me to the point that I've been sternly taken to task by two readers for misspelling the word "gophering."

Not guilty! The Oxford Dictionary gives THREE permissible spellings—"goffering," "gophering," and "gauffering," and says that the word is an adaptation of the French word "gauffrer," to honeycomb.

YOU! The holiday girl with the shape of a goddess this summer!

Low-cut Contour

Styled in delicate butterfly lace, with adjustable stretch straps. Ask for style L464. A, B and C cups, sizes 32-36. 29/11.

Specially for your sassiest summer styles from . . . 29'11

All the things you want in a bra for summer, this new, versatile goddess range can give you . . . stay-put shoulder-tip straps and half-cup styling to suit daring low necklines, the deep-curved backlines that are so much a part of summer fashion . . . and, of course, the cool comfort of stretch.

Six-way strapless bandeau in fabulous ever-white foam.

Dainty butterfly lace over satin, with three-piece cup design in softest natural foam. Six-way styling . . . wear it strapless, or with standard, shoulder-tip, halter, crossed and single right or left straps . . . with colour choice of black, white or pink makes this the most versatile bra you can buy. Ask for style L654. A, B and C cups, sizes 32-36. **29'11**

The delicate lingerie look of scalloped lace in 5-way styling.

The soft, pretty lingerie look of daintily scalloped lace is what makes this goddess bra so specially feminine. Add the advantages of five-way adaptability, the stretch comfort of Lycra, and you have the prettiest, most practical bra you'll ever own. Ask for style L606, A, B and C cups, sizes 32-38. **39'11**

goddess

CREATIONS FROM THE HOUSE OF JENYNS

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model illustrated 977, 64/6

it's a wonderful summer in Polaroid sunglasses

Relaxing, dreaming.
Wearing your latest beach ensemble.
Enjoying long,
lazy days
without glare,
glaze or squint,
because you wear
Polaroid sunglasses
that blend with your new
season styles

This hang tag is a fascinating way to show you the difference between Polaroid polarizing sunglasses and ordinary sunglasses. Polaroid sunglasses filter out all reflected glare.

The polarizing lens is like a picket fence: a row of invisible vertical bars. Reflected glare vibrates horizontally. It bounces from the water, rolls like logs towards the fence but can't get through.

You see fine. You look great. Make sure you are buying the real thing. Polaroid Sunglasses from Chemists, Optometrists, Opticians and department stores.

POLAROID
Sunglasses

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents . . .

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

An eight-page book to pull out and keep, packed with ideas for decorating your table, your presents, your front door, and, of course, the festive tree.

WREATH (top left) adds a touch of welcome to your front door (see directions page 6). It is made from ribbon bows tied round wire or a coat-hanger. FELT STARS (above) embroidered with colorful threads and beads make enchanting and unusual decorations for a tree which will last for many seasons. Directions for these and other original tree trimmings are on pages 2 and 3. FATHER CHRISTMAS (left) is made from "goop," a mixture of cornflour, salt, and water, and he'll certainly add color and fun to the family dinner table. See more "goop" designs in color on page 4, and simple and inexpensive directions for making them on page 7.

hair looked as carefully contrived as Monsieur

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Felt baubles and

Why not make your own decorations for the tree this year? These delightful embroidered felt baubles and crochet angels will last and last for many seasons.

STARS (See Page 1)

Materials: Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton: 1 skein each violet, apple-green, almond-green, white, and black (use 3 strands throughout); 2 pieces each red, blue, and turquoise felt 6in. square; 24 gold sequins; 7 silver sequins; 30 oblong pearls; 1 piece cottonwool for padding; Coats Satinised No. 40 to match felt, sequins, and pearls; 1 piece gold thread for loops; 1 Milwards "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 6. Make stars 4½in. deep.

TO MAKE

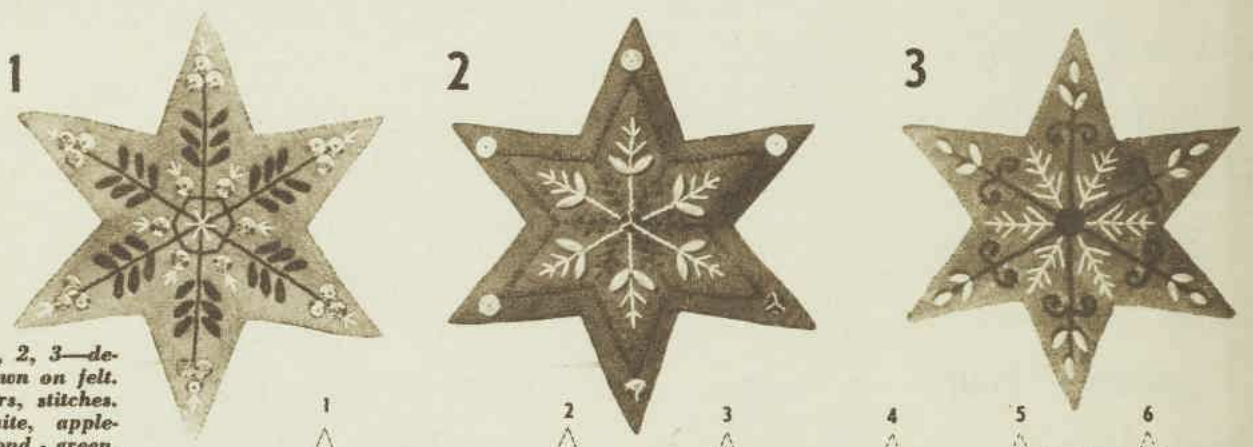
The diagrams give a section of each star. In 1, the shape of the stars is indicated by the outer broken line and the position of the next repeat is shown by the dotted outline. Draw section given of 1 and star shape on to one piece of turquoise felt. Repeat section five times round star to complete. Designs 2 and 3 are drawn in same way on to red and blue felt respectively. Follow diagram and number key for the design and stitches used. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in the same color and stitch. Sew on sequins and pearls with matching thread. Cut round star shapes. Cut one more star shape of each color and overcast to first half, wrong sides together, leaving a space sufficiently wide for cottonwool to be inserted. Complete the overcasting. Cut a piece of gold thread 2in. long, fold in half, and attach to star.

BAUBLES (shown at left)

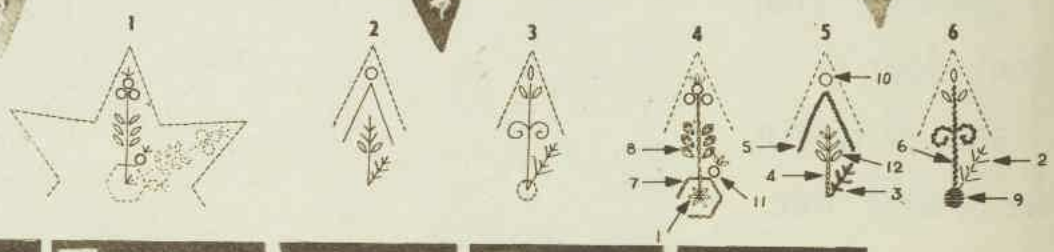
Materials: Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton: 1 skein each carmine-rose and white for A, 1 skein each scarlet and white for B, 1 skein each orange and black for C (use 3 strands throughout); 1 piece 8in. x 3in. turquoise-blue felt for A, 1 piece 6in. x 4in. lime-green felt for B, 1 piece 5in. x 4in. royal-blue felt for C; 120 small dark blue beads for A, 32 small gold bugle-shaped beads for B, and 4 gold sequins, 84 small white pearl beads for C; stuffing for filling. Make B 2in. deep, A and C 3in.

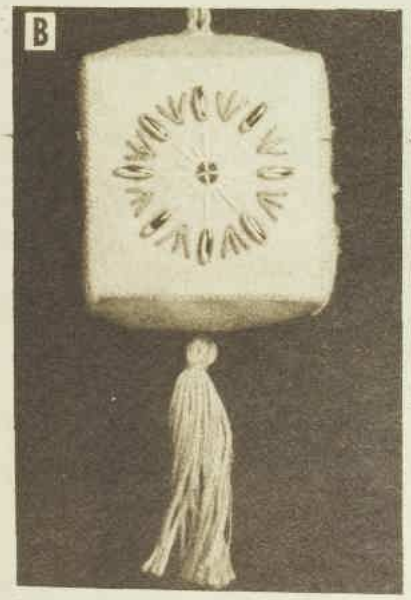
TO MAKE

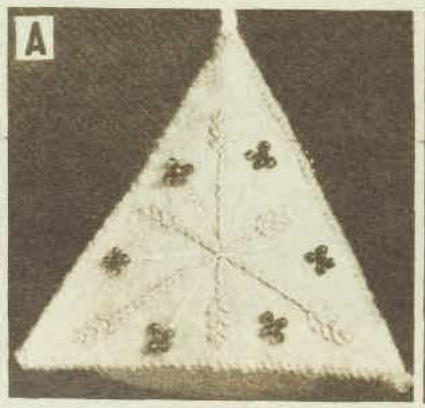
Draw the motif A four times on to turquoise felt, the motif B 4 times on to lime-green felt, and the motif C three times on to royal-blue felt and follow the corresponding diagram and number key for the embroidery. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in the same color and stitch. Cut round the dotted outline of each section and cut out 2 more squares from the lime-green felt to complete the sides of the square. Make up each decoration by oversewing each section on the outside edges with a matching thread, but leaving one side open to insert the stuffing. Stuff firmly and then oversew the remaining open side. Make a length of white cord with the remainder of Stranded Cotton and sew on to the top of decorations A and C. Make a red cord and tassel and sew the cord on to one of the unembroidered sides of decoration B and the tassel on to the other unembroidered side to complete.

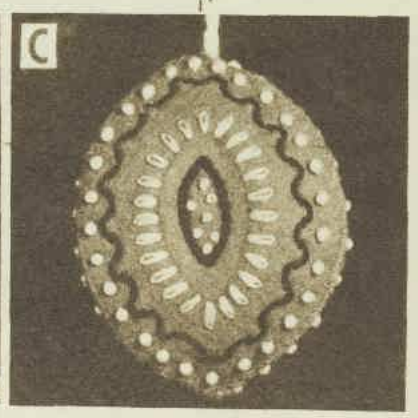


DIAGRAMS 1, 2, 3—design to be drawn on felt. 4, 5, 6—colors, stitches. 1, 2, 3, white, apple-green, almond-green, straight st. 4, 5, 6, white, almond-green, black stem st. 7, violet back st. 8, violet daisy st. 9, black satin st. 10, 11, silver, gold sequins. 12, pearl.

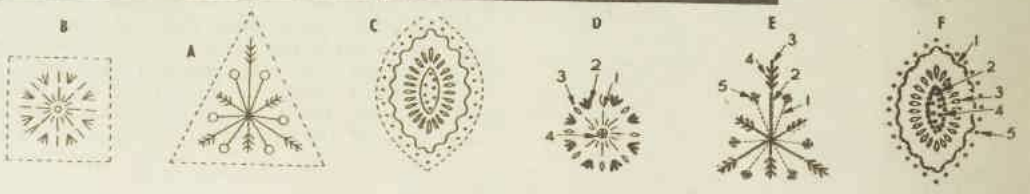








DIAGRAMS B, A, C—design to be drawn on felt. D, E, F—colors, stitches. D1, 2, white, scarlet straight sts. D3, bead. D4, sequin. E1, white back st. E2, 3, 4, rose stem, straight, fly sts. E5, beads. F1, 2, black laced running, chain sts. F3, 4, orange daisy st. and French knots. F5, sew on pearl.



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cotton angels for your tree

THESE crochet angels will delight the children and make unusual and attractive decorations for your tree. And when the season is over they couldn't be easier to pack away and keep for next Christmas.

ANGELS

Materials—Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40: 1 ball selected color and contrasting colors if desired; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 4 (if your crochet is loose use a size finer hook, if tight use a size larger hook); length of fuse wire; plain pearl button ½in. in diameter; beads for trimming. Nine angels can be worked from 1 ball of Mercer-Crochet.

Measurements: Approximately 3in. high.

Abbreviations: ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; lp(s)., loop(s); rep., repeat; sp., space; p., picot.

Note: The angels can be worked entirely in one color, or a contrasting color can be used for the body and arm sections.

BODY

Using selected color or contrasting color, commence with 5 ch.

1st Row: 8 d.tr. into 5th ch. from hook, 4 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.tr. into first d.tr., 2 d.tr. into each following d.tr., 2 d.tr. into top of turning ch., 6 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, miss first d.tr., * 1 tr. into each of next 2 d.tr., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook (picot made); rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into 4th of 4 ch., 6 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, miss first tr., * 1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., p.; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch., 6 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, miss first tr., * 1 tr. into next tr., 1 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr., p.; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch., 7 ch., turn.

6th Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 ch., miss first tr., * 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook (1 ch. and p. made), 1 ch.; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch., 7 ch., turn.

7th Row: As 6th row, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 7 ch., 8 ch., turn.

8th Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss first tr., * 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 2 ch., p., 2 ch.; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 7 ch., 8 ch., turn.

9th Row: As 8th row, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 8 ch., 8 ch., turn.

10th Row: 1 d.c. into 3rd ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss first tr., * 1 tr. into next tr., into next tr. work 1 tr. p. and 1 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch., p., 2 ch.; rep. from *, ending with 1 tr. into 3rd of 8 ch. Fasten off.

ARM SECTION (make 2)

Using selected color or contrasting color, commence with 5 ch.

1st Row: 4 d.tr. into 5th ch. from hook, 4 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.tr. into first d.tr., 2 d.tr. into each following d.tr., 2 d.tr. into top of turning ch., 4 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.tr. into each of first 3 d.tr., * 2 d.tr. into next d.tr., 1 d.tr. into each of next 2 d.tr.; rep. from *, ending with 2 d.tr. into 4th of 4 ch., 4 ch., turn. 2 d.tr. into 4th of 4 ch., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.tr. into each d.tr., into 4th of 4 ch., 1 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.tr., 1 d.c. into 4th of 4 ch. Fasten off.

WINGS

Using selected color, commence with 50 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first d.c., 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., (3 ch., miss next d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.) 19 times, 1 ch., miss next d.c., 1 h.tr. into next d.c., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into lp. just formed, 2 d.c. into each of next 2 lps., (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next lp.) 15 times, 1 d.c. into same lp., 2 d.c. into next lp., 1 d.c. into next lp., turn.

4th Row: Miss first d.c., 1 sl-st. into each of next 4 d.c., 2 d.c. into each of next 3 lps., (3 ch., 1 d.c. into next lp.) 10 times, 1 d.c. into same lp., 2 d.c. into each of next 2 lps., turn.

5th Row: Miss first d.c., 1 sl-st. into each of next 5 d.c., 2 d.c. into each lp., 1 sl-st. into each of next 2 d.c. Fasten off.

HALO

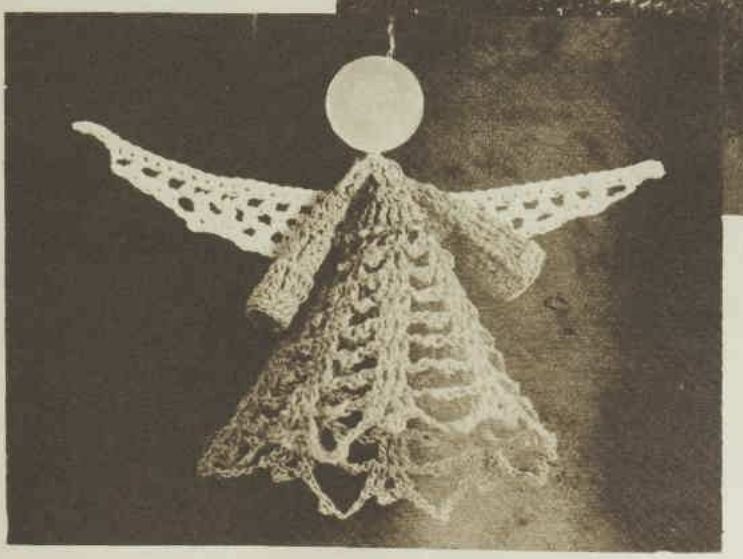
Take a 5in. length of fuse wire and make a circle approximately ¾in. in diameter at one end. If fine wire is used make circle double.

Attach selected color to circle and work a row of d.c. closely over wire to cover it, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Starch body, arms, and wings firmly and pin out to shape. Trim body section with beads. Sew up side edges of body and arm sections to form cone shapes. Sew arms and wings in position on body. Sew beads round outer edge of halo. Pass end of wire through holes at back of button and attach to back of body.

Make a chain 5in. long, fold in half, and attach to back of halo.



PRETTY crochet angels have starched bodies and wings. Their haloes are trimmed with beads and fixed above their heads with fuse wire. Each angel measures 3in. high and nine are worked from each ball of cotton.

hair looked as carefully contrived

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Pretty touches a

BAUBLE for a place setting combines pine nuts, red berries, and gold glitter. The oval shape is made from "goop," a type of home-made clay (see page 7).

CHOIR GIRL is also made from "goop." She is dressed quite simply with crepe paper and fancy doilies, and has fringed crepe paper eyelashes.

8 ways to add festivity to a table

Directions for all these designs page 7.

FOUR CANDLE HOLDERS (left and above right) are made out of empty detergent bottles and odd scraps of material.

WREATH (above) will make an eye-catching centrepiece for your table. "Goop" is combined with pine nuts and a ribbon bow.

CRINOLINE LADY (left) is another delightful figure made from "goop," doilies, and crepe paper with pipe-cleaners for her arms.

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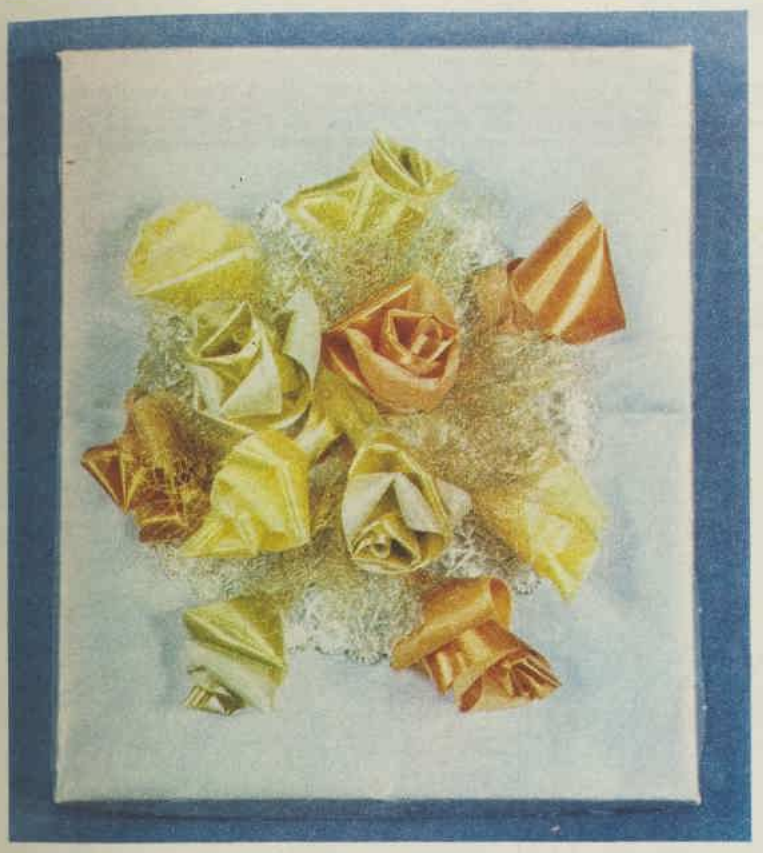
at such little cost



PROFUSION of roses made from satinised ribbon set in a nest of tinsel lace adds charm to a box covered with silver paper.

LILY OF THE VALLEY paper is combined with matching motif made from plastic flowers and large ribbon bow.

Ribbon bows and roses for a look of luxury

Half the fun of a present is the way it's wrapped, and even simple gifts look luxurious bedecked with bright ribbons. Easy-to-follow directions for these wrappings on page 6.

SIMPLE wrapping (left) made out of interwoven ribbon and finished with holly leaves and a colorful ribbon bow.

FESTIVE air (right) for a bottle of wine covered with gift paper and topped with a voluminous ribbon bow and gay spears.

hair looked as carefully contrived

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Ribbon bows and roses for a look of luxury

(Continued from page 5)

Materials: 1½in.-wide satinised ribbon in yellow, gold, and orange, allowing 17in. for each rose; silver doily; silver paper to cover box; 1½yds. tinsel lace; transparent adhesive tape.

TO MAKE

Cover box with silver paper. Fix silver doily to centre of lid. Make four roses (see below and omit leaf) in gold ribbon, four in orange, and three in yellow. Arrange seven roses in a circle on silver doily in the following order: orange, gold, orange, yellow, gold, orange, yellow. Gather up lace into a tight circle. Stick lace on to the centre of doily on top of rose stems. Stick remaining roses in centre of gathered lace.

This would make a most attractive packaging and the colors of the roses can be varied and a gold doily substituted for the silver one used here.

PROFUSION OF ROSES

HOW TO MAKE A ROSE

1. For stem, cut a 6in. length of green ribbon and fold in half. For rose, cut a 12in. length in your color choice. Insert end of rose ribbon into fold of green ribbon.

2. Roll 1in. of rose ribbon away from you.

3. Hold stem in left hand with thumbnail catching the edge of the rose and let rose ribbon fall parallel to stem.

4. Rotate stem slightly to the left so that fold is level with centre of rose.

5. Prop right forefinger on top of rose, holding it in place until you return to starting position. Repeat steps 4 and 5, each time forcing ribbon folds up to become level with rose centre. Let end fall against stem.

6. For leaf, raise one end of stem and secure at base of rose. Trim to leaf shape.

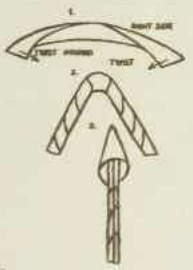
Materials: 2yds. of 1½in.-wide satinised green ribbon; 4 plastic sprays lily of the valley; lily of the valley or plain pink wrapping paper; sticky tape.

TO MAKE

Cover box with wrapping paper. In green ribbon and if possible using pinking shears cut out 3 leaf shapes each about 6in. long. Stick in position on wrapped box so that the three leaves meet at base and slightly overlap each other. Stick lily of the valley in position over leaves. Cut a piece of ribbon 15in. long and trim to point at each end with pinking shears. Fold in half with right sides facing. Hold at centre fold and then twist up one piece of ribbon so that both right sides are facing you and a V is formed at the centre.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

Stick V over stalks of lily of the valley. To make bow, follow first step of Magic Bow (see sketch above), using one thickness of ribbon only. Take a small piece of ribbon, fold in half and wind round centre of bow. Stick on top of lily of the valley stalks.



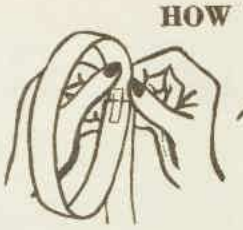
HOW TO MAKE A RIBBON SPEAR

Stage 1: Take a length of ribbon about 14in. long—or longer if you wish. Hold ribbon ends in both hands and begin twisting inwards.

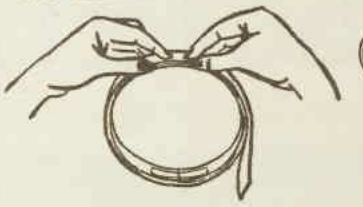
Stage 2: Continue twisting the ribbon inwards with both hands and then fold at centre.

Stage 3: After ribbon has been folded in half continue twisting until ribbon is taut. Seal at ends with a piece of tape.

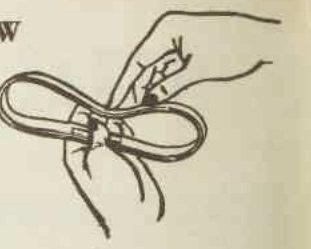
HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC BOW



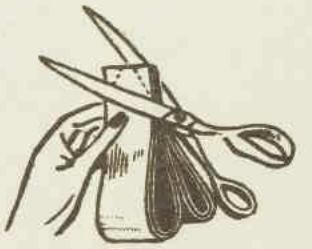
1. Take from 1 to 3yds. ribbon. Make loop to size required. Attach end to back of ribbon with transparent tape.



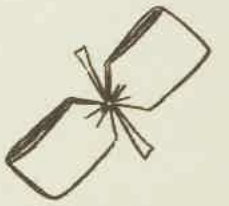
2. The next step is to roll all the ribbon into a circle, making sure that the edges are completely straight and even.



3. Press the roll together in the centre so that two loops of bow are same length. Fold over tightly, hold in position.



4. Cut out two V-shaped pieces from each side of folded ends. Leave ½in. intact at the centre. Unfold and follow step 5.



5. Tie at notches with a short strip of ribbon. Bows can be made up to this stage and then stored until required.

6. Hold bow with left hand and pull an inside loop to right with right index finger. Twist as indicated in sketch.

7. Repeat step 6, pulling next loop from same end to the left but this time making sure to use the left index finger.

8. Follow steps 6 and 7 until all loops on both ends are fluffed out. Pot into shape and tie on securely to parcel.

9. The bow can be varied by using contrasting colors of ribbon. Stagger ends when anchoring them with tape.

WINE BOTTLE

Materials: 6½yds. of 1½in.-wide satinised ribbon; silver glitter; wrapping paper; sticky tape.

TO MAKE

Cover bottle with wrapping paper and seal ends of paper at neck by wrapping round with ribbon. Fasten end of ribbon with tape. Make 7 spears (see directions below left) and put a little silver glitter on the end of each one. Fasten at top of bottle with tape and then cover with a length of ribbon. Make a Magic Bow (see directions above) and stick this with tape to top of bottle.

This method of wrapping can apply to any shape of bottle.

RIBBON WREATH

(See color picture page 1)

Materials: 1in.-wide satinised ribbon, 24yds. green and 27yds. red; 2 sprigs holly; silver glitter; 1yd. thin wire or a wire coathanger; paper for binding wire.

TO MAKE

Bend wire or coathanger into a circle and bind with paper. Make 9 Magic Bows (see directions above) in red ribbon and 8 in green. Sprinkle green bows and holly leaves with glitter. Tie bows in position on wire circle, putting two red at top centre and then alternating red and green. Tie holly leaves in position as shown in photograph on cover of this book.

SIMPLE STYLE

Materials: Sufficient ½in.-wide satinised ribbon in green and red, depending on the size of your parcel, plus 2yds. for bow; wrapping paper; two holly leaves; sticky tape.

TO MAKE

Cut several pieces of red ribbon to fit around package lengthwise. Position on package and fix at one end with tape. Cut two pieces of green ribbon and weave under and over red ribbons at each end of package. Fix a length of green ribbon round all sides of package. Stick two holly leaves in one corner and top with Magic Bow (see directions above).

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Festive ways with "goop"

— see color pictures pages 1 and 4.

● "Goop" is easily made from materials you will have in your kitchen cupboard — salt and cornflour — and can be moulded into charming and colorful Christmas table decorations. It is then dressed up with paper doilies, crepe paper, nuts, berries, and glitter. Because "goop" dries quickly it is a good idea to keep it air-tight, wrapped in aluminium foil, and work quickly with one piece at a time.

IT is advisable to make only one quantity at a time, because "goop" dries out quickly and becomes hard to handle.

"GOOP"

One and a half cups salt, ½ cup water, 1½ cups cornflour, extra 2-3rds cup water.

In a large saucepan, mix the salt with the ½ cup water. Blend the cornflour with the 2-3rds cup water, and add to the salt mixture. Stir over a low to medium heat until the mixture is of a pliable consistency. Allow to stand 1 minute, then wrap in foil to keep air-tight while in use. Color, use quickly.

CHOIR GIRL

"Goop," red coloring, glue, fancy paper doilies, black crepe paper, "angel hair."

Mould head, body, and arms from white "goop." Color some "goop" red, and roll out thinly. Cover the body and arms with a thin layer of red "goop," using glue to secure, and trim this to give a cloak effect. Join all pieces together with glue.

Using paper doilies, trim front opening, around sleeves and neck. Secure crepe paper eyelashes and "angel hair."

WREATH

"Goop," colorings, tinsel, red ribbon, glue, doily.

Roll out "goop" to about ⅛in. to ¼in. thick. Using round cutters, make a ring ⅞in. wide, and 3¼in. in diameter. Color "goop" and mould leaves, large and small balls, and pine nuts. Allow to dry until firm. Then arrange on ring with tinsel, using glue to secure. Make a bow from the ribbon and glue to wreath. Place on a paper doily.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

"Goop," red and green coloring, cotton-wool, red paper, black crepe paper, glue.

Mould head, body, legs, arms, and hands separately from the natural and colored "goop." (See picture page 1 for color guide.) Join all pieces together with glue. Trim sleeves and bottom of coat with cotton-wool. Mould nose from red "goop," and secure in position. Add cotton-wool beard, moustache, and eyebrows. Make hat from red paper and trim edge with cotton-wool, secure in place. Make eyelashes, belt of black paper.

CRINOLINE LADY

"Goop," pink and mauve coloring, pink pipe - cleaners, fancy paper doilies, black crepe paper, "angel hair," glue.

Model head, body, sleeves, and base from natural and colored "goop." (See picture page 4 for color guide.) Glue together.

Push pipe-cleaners into the base of the sleeves for arms.

Trim paper doilies, and use to decorate skirt, neck, and edge of sleeves. Glue black crepe paper eyelashes in position and "angel hair" to head.

BAUBLE

"Goop," small pine cones, red berries, gold glitter, glue, tinsel.

Mould an oval shape from "goop," making an indentation in one side large enough to hold the berries and nuts. While still moist, roll oval in gold glitter. Allow to dry. Secure nuts and berries in indentation with glue.

CHOIR GIRL

WREATH

BAUBLE

CRINOLINE LADY

FATHER CHRISTMAS

QUICK AND EASY WREATH

THE traditional wreath for the front door couldn't be simpler to make, and once you've gathered together all the materials you can complete it in about half an hour.

The base is made from chicken - wire and crepe paper (cost 1/6) and the decoration can consist of plastic holly, tinsel, and silver and colored baubles, like the wreath in our photograph, or you can create your own design from foliage, grasses, and flowers from the garden. The variety and beauty of grasses could be well displayed on the wreath and stitched on in clumps through the crepe paper and chicken-wire.

You could then add brilliant touches of color with Christmas bush, marigolds, and carnations and complete the picture with tinsel.

To keep the flowers fresh, bind the ends with damp cotton-wool and sticky tape and sprinkle well with water. The flowers can be fixed to the base of the wreath by pushing them through the crepe paper into the chicken-wire. With this method it is simple to replace them with fresh ones when necessary.

Materials: ¼yd. chicken-wire, roll of crepe paper, tinsel, holly or other foliage, baubles, transparent tape.

TO MAKE

Cut chicken-wire in two lengthwise and fold into a circle overlapping at ends to make circle whatever size you require. Cut crepe paper into strips and wind round chicken-wire. Fix with sticky tape. Over crepe paper wind length of plastic holly or foliage. Wind round lengths of tinsel and then decorate bottom section of wreath with collection of baubles.

● Ingenious and delightful candle holders—two angels, a Wise Man, and a clown—were made out of empty detergent bottles and odd scraps of material by Miss Sue Sutherland-Smith, of Melbourne. See color pictures of all these candle holders on page 4.

BEGIN by cutting top of bottle and filling bottle with sand to keep it steady. Place candle in neck of bottle and secure with tacks.

1. CLOWN

Materials: Detergent bottle; red candle; eyeshadow and nailpolish; cotton-wool ball; piece black suede (or material); piece red woollen material; small pieces upholstery cord, broderies anglaise, pompon braid; stiff white paper.

TO MAKE

Paint on eyes with blue eyeshadow and mouth with red nailpolish. Make hair from a cotton-wool ball pulled to resemble the shape of hair and glued to neck of bottle. Pin a wide strip of black suede round the base of bottle.

Cut strips of red material to form sleeves. Fold each strip in half and sew down long side. Stitch upholstery cord to one end to form hand and stitch on cuff made from broderie anglaise.

Cut out main body of coat and stitch round bottle. Cut and join at shoulders to make a neat fit and stitch sleeves to these joins. Tie a toy bag to one hand. Cover shoulder joins with a paper ruff glued around the neck.

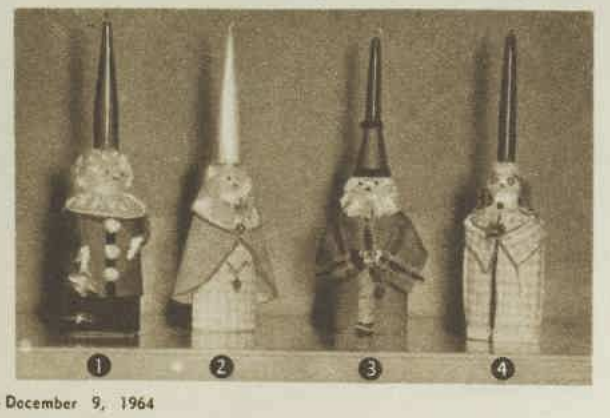
Pin or stitch three pieces of pompon braid to a strip of black suede and tack down front of coat.

2. FIRST ANGEL

Materials: Detergent bottle; white candle; yellow cotton-wool; glue; colored sticky tape for eyes and mouth; green check self-adhesive plastic; pieces white cord; yellow sticky tape; old earring; blue plastic material; yellow ribbon; mapping-pin.

TO MAKE

Fashion yellow cotton-wool to look like hair and stick to bottle with glue. Cut out tiny pieces of tape for eyes and mouth and pin in position through bottle. Cover entire bottle with green check adhesive plastic to represent dress. Make arms out of pieces of white cord pinned to the shoulders of the bottle. Add yellow tape round ends of cord to represent hands and stitch or hook earring on to this tape. Make a cloak from blue plastic folded at the top to form a collar and pinned in the middle with mappin s-pin. Tie round yellow ribbon to form necklace.



1 2 3 4

3. WISE MAN

Materials: Detergent bottle; red candle; white fringing; colored mapping-pins for eyes and mouth; red plastic material; blue braid; red woollen material; blue tinsel wrapping ribbon; green sticky tape; old earring.

TO MAKE

Pin or stick strips of white fringe to form beard and hair. Pin mapping-pins into bottle to form eyes and mouth. Make a pointed hat out of a piece of red plastic with pieces of blue braid secured with pins round top and bottom of it. (Pin round candle.) Cut piece of red woollen material to cover entire bottle and pin on. Make wide sleeves out of the same material with pieces of blue tinsel wrapping ribbon pinned on as cuffs. Make tucks for shoulders of coat and pin sleeves into these. Pin a strip of blue tinsel wrapping down centre of coat from neck to waist. From green tape make a belt which has a long tie which falls down to bottom hem. Stitch old earring to one sleeve end.

4. SECOND ANGEL

Materials: Detergent bottle; red candle; yellow fringe braid; broderie anglaise; colored upholstery tacks for eyes and mouth; green checked self-adhesive plastic; glue; red woollen material; yellow sticky tape; artificial flower.

TO MAKE

Pin on yellow fringe braid to make hair and make a crown out of a small piece of broderie anglaise, which is pinned round base of candle. Stick upholstery tacks into bottle to form eyes and mouth. Place green checked plastic around bottle and cut to size, allowing for inverted pleats down centre and down each side. Stick to bottle. Pin a strip of broderie anglaise round hem. To shoulders attach a red wool train edged with broderie anglaise which is then continued round the neck to form a collar. Secure with a pin. Make sleeves with wide cuffs from green check plastic. Form hands from pieces of yellow sticky tape fixed to the ends of sleeves. Fold and pin sleeves into tucks on shoulders. Fix an artificial flower to the hands.

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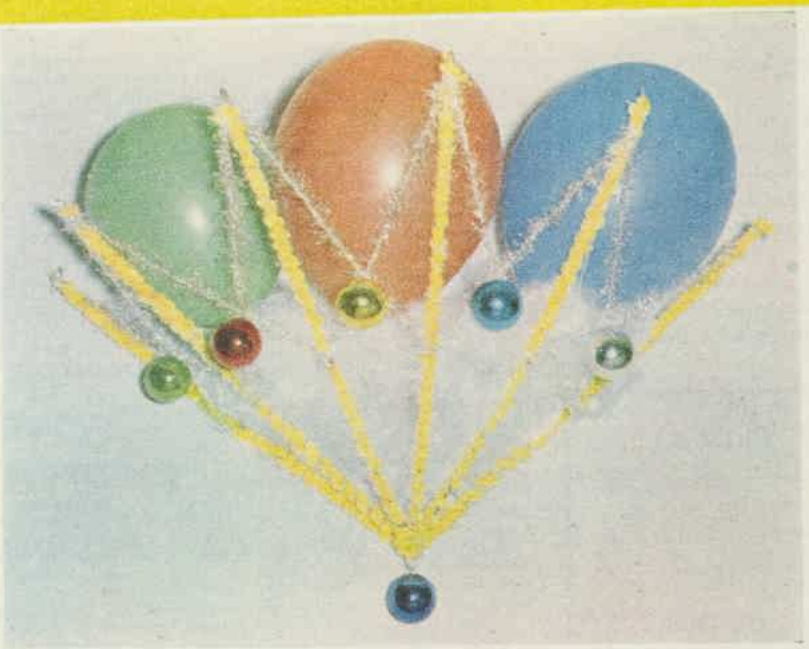
GLORIOUS gold baubles attached to a cone-shaped chicken-wire base form a tree designed by Lady Coles, Toorak, Vic.

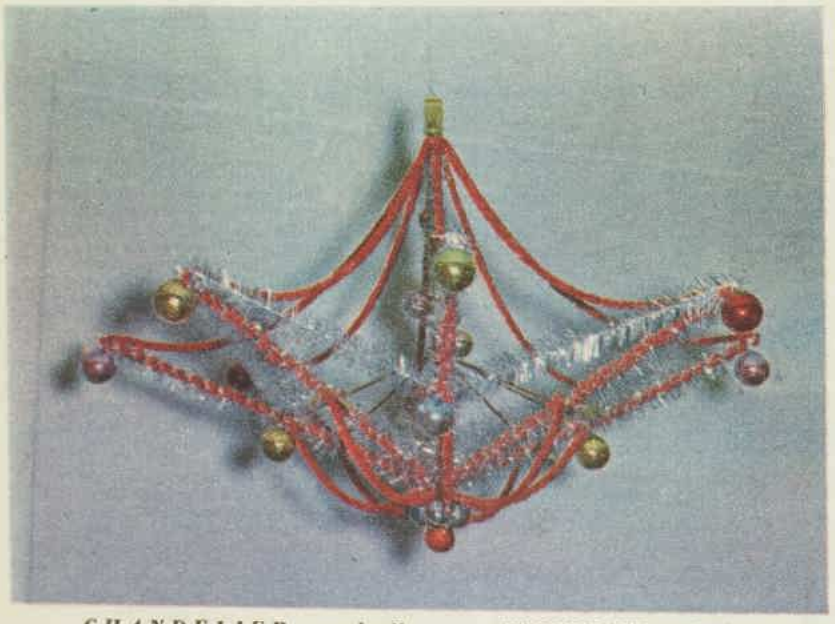


COLORFUL wall-bracket designed by Sue Sutherland-Smith. An old umbrella frame is divided down the middle and secured to the wall by the handle. Tiny yellow leis are wound round each spoke, tinsel is criss-crossed between spokes, baubles are tied to this and base of umbrella. The shape is then filled with spun rayon and balloons.

6 NEW IDEAS

● Here are some new ways to dress up a wall, the centre of a ceiling, and create a delightful tree. The Christmas trees shown here were part of an exhibition put on by members of the Australian-American Association in Melbourne. The ceiling and wall decorations were a bright notion of Sue Sutherland-Smith, who acts as art librarian at Melbourne's Red Cross headquarters and at Christmas-time every year makes decorations for several hospitals. With these designs she has made use of old umbrella frames and combined them with a collection of tinsel, paper, baubles, plus imagination.

ONE - SIDED tree fits snugly against a wall. Lady Coles created this out of fern fronds. Tub is wire and ribbon.



CHANDELIER umbrella (above) has red lei paper and tinsel wound round spokes and handle. Baubles are tied at intervals. Tinsel is tied from spoke to handle, and loops of lei paper from spoke to base.

CELLOPHANE ruched on wire (right) standing in a red pot and surrounded by bunches of red and green ribbon makes a charming tree. By Mrs. J. Woodlock, of Melbourne, it is trimmed with shining baubles.

SPAGHETTI, vermicelli, and other pasta were stuck to a cardboard cone and sprayed gold by Mrs. C. T. Pollack, of Melbourne. The tree stands in a wood circle.

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comfortable, after all, to have Daniel around.

A delicious smell of buttered toast began to permeate the house, and I sniffed it with more relish than I had my Lobster Newburg at Gino's. The excitement of Edward's presence always took away my appetite.

I had been working as Edward's secretary for eighteen months, and had spared no pains whatever to prove myself the ideal wife for an ambitious young photographer. I spent one tenth of my weekly salary on a hairstyle which would have done something even for Nefertiti. And half my spare time was consumed in creating the kind of clothes which I couldn't afford to buy.

I had no delusions about the standard of my work; and I had taught myself to handle the social side of the job with a certain—aplomb. I never niggled about short lunch-hours when there was work to be done, nor did I object to some hours of unpaid overtime.

It was love at first sight for me. After six months Edward put his hand on my shoulder and said: "You're a good kid, Vicky."

I lay awake half that night, dreaming of diamond rings. Three months later, when he was working with a moody French mannequin, I managed to translate something the was trying to say to him. (It was easy; it was what they all say after two hours of posing for Edward—that they've just about had enough.)

He came across to me and kissed my hand and he stopped my heart in the process.

The mannequin got off the marble pedestal on which Edward had arranged her in a pique which was enormously French and picturesque, and Edward unfortunately had to run after her and placate her. That's what I'm up against—the world's loveliest and most sophisticated women. Can you blame me if I have occasionally despaired?

WHEN I had worked for him about a year, Edward took me out to dinner for the first time. This was a reward for staying until nine o'clock to finish a layout for one of the smart fashion journals which provide our bread and butter.

We drank moselle, ate caviar, and held hands a little between courses.

Caviar, after working late, became something of a habit. So did moselle and confidences in between. I now knew that Edward T. Barker was heir to an oilfield in Western Australia, but wanted to carve out his own fortune in professional photography; that he lived in a studio flat with red hessian curtains.

I knew that his favorite color for brunettes was burnt orange and that his sister always cast off his sweaters too tightly. I had never met the oil-owning father, been in the studio flat, nor been given the opportunity to improve on the sister's knitting. I had, in fact, quite obviously reached a deadlock.

Daniel came back with enough toasted tomato sandwiches to feed a Boy Scout patrol, and for a while we ate in companionable silence. Satiety improved my humor. "Dan," I said, "what's wrong with me?"

He looked at me and grinned. "Nothing, if one likes string beans."

I threw two cushions and upset his coffee dregs. When order was restored, Daniel sat down beside me and kissed my cheek. It was nothing like Edward's cheek-kissing, but it was very pleasant.

"You're pretty keen on this bounder, aren't you, Vicky?" he asked me then.

I agreed that I was indeed keen on the bounder. Very keen.

Daniel was silent for a moment, then he seemed to come to a decision. Rising abruptly, he walked over to the mirror above the mantelpiece. His voice was rough. "Come here!"

I went.

"What do you see?"

"I see an ugly lout and a very gracious lady," I retorted.

"I'm serious."

I tried to be objective about my face, but I'm too used to it. My hair looked as carefully contrived as Monsieur Andre meant it to, my

Continued from page 45

THROWN TO THE WOLF

make-up had taken a lot of time, and my lipstick, like my linen shift, was burnt orange (Edward's favorite color for brunettes).

Daniel twirled me round impatiently to face him. "The first thing," he said, "is to make Edward look at you. Later on, you can worry about making him look inside you."

"What more can I do to make him look at me?" I asked. Daniel was not making sense.

"Not more. Less!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"You're a superseded model, Vicky. When it comes to marriage, vamps are out; wholesome girls are in. You used to be a wholesome girl."

"Daniel, I don't think you understand the situation. I have to compete with some of the most gorgeous girls in the country."

"Wrong!" cried Daniel. "Your whole approach is wrong. He is sated with gorgeous girls. Stop trying to beat those gorgeous girls at their own game and play a game of your own."

Daniel was brisk. "Go to your room. Remove all that make-up. Bring back a hair-brush."

When I returned, I felt as though half my personality had come off with my make-up. Daniel lifted my chin.

"Freckles," he murmured. His voice was odd. "You have a good face," he continued, examining me like a trout on a marble slab. "You have not got high cheekbones, so don't try to suggest them. Your eyes are full of light; why obliterate them with shadows?

"Your shape is feminine, but no one would ever guess it, looking at you in those everlasting straight things. And why, in the name of thunder, do you wear this color, when your cheeks are the shade of sun-bleached petunias . . . ?"

I had no time to marvel at this un-Daniel-like phrase, for while he talked, he was taking the pins from my hair.

"Danny!" I screamed. "I'll never get it up again, and my next appointment isn't until Friday—"

"Cancel it!" ordered Daniel. I slumped down and covered my eyes. Daniel brushed, wrenched, stroked, and brushed again.

"Now," he said at last, "take a look in the mirror."

I did. It was me as I used to be before Edward. It was a simple girl; a girl who knew what she was and liked it well enough; a girl who wasn't trying to compete; a girl who might marry a pig-farmer—or even the boy next door.

"Now that's how you'll go to work tomorrow," instructed Daniel. "And you'll wear the personality that goes with the face. If you feel like roast lamb instead of Boeuf a la Bourguignonne, admit it." I looked at him with grudging respect. I was beginning to get the idea.

To page 54

CASHMERE BOUQUET FOR HER

1. Cashmere Bouquet Talcum in a flower-scattered cellophane pack 3/9
2. Pretty holiday pack contains Cashmere Bouquet Cologne and 2 Cakes of Soap 6/6
3. Three Cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap in a floral wrapper 4/7
4. Lily of the Valley decorates a cellophane pack of 3 Cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap 4/7
5. Gay flowered pack contains Cashmere Bouquet Talcum and 2 Cakes of Soap 5/6

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE FOR HIM

6. Elegant wood-grained pack of Palmolive Brilliantine for smooth grooming 3/3
7. Bracing Palmolive After Shave Lotion in wood-grained pack 6/3
8. Fresh mornings start with Palmolive rich lather Shaving Cream 3/3
9. Handy holiday pack of Palmolive Brilliantine, Soap and Colgate Dental Cream 7/9

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 192.—BEACH COAT

This beach coat for the young teenager is available cut out to make in nautical design on printed cotton in shades of blue, green, and tan, all with white background. Sizes 28 and 30in. bust, £1/19/6; 32 and 34in. bust, £2/1/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

No. 193.—BARBECUE CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Barbecue cloth is cut out to embroider on white, lemon, green, and lilac headcloth with four serviettes in contrasting color. Price for set is 19/- plus 2/- extra for postage and dispatch.

No. 194.—GIRL'S BRUNCH COAT

Girl's pretty brunch coat is available cut out to make in American printed cotton. Colors available are blue and pale orange design on white background, with lace trim supplied. Sizes 6 and 8 years, £1/15/6; 10 and 12 years, £1/17/6; 12 and 14 years, £1/19/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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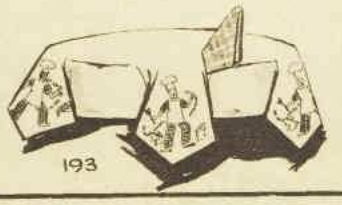

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THROWN TO THE WOLF

Continued from page 53

"Daniel, there are times when I think perhaps you have a certain rudimentary kind of cleverness."

Daniel looked momentarily as though I had hit him below the belt, but he was always quick to rally.

"It doesn't take a quiz king to understand you," he retorted coldly, "and now I'll be off."

I was in two minds about following Daniel's advice, but slept so late the next morning that I had very little alternative. I had not a hope of rearranging my hair, and by simplifying my make-up to a smudge of lipstick and a stroke of mascara I was able to catch my usual train. To go with the milkmaid hairstyle I dug out an old blue shirtwaister.

When the first mannequin for the day came flyng in it was an enormous relief to remember Dan's advice and know that I need not compete.

After two hours' work one of the girls began to melt a little under the hot lights and I went to the rescue with powder and tissues while Edward waited impatiently beside his camera.

As I leant over her my hair fell forward and I hooked it impatiently behind my ear. Edward suddenly stepped out of the darkness behind the lights and stared at me — like a stunned mullet, as Daniel would have said.

The contrast between the two of us must have been extraordinary — Cheryl's tan skin and deeply shaded eyes; my straight hair and shiny face.

Edward said: "Victoria!" in an odd kind of way, and it was then I knew Daniel was a genius: everything I wanted was within my grasp, and Edward would ask me out to lunch, leaving the models high and dry with sandwiches and instant coffee. "Not that I need any lunch," he murmured. "It is refreshment enough just to gaze on you."

I LAUGHED and suggested something more substantial just the same. As he steered me into a little cellar restaurant where we had never been before Edward took my hand in a proprietary way, nodding to acquaintances left and right.

"They have a special fish dish today," he remarked, smiling at me over one square yard of menu. "You like that."

Fish with olives in white wine might have seemed an appropriate lunch last week, but, to be absolutely honest, I have always hated exotic dishes at lunchtime.

I said: "To tell you the truth, Edward, I would adore an omelet."

Edward grinned and glanced appreciatively at the smaller price. Over coffee, he leant across the table and looked into my eyes.

"It's odd," he murmured. "I feel as though I've never really looked at you before. You have freckles."

"Hush!" I said. "I've been trying to live them down for twenty years. I also wear glasses for reading."

"To think I've known you for eighteen months and never realised that your eyes are the color of—" I waited "—African violets."

Some African violets are white, I thought, and some are pink.

I felt like giggling, and supposed I must be giddy from burgundy and success. I tried to concentrate on Edward's velvety brown eyes and the long, artistic fingers which were reaching for mine. "—the Photographers' Ball," he was saying. I jumped. This was the biggest event of the year in Edward's world. ". . . Say you'll come."

"When — ?" I began dazedly.

"Next Saturday. Is that all right?"

"Of course," I cried, and then remembered not to be too easy to get, and took out my diary. "At least I think that's all right," I added, flipping pages. For Saturday I had written. "Cut out frock." I crossed it out and wrote "Edward."

He was watching me, smiling through half-closed eyes. I remembered Daniel's instructions and, smiling sheepishly, I tossed the diary across the table, saying: "Write your name on any page!"

Edward took the little pencil and wrote "E.T.B." on all the Saturdays between now and Christmas.

"To think," he marvelled fondly, "that I have known you for eighteen months and never—well, from now on, everything will be different."

Indeed it would. Taking dictation from Edward, watching him work with mannequins, I should know that it was I who would share his leisure.

"Wear your face like that on Saturday," commanded Edward, looking at me tenderly. "You'll be the rage of the ball. And come to my place for cocktails first, so that we can get in the mood." My head spun.

There was one trifling incident which marred my excitement. A silky voice phoned the office and asked for Edward. He hated to be interrupted in the middle of a sitting, so I asked if it was important.

"Not terribly. Just tell him that Jackie will be wearing jade-green silk on Saturday night." She giggled coyly. "Just in case he wants to buy me a flower."

"Ju-just a minute, please." I flew to the studio and repeated the message. Edward looked chastened. "Blast! I forgot." He shrugged. "Tell her I can't make it. I've been called to a society wedding."

Jackie was furious, and despite an odd little thrill of triumph I was sorry for her. Then I put the whole thing out of my head. All's fair in love and war, and this was both.

Saturday was hectic. I was determined to buy a dress to go with my new self—something soft and white — and it took ages to find. I bought a new ingenuous perfume and put my hair up casually. I found time to phone Daniel and tell him the news. "Guess what?"

"Edward has proposed."

"Give him time, you ass. He's taking me to the Photographers' Ball. Think of that! Last year he took Ellie Troy, Mannequin of the Year, and this time he is taking me."

"Halleluja," said Daniel, "bully for him!" And hung up. He could learn a lot from Edward where manners were concerned, I reflected, and then forgot Daniel and his moods in my preparations for the greatest event of my life.

I reached Edward's flat at seven-fifty. We did not plan to arrive at the ball until nine. My heart was hammering as I knocked on his door.

Edward opened the door, drew breath, and said nothing. It was much more eloquent than words. Then he drew me inside and kissed me very gently not on the cheek. Before I had come to my senses, he had established me on a very long divan and placed in my hand a very potent cocktail.

"To the most handsome couple at the ball!"

"To us!" The suddenness of the whole thing and the frantic preparations must have slowed my reflexes. I felt none of the exultation which should have been mine. I tried to relax and savor the situation; everything was going to be wonderful. To give myself time, I poured my second cocktail into Edwards philodendron plant while he was putting on his dinner jacket.

"I can hardly wait," he called, "to flaunt my little lily among all those hothouse flowers. Several of them are calling in here for a drink before the ball."

The "hothouse flowers" were just as gorgeous as I

To page 59

Johnson's cotton buds

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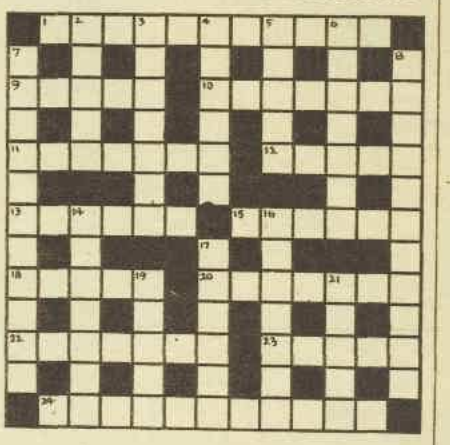
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

A mysterious robbery at a diamond mine has guards and local sheriff confused, as the mine is surrounded by electric fences and patrolled night and day. The sheriff asks Mandrake to investigate. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Vehicles for transferring property (11).
9. Airy spirit in Shakespeare's "The Tempest," imprisoned by Sycorax (5).
10. Dual rag (anagr., 7).
11. Sideboard for actors and surgeons, too (7).
12. Is her territorial division? Could be (5).
13. In man's dwarfishness (6).
15. Slater modifies (6).
18. Monsters invented by Perrault (5).
20. A lover (7).
22. Smooth, hard coatings (7).
23. Put on starting with the end (5).
24. Ma sent Peter for these verses (11).

DOWN

2. I in a broken oven like sheep (5).
3. Small travelling bags containing a Chinese mile in vessels (7).
4. Yes, rag these German sharpshooters (6).
5. These tides may appear as pen (5).
6. Rite due to learned (7).
7. They are for outdoor uses, but not as stockings (6, 5).
8. Nimble way to English journalism (5, 6).
14. Rare ant (anagr., 7).
16. Softly radiant young sheep upsets ten (7).
17. Fragrant resin remains the same even if as taken out of it (6).
19. Used up when a wasp enters (5).
21. Locates objects and determines their ranges (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Advertisement

Lemons For Beauty

To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

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When children seem "nervy"

try this, mother, for recovery overnight

Most children don't realise the importance of keeping "regular". When they seem off-colour, grouchy or tired (or lose their appetite) wise mothers suspect temporary constipation. Keep the easiest answer in your medicine cupboard — Laxettes. Laxettes are squares of delicious chocolate that contain tasteless phenolphthalein, the gentlest, surest laxative known. Easy to give. Easy to take. No water. No spoons. No griping. No embarrassing urgency. Just Laxettes at night — and tomorrow an easy thorough motion and a happy, healthy child. Only 3/3 at your chemist, in a new pack that protects the chocolate. When Nature forgets — remember Laxettes.

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia. See the coupon in this issue for details and centre addresses.

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Readers have their say:

Battle of the Beatle hairdo

● The cutting remarks made by "Desperate Beatle-Hater," a mother whose lament for her long-haired son appeared in our November 11 issue, have produced praise, criticism, and advice from scores of teenagers and parents.

THEIR views are given below in a cross-section of their letters. Each reader whose letter is published will receive £1/1/-.

And what about Dad?

"AS a mother of four sons, none of whom (despite tentative experiments) has gone to the extreme of becoming a long-haired monster, I advise Mrs. Desperate Beatle-Hater to let her son be.

"Hard as it is to take, a mother cannot continue to 'be with it' with an 18-year-old son.

"If ever he is to become a responsible man, he has to find out for himself what kind of a person he wants to be, and to do this he has to clear the ground of his mother's right to make decisions for him and make his own way in his own generation.

"That's what his long hair and frilly shirts are trying to say, and just be thankful he chooses such harmless language in which to say it.

"It would be interesting to know how his father made HIS stand. Was it Oxford bags or yellow sleeveless pullovers? And his grandfather. Did he horrify by shaving off his twirling moustaches?

"Once I showed signs of dither when one of our boys began to wear his hair a bit longer than I approved of, and he said to me: 'I don't particularly like the way you do your hair, but I don't criticise it, so why do you criticise mine?'

"That certainly made me think, and also, I feel, made me a lot wiser as a mother."

—"NOT WITH IT," VIC.

The teen outlook

"ONE of a teenager's greatest needs is conformity, not with his parents (symbols of an old-fashioned era) but with other teenagers.

"To him, these are the people whose opinions really count, for they alone decide just how much of that precious asset, popularity, he will be allowed to have.

"Being a teenager myself, I know just how important popularity can be.

"We yearn for outside reassurance that our clothes, our hairstyles, our manner, in short, everything about us, are modern enough to be accepted by our crowd.

"It does not worry us in the least if our parents disagree with the verdict of other teenagers.

"Even if a parent appears to be a modern 'with it' adult, his criticisms will still, as a rule, go unheeded, because the opinion of someone of the same age group is worth to us ten times as much as that of an adult."

— "CONFORMIST," VIC.

A sticky solution

"I THINK 'Desperate Beatle-Hater' has made the mistake of bringing up her son with the idea that SHE is the one to be made to 'get with it.'

"I am only 28, and my three children are young yet, but I'm appalled at just what parents of teenagers are expected to 'get with.'

"The modern teenagers would be much happier if they were taught to respect their parents' wishes and realised that their actions reflected on the whole family.

"If I were the mother of this boy I would cut his hair by force if necessary, or 'accidentally' drop some nice gooey chewing-gum in it, and in the process of 'helping' to get it out spread it round a bit."

— "NO NONSENSE MUM," QLD.

Toes before hair

"IT'S a pity that 'Desperate Beatle-Hater' didn't mention the ultra-pointed shoes which go with the Beatle cut.

"My Beatle called me to have a look at three of his toes which seem to have lumps on the upper mid-joints. When I told him they were probably the beginning of corns he had his shoes stretched.

"Hair can be cut (eventually), but toes may never recover."

— "NON-BEATLE-HATER," S.A.

Short hair shame

"I RECALL the uproar at our home in the 1920s when my sister arrived home with her hair cut!

"My father said he would turn her out of the house because she'd sunk so low.'

"So I wouldn't worry too much about that long-haired son. I don't think a person really changes because he decides to follow the basic latest fad, and, like all other fads, this long-hair craze will have a limited life."

— "AMELIA," N.S.W.

A feminine cure

"MY best suggestion for curing your shaggy monster is to show him this letter.

"I am a teenage female of 18 who mixes with a very bright bunch of other attractive teenager femmes, and none of us would be seen dead with these 'lilies of the valley' —as we have named the long-haired fools who are actually an object of mirth with any decent girl.

"We prefer males, not she-males."

—J. THOMAS, N.S.W.

Call his bluff . . .

"AS a mere man, might I say that modern smotherlove is inciting children to all this neurosis nonsense.

"My son grew a mane and threatened to leave home.

"I told him to leave with pleasure, as he was becoming most embarrassing round the place, and neighbors were beginning to ask who was my son's girlfriend.

"I told his weeping mother to dry her tears, as I had no doubt he would return within two weeks, especially when he had to do his washing and pay his own way.

"I was wrong. He was back in three days, minus the mop and his spare cash!

"Kids will have a go at anything if they think they can get away with it, but call their bluff and where are they?

"Back home, and with infinitely more respect for their parents.

"So cheer up, madam, and take my advice. Tell your son to act like a bee and buzz off till he comes to his senses. There's no doubt he will."

—"WITH-IT FATHER," N.S.W.

In good company

"I MUST congratulate Mrs. Desperate Beatle-Hater's son on one thing, and that is inspiring his mother to write such an entertaining article. It still has me chuckling.

"But I don't think Mrs. D.B.H. should worry too much about her son's long hair. After all, she is in good company, as from what we are told the Queen and Prince Philip have the same trouble with their teenage son and don't seem to be meeting with any more success than she is."

—"STILL CHUCKLING," N.S.W.

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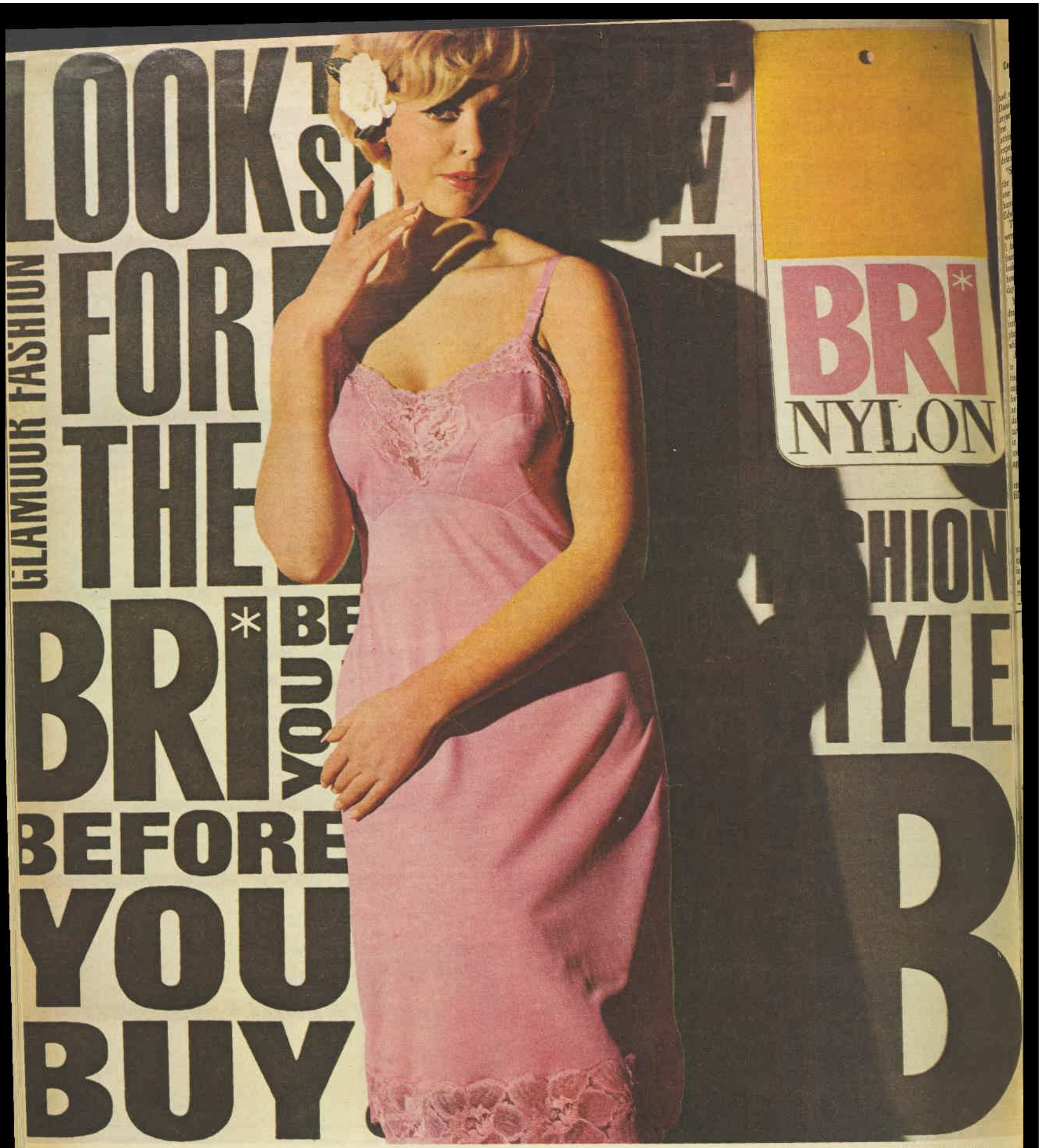
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Continued from page 54

THROWN TO THE WOLF

had expected. Yet, thanks to Daniel, I felt quite sure of myself. The girls treated me coolly; the men were attentive. This was a new experience for me and I was determined to enjoy it.

"She walks in beauty like the night . . ." murmured one young man, holding my hand a second too long. Edward detached me.

Three simultaneous drinks were placed before me, and I had my choice of at least four cigarettes. I tried to look as though this kind of homage happened every day.

Yet somehow the evening dragged. I could not get terribly interested in the photographers' shop talk, which I heard every day.

At last Edward asked me to dance, and I floated into his arms. We had not been once round the ballroom before I realised that he was an awful dancer. I adore dancing as a rule, but he tangled himself so frequently in my ankles that I was only too thankful to sit down again.

"Enjoying yourself, little one?" whispered Edward, refilling my glass.

"Madly . . ." I murmured.

"Love me?" he whispered.

"Madly."

"I'd rather whisper sweet nothings in your shell-pink ear tha' dance with any girl in the room." He reached across me for the whisky and refilled his glass. "Nev' mind, sweetie. When you've danced with me a few hund' times, you'll get used to my style . . ."

I realised that Edward was becoming a little drunk. I also realised that Edward, in his own estimation, was always right. It was my co-ordination that was at fault, not his dancing. It was always my shorthand which was imperfect, not Edward's dictation . . .

What had Daniel said? The first thing is to make Edward look at you. Later on, you can worry about making him look inside you . . . Suddenly I did not care if Edward never looked inside or at me ever again.

"Drink up, angel!" he whispered. "And then let's drift away. I want to investigate the moon with you."

"Slow down, spaceman," I said. "I'm happy here."

It wasn't true, but I needed time to rally my forces, to decide . . .

I began to remember all the things I had done for Edward over the past months —all the uncomplaining overtime for which I was never paid; all the shopping for parties I never attended; all the cancelling of awkward appointments because something better had turned up . . .

Never once had he expressed the slightest appreciation of my services, because the words "Thank you" were simply not in his vocabulary . . . Had he come to collect me tonight, as any normal suitor should? Of course not. Edward called the tune and I came running.

To restrain my hysterical thoughts, I took a long, calm look at this prize among men. Yes, it was a fascinating face, but suddenly it was not the face I wanted to see across the cornflakes for the rest of my life.

That hollow sense of loss engulfed me which comes with the end of a dream.

ALL at once I was angry, and my anger directed itself against the person who had caused my dream to crash about my ears.

"I've got to get home," I stuttered.

"Beg pard?"

"I'm sorry, Edward. My folks are ra-rather strict, and . . ."

Edward's lip curled slightly, but he didn't even fight it. Why should he, with so many strings to his bow?

"Call you taxi," he said, rose with dignity, and abruptly sat down.

I called one myself, and was home in half an hour.

Danny and Joe were sitting on the floor, playing poker for matches. Dan raised his head, and his eyes were startled. "Home so soon?"

"Say that again and I'll brain you."

"You're really mad." Daniel put down his cards. "What happened?"

"I was losing, anyway," remarked Joe, and disappeared.

"What do you think happened? You rigged the whole thing. You told me how to attract him—"

"Vicky, you're crying!" Daniel rumpled his hair in his old familiar way. "Vicky, dear, I didn't know it would turn out like this. I really wanted to settle this thing for you one way or the other . . ."

"What way or the other?"

"His way or—my way."

"Wha — handkerchief, please!—what's it got to do with you?"

"Here, blow!"

There may be more romantic ways to get yourself into a man's arms, but that was good enough for me. Daniel's cheek was against my hair, and the comfort of leaning against that burly shoulder was inexpressible.

"Vicky," he said, "let me tell you something. When I saw you again that night without your mask of glamor, my heart nearly burst. You were still the little girl I fell in love with seven years ago—"

"Danny," I said tenderly, "seven years ago I was fourteen."

"So was Juliet when Romeo climbed up the balcony."

"And to think," I marvelled, "that you've adored me ever since!"

"Not consistently." Daniel was nothing if not honest. "I had other loves in between—like football, fishing, boxer dogs, and chocolate sundaes . . ."

"And where do I rate in the hierarchy now?" If I turned my head I could just reach his chin with my lips.

"You're ahead of chocolate sundaes," admitted Daniel, but his eyes admitted infinitely more.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Beauty Salon Hints

Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin Care Consultant

A youthfully radiant skin is the desire of every woman, particularly those whose first youth has passed. In fact, many leading beauticians say that their most vibrantly attractive clients will never see forty again.

The way to keep your attractive good looks is to make a "must" of simple daily care. This will help Nature to make you feel and look more youthfully beautiful.

Here are some suggestions to help you on your way to radiant loveliness.

A BEAUTY FACIAL

An occasional facial steaming will do wonders for your complexion. Commence by cleansing the face and neck thoroughly with a mild cleanser, then lubricate the skin with a little tropical oil of ulan. Pay particular attention to the sensitive areas surrounding the eyes (crows feet lines) where a little extra oil should be gently tapped in. With a towel over your head, steam over a basin of hot water for a few minutes to soften the skin and clear the pores.

When the warmth has stimulated the circulation, dry off with a soft towel and then massage in a further film of ulan oil to give the surface skin silky softness and milk-like loveliness.

THE PEACHES-&-CREAM LOOK

We all envy the lovely English countryside complexion enjoyed by women who live in moist cool climates. A hint to give the complexion cool climate moisture is to dampen a cloth with cold water from your refrigerator and press it over your face for a few minutes once or twice a day. Then to give the skin soft loveliness and help in softening away lines, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of ulan. Besides protecting and softening your complexion this oil will ensure your final make-up has a perfect matte finish.

SMOOTHING THE ELBOWS

Lovely smooth elbows are truly a feminine asset and to keep them smooth and lovely use this simple beauty pack. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon juice and oil of ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove the pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a generous film of oil of ulan to soften and promote a silky smooth surface.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

● ***Doll's high chair.***

I HAVE a doll's high chair which was given to my grandmother as a young woman in Scotland. Approximately two feet high, it can also be folded down to a low chair. Around the tray are colored wooden beads on wire. It is beautifully carved and there are only five screws, a dozen nails, and two hinges. Its origin has puzzled our family for years. I am the third generation to receive the chair. — Miss Jennifer Fisher, Clayton, Vic.

This delectable doll's chair appears to be made of English beechwood. A survival of late Victorian days, it displays the art of the specialist wood-turner and chair-maker, who enjoyed executing in miniature a "baby's" chair in the cottage manner.

● ***Doll's high chair folded.***

TWO pennies dated 1919 and 1920 are in my possession. Could you please tell me their value?—Mrs. A. N. Anderson, Walgett, N.S.W.

There are thousands of 1919 and 1920 pennies in existence. They are worth only their face value.

However, there is a 1919 penny with a dot over the scroll and under the scroll which appears above and under the words "One Penny." This is scarce, and ranges in value from £5 to £20 depending on its condition.

The 1920 penny has the same dots but must also bear a dot before and after "Penny."

* * *

I HAVE a Wedgewood jug about six and a half inches tall and seventeen and a half inches around, with pewter lid, and a dog for a handle. The pattern depicts a hunting scene with brown scenery and pink riders' jackets. The jug is embossed WEDGEWOOD 12, Q.W.O. with printed letters M2643 D.L. I would like to know more about it, please. — Mrs. T Redfern, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.

The jug, if impressed Wedgewood—that is with an "e" after the "g"—was not made at the Wedgwood factory, founded by the illustrious Josiah Wedgwood.

The firm of William Smith and Company, of Stockton-on-Tees, established the Staffordshire pottery in 1825. They frequently marked their wares with imitation Wedgwood marks, during the 1840s spelling Wedgwood with an "e." During 1848, a perpetual injunction was granted to Josiah Wedgwood & Sons restraining William Smith and Co. from marking its wares WEDGEWOOD.

* * *

COULD you please tell me the age of an Admiral Fitzroy's barometer? It is in a wooden case measuring three feet seven inches in height.—Mrs. K. L. Magarey, Blackwood, S.A.

The barometer is late Victorian—the registered mark which appears on the barometer indicates that the type and design of the barometer was registered on August 8, 1881.

Be an angel.
Someone you know would *love* pure Irish Linen for Christmas

Just fill this in and leave it lying around where some Christmas angel might see it . . . and take the hint.

I would like some ☐ TEATOWELS in pure Irish Linen. Because any girl who doesn't have a dishwasher *deserves* the very best in teatowels.
BRANDS TO LOOK FOR: LAMONT, RICHARDSONS, OLD MILL, ERINORE; IRISH CABIN, BLACKSTAFF.

I would like a ☐ TABLECLOTH (or some PLACE MATS) in pure Irish Linen. Something really pretty that will go with my good dinner set and silver. In a bright colour, please.
BRANDS TO LOOK FOR: ERINORE, BLACKSTAFF, LIDDELL, RICHLIN, ULSTER, OLD BLEACH.

pure Irish Linen
It's lovely . . . it lasts.

I would like some ☐ SHEETS and pillow-cases in pure Irish Linen, because I love *anything* luxurious. (Anyway, dear, they're so practical. They'll outlast *two* pairs of ordinary sheets.)
BRANDS TO LOOK FOR: SEVEN TOWERS, IRISH CABIN.

I will even settle for a ☐ HANDKERCHIEF of pure Irish Linen. Don't care whether it's lacy or initialled . . . patterned or plain. Just as long as it's pure Irish Linen.
BRANDS TO LOOK FOR: SUNSPUN, MAID OF ERIN, IRISH CABIN or ULSTER.

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LIQUEURS FOR FINE FLAVOR

● Add liqueurs with light touch and you add color, extra flavor richness, and zest to main dishes and desserts in a distinctive and delicious way.

MOST people know liqueurs as the small (a liqueur glass holds only ¾ ounce) sweet accompaniment to coffee at the end of a good meal. Favorite liqueurs are chosen for their own good taste, as part of the perfectly balanced blend of the menu.

But many liqueurs can be used to add their mellow, mature flavor to sweet and savory foods.

A minature bottle of liqueur is equal to one good liqueur-glass full. Collecting these small bottles can be an interesting hobby — there's a wonderful range of shapes available.

Here are some simple ways of using liqueur we've tried, tested, and liked. Remember, a little liqueur can add a lot of flavor.

● Serve a cool, clean-tasting frappe — simply fill a champagne or other shallow glass with crushed ice, pour liqueur over.

● Spoon your favorite liqueur over generous scoops of ice-cream. Creme de menthe or any of the coffee- or orange-flavored liqueurs are good. Try tia maria, kahlua, turkish mocca, or creme de cacao over coffee ice-cream, top with softly whipped cream.

● Add 1 or 2 dessertspoons of liqueur to baked or stirred custard.

● Soak slender slices of sponge cake or sponge fingers in your favorite liqueur, arrange them on bottom of dish when making a dessert souffle. During cooking, the liqueur fragrance will rise to flavor the whole souffle and make it deliciously aromatic.

● Add 1 or 2 dessertspoons green chartreuse when preparing sauce for any game dish.

● Warm and flame liqueur — spoon it over sweet omelets, puddings, pancakes. Flaming burns away alcohol and leaves a highly concentrated flavor essence.

● When making ice-cream, stir in a liqueur-glass full of your favorite liqueur. Don't add more or the spirit will prevent ice-cream from freezing.

● Add a little of your favorite liqueur to fruit mince, apple sauce, jams, or jellies. Angostura bitters is good for this and blends well with most flavors.

Here is a variety of recipes to which liqueurs add their own distinctive flavor:

PARTY PATE

Half pound liverwurst, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon angostura bitters, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Mash liverwurst with fork, combine with remaining ingredients, mix to smooth paste; press into small mould or dish, chill. Serve with toast or small savory biscuits.

OMELET GRAND MARNIER

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons grand marnier, 1oz. butter.

Separate eggs, beat yolks with the sugar, orange rind, and grand marnier. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold them quickly and thoroughly into yolks and sugar mixture. Heat 10in. omelet pan, put in the butter. When it melts, quickly pour in egg mixture, and shake pan. Outer surface next to pan should brown at once and remainder puff up. Omelet will be cooked in about 2 minutes. Have hot serving-dish in readiness. Carefully slide omelet on dish, folding it over as you do so. Serve immediately.

Note: This is sufficient for 2 people. For 4, double quantities and make 2 omelets.

SOUFFLE WITH GRAND MARNIER

Two and a half ounces sugar, ¼ pint milk, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 egg-yolks and 5 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons grand marnier, piece of lemon peel, icing sugar.

Combine sugar and milk, boil gently with lemon peel until milk has reduced slightly and thickened; remove peel. Melt butter, add flour and cook, stirring a few minutes. Gradually pour over the hot milk and sugar mixture. Stir until smooth, then simmer until consistency of thick cream. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly; remove milk mixture from heat, gradually add beaten yolks. Stir in grand marnier, cool. Finally, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites; pour mixture into buttered 2-pint souffle-dish, cook in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle top of souffle with icing sugar, serve immediately.

KIDNEYS AFLAME

Twelve lambs' kidneys, 3oz. butter, 6 large mushrooms (sliced), ¼ cup cognac, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ pint cream, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Clean and slice kidneys, saute in the hot butter until lightly browned on both sides. Remove kidneys from pan, add mushrooms, saute in remaining butter; set aside. Return kidneys to pan. Warm cognac, ignite, pour over kidneys. Then add mushrooms, salt, pepper, and mustard. Stir well, transfer kidneys and mushrooms to hot serving-dish. Add cream to pan juices, heat without boiling. Spoon sauce over kidneys, sprinkle with parsley, serve immediately.

SOUR CREAM SALAD DRESSING

Half pint sour cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon bitters, 1 small onion (grated).

Blend cream with salt, sugar, vinegar, and bitters. Fold in minced onion. Serve with green salad or poured over sliced tomatoes or cucumbers.

CHICKEN VALLEE d'AUGE

One chicken (about 4lb.), 2oz. butter, ¼ cup cognac, 4 shallots (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup dry white wine, 2 tablespoons cointreau or curacao, salt, pepper, ½ cup cream.

Joint chicken, brown lightly on all sides in melted butter. Warm cognac, ignite and pour over chicken; allow to burn out, then add shallots, parsley, wine, liqueur, and seasoning. Stir well, cover and cook slowly until chicken is tender. Transfer chicken pieces to serving-platter. Add cream to sauce, reheat gently without boiling. Spoon over chicken, serve immediately.

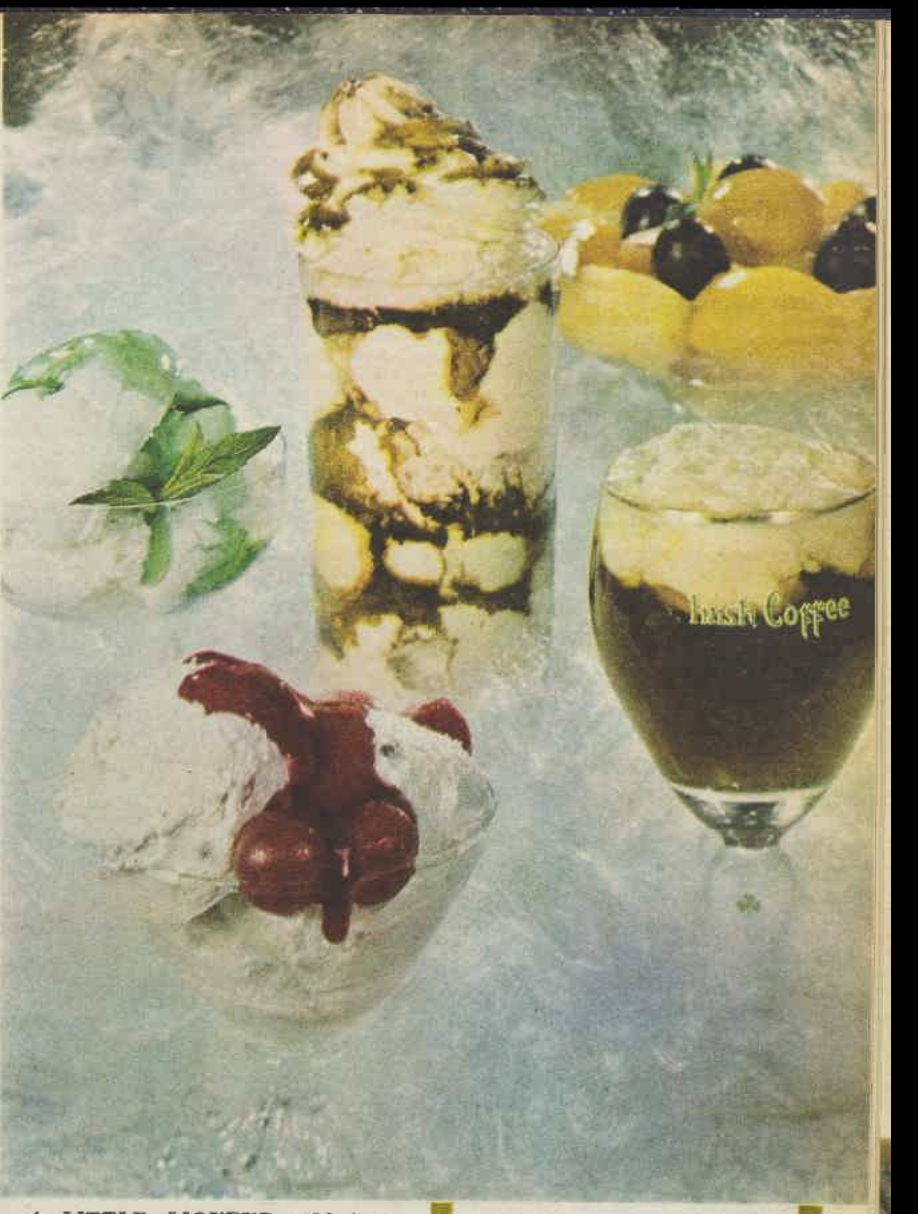
DUCK WITH ORANGE

One duck (about 5lb.), 1 whole orange, 1 clove garlic, 2 bayleaves, 1 cup dry red wine, ½ large onion (finely chopped), ¼lb. mushrooms (finely chopped), 3 dessertspoons duck fat, 3 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 1 teaspoon beef extract, 1 cup stock, 2 teaspoons shredded orange rind, skinned sections from 2 oranges, ½ cup cognac, 2 tablespoons orange-flavored liqueur (cointreau curacao, or grand marnier), salt, pepper.

Stuff duck with the orange cut into quarters, garlic, and bayleaves. Tie up, roast in moderate oven about 1½ hours or until well browned and tender. Baste occasionally with the red wine, using ½ cup in all.

Meanwhile, prepare sauce: Saute duck liver, onion, and mushrooms in 2 dessertspoons duck fat taken from baking-dish.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.



A LITTLE LIQUEUR added to fruit salad or ice-cream makes a special-occasion dessert. The recipe for Irish Coffee is given at right.

Remove liver, add another dessertspoon duck fat. Remove from heat, blend in flour, tomato paste, and beef extract: add stock and remaining wine. Stir over heat until it comes to boil. Add orange rind, season to taste. Simmer until duck is ready to serve. Just before serving, add skinned orange sections.

To Serve: Cut duck into serving pieces, arrange down centre of hot platter. Skim off fat from pan juices, pour in cognac and orange liqueur, bring to boil. Pour this into the orange sauce. Spoon little sauce over duck, serve the remainder in sauce-boat.

COFFEE CREAM JELLY

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 2 cups strong black coffee, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup macaroon crumbs, 2 tablespoons tia maria or other coffee-flavored liqueur, 1 tablespoon rum, ½ pint cream (whipped), extra whipped cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in hot coffee. Add sugar, salt, liqueur, and rum. Cool mixture until syrupy, fold in macaroon crumbs and whipped cream; chill until set. Decorate with extra whipped cream before serving.

GOURMET BARBECUE SAUCE

One bottle dry red wine, 4 onions, 2 stalks celery, 2 large cans beef bouillon, 3 cans tomato paste, salt, pepper, 1oz. cointreau or cognac.

Chop onions and celery, combine with all remaining ingredients except liqueur. Bring rapidly to boil, then allow to simmer gently until reduced by half. Push through sieve, stir in liqueur. Use as baste for barbecued steaks, chops.

PEACHES WITH COGNAC

Eight large ripe peaches, ½ cup cognac, castor sugar, ½ pint cream, extra 2 tablespoons cognac, toasted almonds, chopped.

Peel and slice peaches. Place in bowl, sprinkle with castor sugar, pour over ½ cup of cognac. Cover, stand several hours. Just before serving, whip the cream, adding extra cognac. Pour over fruit, sprinkle with chopped, toasted almonds.

Continued overleaf

IRISH COFFEE

● Liqueurs combine particularly well with the flavor of coffee to make wonderful drinks. One of the best known is:

IRISH COFFEE

Irish whisky is, traditionally, one of the essential ingredients of Irish coffee. The recipe calls for:

Cream — rich as an Irish brogue.

Coffee — strong as a friendly hand.

Sugar — sweet as the tongue of a rogue.

Whisky — smooth as the wit of the land.

But Irish coffee-liqueur can be used instead of whisky. Once cream has been added, do not stir. When sipping, there should be the contrast of the hot, flavored coffee and the smooth, chilled cream.

Here's how to make Irish coffee:

Into a stemmed glass put liqueur-glass full of Irish coffee-liqueur (or Irish whisky). Fill glass to within ½in. of brim with black coffee, hot and strong. Add sugar to taste, stir well. Top with slightly whipped cream, so cream floats on top.

ICED LIQUEUR COFFEE

For each serving: Half glass strong, black coffee (well chilled), ¼ glass coffee-liqueur, ¼ glass brandy, sugar to taste, crushed ice.

Combine all ingredients, shake well, strain, serve in chilled glass.

Recipes from our LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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LIQUEURS FOR FINE FLAVOR . . . continued from previous page

CREPES SUZETTE

Pancakes: Four tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon vegetable oil, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, butter for cooking.

Place flour in bowl, add egg, egg-yolk, oil, salt, and 2 tablespoons milk. Beat until smooth. Mix in remainder of milk; chill ½ hour. Heat heavy pan, rub base with butter. Pour thin layer of pancake batter into pan, brown on one side, turn over, brown other side. Make up all pancakes in this manner; keep warm.

Orange Butter: Four ounces butter, grated rind of 2 oranges, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 1½ tablespoons cognac, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cointreau, curacao, or grand marnier, pinch salt.

Beat butter until light and fluffy; mix in orange rind, sugar, cognac, liqueur, and salt. Spread some of this butter on one side of each pancake; fold in half, then in half again; reheat in sauce.

Sauce: One large orange, 2oz. butter, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup cointreau, curacao, or grand marnier, ½ cup cognac, pinch salt.

Place in saucepan the butter, sugar, juice, and grated rind of orange, salt, and liqueur. Simmer very slowly until orange rind is quite translucent. If sauce is too thick, add little more orange juice. Put in pancakes, reheat. Heat cognac, ignite, and pour over. Serve while still flaming.

PARTY APPLE PIE

Eight ounces rich shortcrust pastry, 4 cooking apples, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ pint cream, 1 dessertspoon angostura bitters, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Roll out pastry, line deep 9in. pie-plate. Peel apples, slice very thin, lengthwise. Arrange overlapping slices in pastry-shell. Mix together sugar and spices, sprinkle over apples. Beat eggs well, add cream and bitters. Pour mixture carefully over apple slices, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 50 minutes. If desired, dust with sifted icing sugar or cinnamon.

PEACH LIQUEUR PARFAITS

Six peaches, little sugar, ¼ cup kirsch or peach brandy, vanilla ice-cream, whipped cream, extra kirsch or peach brandy.

Peel and slice peaches, place in bowl with liqueur and little sugar. Cover, stand 30 minutes. Place spoonful of peach mixture in base of 6 tall parfait glasses, top with small scoop of ice-cream, pressing this down firmly. Continue in this manner until glasses are filled, ending with scoop of ice-cream. Stir little kirsch or peach brandy into the whipped cream, place swirl of cream on top of each glass. Serve immediately.

PINEAPPLE COINTREAU SURPRISE

One large ripe pineapple, sugar, ½ cup cointreau, whipped cream, extra cointreau.

Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise, being careful not to damage green top. Scoop out flesh and dice it. Sprinkle with sugar, pour over cointreau; cover and chill about 2 hours. Chill pineapple shells also. At serving time, arrange pineapple halves on platter, fill with diced fruit. Serve with bowl of whipped cream flavored with little extra cointreau.

Creme de menthe is also good with pineapple.

COFFEE-LIQUEUR BANANAS

Six bananas, ¼ pint lightly whipped cream, 3 tablespoons kahlua or other coffee-flavored liqueur, grated chocolate.

Peel bananas, slice lengthwise. Sprinkle with the liqueur, pour over the cream, tossing well so each banana is coated with cream. Sprinkle thickly with grated chocolate, serve immediately.

LIQUEUR CUSTARD SAUCE

One cup milk, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 egg-yolks, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup any desired liqueur.

Scald milk, cream, and vanilla. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, slowly add milk and cream, stirring constantly. Transfer to double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring, until mixture thickens and coats spoon. Strain, add liqueur.

This is a delicious sauce, and can be served cold with sliced fruit or fruit salad, or warm with steamed or baked puddings. It is particularly good with Christmas pudding.

LIQUEUR CHOCOLATES

Half pound dark chocolate, 2oz. solid white shortening, maraschino cherries, liqueurs (choose from creme de menthe, cherry brandy, cognac, etc.).

Chop chocolate and white shortening, place in top of double boiler; melt over hot water. Remove from heat, cool a little. Stand small paper sweet-cases in patty-tins, spread melted chocolate thickly in each to form chocolate case. (Reserve some chocolate for toppings.) Refrigerate cases until firm.

Put maraschino cherry in each case, spoon in little liqueur; pour over little melted chocolate (reheat over hot water, if necessary, to melt) to form sealed topping. Refrigerate until topping has set.

FRUIT SALAD WITH COINTREAU

Four ripe peaches, 4 oranges, sugar, 2 bananas, 2 pears, little lemon juice, cointreau, glace cherries.

Peel and slice peaches and oranges, sprinkle with sugar, place in bowl, cover and stand 1 to 2 hours. Then add peeled and sliced bananas and pears, and sprinkling of lemon juice. Let stand another hour, then mix fruit carefully; drain off ½ the syrup which has formed in bottom of bowl. Replace syrup with equal amount of cointreau; cover and chill. At serving time, spoon fruit and syrup into individual champagne glasses. Top each with glace cherry, serve immediately.

LIQUEUR CAKE TOPPING

Two egg-yolks, ¼ cup icing sugar, ½ cup creme de cacao or other liqueur, ½ cup whipped cream.

Beat together well the egg-yolks and sugar, stir in liqueur. Pour into top of double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring, until thick and well blended. Remove from heat, cool, fold in whipped cream.

Any simple cake becomes special-occasion fare when topped with this well-flavored frosting. Make sure cake is well cooled before spreading on topping.

Lattice Neapolitan

Deliciously sweet. Two Lattice biscuits. Light-hearted sponge with jam and cream. From Mrs. D. Marsh, Louisville, via Grafton.

Lattice Fruit Jelly

Luscious jellied-fruit squares, topped with cream or ice-cream. Sweet and simple. Sent in by Mrs. L. Hepple, Aspley, Brisbane.

Lattice Mince Pie

Traditional fruit mince, topped (and bottom-ed!) with Lattice biscuits. Very yummy. Mrs. C. Marriot, Elwood, Melbourne.

Take your favourite pie dish. Take sweetened stewed apples. And to top it all off Peek Frean's sweet, puff pastry biscuits, Lattice. Pop it in the oven, moderate heat. And that's a new idea for apple pie. And what a wonderful idea it is. Simply serve . . . and take a bow. May we make a suggestion? We'd love to hear your favourite Lattice idea. Please write. Miss Bromley, Peak Frean's, Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W.

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DICTIONARY OF LIQUEURS

● Liqueurs, which are made by combining a spirit with flavorings and sugar syrup, are available in a very wide and varied range. This dictionary lists some of the best known and most popular liqueurs.

ADVOCAAT: Thick, yellow-colored liqueur of Dutch origin; made of eggs, brandy, and sugar, it resembles a bottled egg-nog. A popular drink is advocaat mixed with cherry brandy.

Annisette: Aniseed - flavored liqueur of French origin.

Apricot Brandy: Highly flavored combination of apricot juice and brandy. Some of the best apricot brandy comes from Hungary, where it is distilled from fresh apricots and crushed apricot kernels.

Apricot Liqueur: Sweetened apricot brandy of rather low alcoholic strength.

Aurum: Highly aromatic Italian liqueur; pale gold in color, not excessively sweet.

* * *

BANANA LIQUEUR: Sweet, with strong banana flavor. A very popular liqueur, is manufactured throughout the world, often mixed with other drinks, and in cocktails.

Benedictine: Sweet, highly aromatic liqueur, dating from 1510. Originally made by Benedictine monks in Normandy, but now has no religious connections, is owned by a French company. Although the recipe is said to be closely guarded, it is known that over 30 herbs are used as flavoring agents. The letters "D.O.M." on Benedictine bottles are connected with its religious origins—they stand for "Deo Optimo Maximo" or "To God most good, most kind." A famous and very popular drink is B. and B., half Benedictine and half brandy.

Bitters: Used as flavoring agent in cocktails and other drinks, also in cookery. There are several types, the best known probably being angostura bitters, which ofiginated in Jamaica. These have a rum base, are flavored with different herbs. Other well-known varieties are orange bitters (orange flavored) and campari—Italian bitters flavored with capsicum.

Brandy All'uvo: Brandy and egg liqueur, of Italian origin; resembles advocaat, but has spicier flavor.

* * *

CASSIS: French liqueur made of black-currants, brandy, and sugar; can be served neat, or with iced water, soda, or white wine. Can also be used as sweetening agent with bitters.

Chartreuse: Another very old liqueur of French origin; there are two varieties — green (licorice flavored) and yellow (aniseed flavored). Green chartreuse has very high alcoholic content; the yellow is sweeter, less potent.

Cherry Brandy: Dark red liqueur made of cherries; deliciously flavored, with faint taste of almond. One of the best-known varieties comes from Denmark.

Cognac: Distillation of wine made only in the Cognac area of France; not a true liqueur. The name "Cognac" is strictly geographical, cannot be given to any brandy other than that distilled from wine made in this area. Cognac is served, traditionally, in cognac glasses or large brandy balloons. Cognac brandy is sold under labels which are accepted in the trade as guarantees of age, but not quality; usual labels are:

One Star: not less than 3 years old. Two Stars: not less than four years old. Three Stars: not less than five years old.

Also V.O., V.S.O., V.S.O.P., and V.V.S.O.P.

V stands for "very," S for "special," O for "old," and P for "pale."

Cointreau: One of the best-known French curacaos; colorless, has a pleasant orange flavor, is always sold in distinctive square-shaped bottles.

Creme de Cacao: Chocolate-colored liqueur, with rich flavor obtained from cocoa and vanilla beans. Sometimes topped with thick cream before serving. The name "Chouao" which appears on many creme de cacao labels is that of a district in Venezuela, reputed to produce the best cocoa beans in the world.

Creme de Menthe: Well-known liqueur with mint flavor; usually colored green, but a colorless variety, used mainly for cocktail mixing, is available.

Curacao: Orange-flavored liqueur of Dutch origin; originally made of green Curacao oranges and brandy or gin, but is now made of all types of oranges and even fruit essences. Triple sec, cointreau, and grand marnier are all varieties of Curacao. Obtainable in many colors, but flavor is always predominantly orange.

Continued overleaf

HOW TO JUDGE LIQUEURS

LIQUEURS are judged on four important points — bouquet, flavor, palate, and finish.

Bouquet: This is the fragrance of the liqueur. It should be delicate and interesting. Great skill is exercised by various manufacturers to achieve the right bouquet, for this greatly adds to the pleasure of the liqueur.

Flavor: This is, of course, a matter of individual preference. Such a wealth of ingredients is added to liqueurs in distillation and blending; many of these are obtained from seeds, berries, leaves, roots, herbs, spices, fruits. Liqueurs are concentrated in flavor, and their taste — if you are using them for the first time — may seem a little sweet or strong. But you will soon find one which exactly suits your taste and which combines well with the particular dish you are preparing.

Palate: Liqueurs vary — some are rich, creamy. Others are spicy in bouquet and flavor, light on the palate.

Finish: This, too, depends on the category of the liqueur. The finish may be creamy, full-flavored, spirited, nutty, dry, aromatic.

The use of liqueurs in cookery is limited only by imagination — and can be the means of creating new, original, and wonderful flavors in the meals you serve.

Please don't eat this picture . . .

MAYFAIR YULE HAM

8 rounded dspns. German Mustard (from your grocer), 6 heaped dspns. dried breadcrumbs, 4 level dspns. soft brown sugar, 2 egg-whites, lightly beaten, 1 level dspn. thick cream. *This quantity is for a 5 lb. Mayfair ham.*

Remove all jelly from outside of ham. Mix ingredients into a smooth paste. Spread paste all over ham with a spatula or knife. Wet the spatula or knife and smooth the paste. With blunt edge of knife decorate top of ham in diamond shapes. Garnish with whole cloves. Sprinkle lightly with a little more brown sugar. Pre-heat oven to 450° gas, 475° elec. — very hot — for 15 minutes. Place ham on grilling tray and bake for 8 minutes per lb. of ham or until browned. Serve hot or cold.

. . . go out and get your own Mayfair ham and enjoy the real thing. (Recipe's on the left. Takes only 10 minutes to prepare). Quicker still is a Mayfair ham served straight from the can. The plumpest, *juiciest*, leanest, *tenderest* Christmas ham of them all. Slice after slice of it, too, because there's no bone, no waste. But why wait till Christmas? Wouldn't your family enjoy a Mayfair ham *right now?*

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DICTIONARY OF LIQUEURS . . . continued

DRAMBUIE: Delicious combination of Scotch whisky, herbs and heather—honey. The name "Drambuie" comes from Gaelic "an dram buidheach," meaning "The drink that satisfies."

★ ★ ★

FIORI ALPINI (Flower of the Alps): Very sweet, golden-colored liqueur of Italian origin. Each bottle contains what looks like a small tree but is a crystallised twig of one of the flavoring herbs.

Forbidden Fruit: American liqueur originally made of brandy and shaddock. Now grapefruit is used instead of shaddock.

★ ★ ★

GENTIANE: Digestive liqueur made in France or Switzerland; flavored with dried and ground roots of the Gentiana lutea, herbaceous plant found in the Swiss Alps and Pyrenees.

Glayva: Scottish liqueur, similar to drambuie in taste and appearance.

Goldwasser de Danzig: Colorless liqueur with flecks of gold leaf floating in it; also known as eau-de-vie de Danzig, of French origin. Flavor is combination of herbs and oranges.

Grand Marnier: Orange-flavored French curacao, the basis of which is high-quality cognac. Marketed under two labels, Cordon Rouge and Cordon Juana. Cordon Rouge is stronger and less sweet than Cordon Juana.

Grand Saint Bernard: Pale green liqueur, of Swiss origin, sweetened with honey and flavored with locally grown leaves, flowers, and seeds.

★ ★ ★

IRISH COFFEE LIQUEUR: Delicious blend of old Irish whisky and coffee; often used to make the famous drink, Irish coffee. See recipe on page 63.

★ ★ ★

KAHLUA: Velvety-smooth, mellow and delicious coffee-flavored liqueur, originating in Mexico; is new on the Australian market.

Kirsch or Kirschwasser: Distilled from wild cherries, grown only in Switzerland and Germany; always pure white, and is matured in demijohns instead of the usual wooden casks, from which it would extract coloring matter. Kirsch is a dry liqueur, unlike most others, which are sweet.

Kummel: Popular, pure white liqueur, originated in Holland; basis is almost-neutral spirit, usually distilled from potatoes or grain. Flavored with caraway seeds and cumin, which give it valuable digestive properties, and sweetened according to individual formulae.

★ ★ ★

LACRIME D'ORO: White liqueur with specks of gold leaf floating in it; similar to goldwasser but flavored with rind and zest of lemons instead of oranges.

★ ★ ★

MANDARINE: Rather sweet liqueur flavored with mandarin. One of the popular fruit-flavored liqueurs.

Maraschino: Sweet, colorless liqueur made of cherries; essential ingredient in many well-known cocktails.

Marnique: Popular Australian liqueur, richly fruity in flavor; a blend of brandy and fresh quinces, it is matured in wood to attain perfection.

★ ★ ★

PARFAIT AMOUR: Very sweet, violet-colored liqueur, flavored with violets and vanilla; has a brandy base.

Peach Brandy: Cordial with rich flavor of peaches.

Prunelle: French liqueur flavored with sloe berries (see sloe gin).

★ ★ ★

SLOE GIN: Cordial based on gin and flavored with sloe berries (the berries of the blackthorn bush), which have a taste similar to the wild cherry.

Strega: National liqueur of Italy; flavor is similar to chartreuse.

★ ★ ★

TIA MARIA: Coffee - flavored liqueur with rum base; it originated in Jamaica. One of the world's famous coffee - flavored liqueurs.

Turkish Mocca: Coffee-flavored liqueur with brandy base.

★ ★ ★

VAN DER HUM: Spicy, brandy-based liqueur of the Curacao family; made in South Africa, and flavored principally with mandarin. Literal translation of "Van der Hum" is "What's his name."

Vodka: Well-known spirit, traditionally associated with Russia, is not a true liqueur, but distillation from rye or potatoes. However, it is often served with coffee, as a liqueur. Is colorless and extremely potent.

★ ★ ★

WISNIOWKA: Sweet, ruby-colored, cherry-flavored vodka. Has earned its distinction as an after-dinner liqueur.

Canned Fruit Recipe Contest

MAIN prizewinners in our Canned Fruit Recipe Contest will be announced in our issue of December 16.

This week's progress prize has been awarded to a Victorian reader.

SECTION 2. Teenager's Party.

Progress prize of £5 to Miss J. Kirby, 17 Edinburgh Road, South Blackburn, Vic. for the following recipe.

RICE FRUIT SALAD

Half cup uncooked rice, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 small can sliced peaches, 1 small can pears, 1 apple, 1 orange, juice ½ lemon, 1 banana, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 2 cups reserved fruit syrup (or make up to this amount with water), few drops red food coloring.

Place rice in boiling salted water and cook until almost tender. Drain, add sugar, cool. Drain peaches and pears, reserving juice. Chop peaches, reserve about ¼ cup for decoration. Chop apple and banana, soak in lemon juice, chop pears. Add all chopped fruits to cooked rice, mix carefully so as not to mash fruit. Heat about ½ cup fruit syrup, pour on to gelatine, stir to dissolve, add remainder of syrup and red food coloring. Pour over fruit and rice mixture. Fill into oiled mould, leave to set in refrigerator. Turn out on serving-platter, decorate with reserved sliced peaches. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

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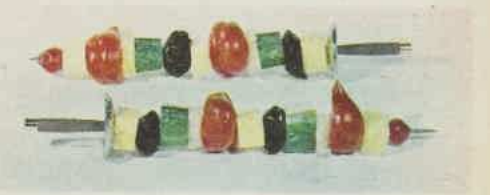
Soupersnack time!

4 Soupersnacks from Continental brand soup

More Summer Soupersnack Recipes at your store. Look for the free Continental brand Leaflets!

Cucumber Batons. Cut cucumbers in halves, lengthwise. Scoop out the seeds. Fill with a mixture of chopped apple, sweet sultanas and rich walnuts. Really lifts appetites! But please the family even more: make that snack a *Soupersnack* by serving it with Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. MMmmm — taste that chicken!



Summer Kebabs. Arrange alternately on skewers, squares of tangy cheese, cool prunes, juicy chunks of cucumber, sweet pineapple pieces, and triangles of tomato. What a snack! But make that snack a *Soupersnack*: serve with rich-tasting Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

Cream Cheese Celery Sticks. Make a taste-tempting mix of cream cheese and chopped smoked oysters, then load into 2" lengths of crisp celery. They'll smack their lips over this one! But get even more praise. Make that snack a *Soupersnack*: serve it with refreshing Iced Potato Chowder. Here's the recipe:

ICED POTATO CHOWDER — Cook Continental brand Potato Chowder according to the directions on the packet. Chill. Stir through one tablespoon fresh chopped mint and ¼ pint sour cream. Top each serve with a spoonful of fresh or sour cream and a sprig of mint.

Spanish Sausage Wheel. Toss thin slices of tomato and crisp, finely grated cabbage in a tasty mayonnaise. Sandwich between slices of Italian Salami. Perfect snack for heatwaves! But get even cooler: make that snack a *Soupersnack* with spicy Chilled Mexican Soup. Here's the recipe:

CHILLED MEXICAN SOUP — Make up Continental brand Mexican-style Tomato Vegetable Soup. Chill. In serving bowl place one chopped green pepper, chopped cucumber and cubes of bread fried in oil until golden. Pour chilled soup into bowl. Serve immediately. CN1/24WWFPC

NOTHING MAKES A SNACK TASTE SO GOOD AS CONTINENTAL SOUP brand

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Why waste time hanging mistletoe? Just give him socks of ORLON* ACRYLIC FIBRE

What else? What better way to give him a colourful Christmas and make him respect your intellect as well? You win both ways. He sees you as a Brain as well as a Beauty. You're smart and he's smart and it's a Happy Christmas all round. Just make sure the socks are of 'Orlon', though. There's nothing to touch it for smartness and comfort. Better things for better living . . . *through chemistry.* DU PONT

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBRE. DU PONT MAKES FIBRES, NOT THE SOCKS SHOWN HERE. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND, P. ROWE INTERNATIONAL PTY. LTD.

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Recipes from our

LEILA HOWARD

TEST KITCHEN

ONIONS

● An onion is a simple, homely ingredient that is able to turn an uninteresting dish into a delightfully savory and appetising one.

IN this section is a variety of simple but interesting recipes, each designed to use the onion at its savory best.

Crisply crackling golden-brown onion rings are the perfect accompaniment to grilled steak, chops, or hamburgers. Here's the easy way to make them:

FRENCH-FRIED ONION RINGS

Six onions, 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon salt, oil for frying.

Skin onions, slice thinly, separate into rings. Put into bowl, cover with milk; let stand 1 hour. Drain, and reserve milk. Beat egg well, beat in reserved milk, salt, and sifted flour. Dip each onion ring into batter, drop into hot oil, a few rings at a time so heat of oil does not decrease. Fry until golden brown, drain well, sprinkle with salt.

Note: Green and red peppers, seeded and cut into slices, are unusual and delicious when prepared this way.

Simple French-fried Onions: Slice and separate onions as above, soak in milk, and drain. (The milk can be used for making a sauce to accompany a grill.) Coat onion rings well with flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Then deep-fry, as above. A little grated parmesan cheese or curry-powder can be mixed in with the flour.

ITALIAN ONION SALAD

Three large white onions, 1 large red pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, water, ½ cup oil, 2 tablespoons red wine or vinegar, extra ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon oregano, pepper, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, lettuce.

Peel and slice onions, cover with water, add ½ teaspoon salt. Simmer until tender yet still slightly crisp. Add red pepper (which has been seeded and cut into rings) for last 5 minutes of cooking; drain and cool. Combine with oil, wine or vinegar, salt, oregano, and pepper; chill. Serve on bed of crisp lettuce, sprinkle with parsley.

ONION SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, cayenne pepper, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese, 4 egg-yolks, 3 white onions (sliced and sauteed until lightly brown), 1 tablespoon sherry, 5 egg-whites (stiffly beaten), paprika, extra grated cheese.

Melt butter in pan. Stir in flour off heat, season with salt, cayenne pepper, mustard. Pour on milk, stir over heat until mixture thickens (it must not boil). Add cheese, egg-yolks, onion, and sherry; fold in egg-whites. Grease 8in. soufflé-dish, tie piece of greased paper or aluminium foil around the outside. Fill with mixture, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until firm to the touch. Remove from oven, sprinkle with little cheese and paprika. Remove paper, serve at once.

GLAZED ONIONS

One pound small white onions, water, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons chicken stock or bouillon, 1 tablespoon sugar, salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Peel onions, put into saucepan with cold water to cover. Bring to boil, then remove from heat, drain. Replace onions in saucepan with butter, stock, salt, and sugar; simmer over low heat until onions have absorbed liquid and become golden. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

***FRENCH-FRIED ONION RINGS** are perfect with a grill. Serve the Italian Onion Salad with a grill, too, or with cold meat. The recipes are on this page.*

BAKED ONIONS

Put medium-sized onions (unpeeled) into well-greased baking-dish. Cook in moderate over 2 to 2½ hours. The skin will then slip off onions, which will be delicious and full of flavor. Serve with salt, freshly ground pepper, and melted butter.

STUFFED ONIONS

Six large onions, chopped leftover meat, cooked rice or mushrooms or a combination of all three, salt, pepper, fine crumbs, melted butter, stock.

Peel onions, parboil about 10 minutes; drain well. Cut out centres, leaving shell about ¾in. to 1in. thick and base about ¼in. thick. Chop centre, combine with meat, rice, and mushrooms. Season to taste with salt, pepper. Fill shells with mixture, sprinkle tops with crumbs and little melted butter. Arrange in shallow ovenproof dish, add sufficient stock to come half way up the onions. Cook in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes or until tops are brown. Serve each onion with a little cooking liquid poured around.

BAKED ALMOND-ONIONS

One pound small onions of even size, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon slivered almonds, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Combine water, brown sugar, salt, and paprika, bring to boil. Add peeled whole onions, cover, simmer gently 20 minutes or until onions are crisply tender. Drain off liquid, reserve. Place onions in greased casserole. Brown almonds in the butter, add flour, brown lightly. Stir in liquid left from cooking onions, cook until slightly thickened, then add worcestershire sauce; pour over onions. Cover, bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes.

HONEY-GLAZED ONIONS

One and a half pounds small white onions, boiling salted water, 3 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup honey.

Cook onions in boiling salted water until tender, drain well. Melt butter in frying-pan, add honey; stir until blended. Add onions and cook slowly, turning occasionally, until glazed.

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

One tablespoon butter, 3 onions, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 quarts good beef stock, salt, pepper, french bread, grated parmesan cheese.

Melt butter in saucepan, add thinly sliced onions; saute over gentle heat until onions are soft and lightly brown. Stir in flour; cook, stirring, a few minutes, then stir in stock. Simmer 10 minutes, season to taste. Sprinkle slices of french bread generously with grated cheese; toast under griller. Float slice of toasted-cheese bread on top of each individual bowl of soup.

ONION PIE

Two pounds onions, 2oz. butter, 3 eggs (well beaten), 1 cup sour cream, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, dash cayenne, parmesan cheese, 1 baked 8in. shortcrust or flaky pastry-case, paprika.

Peel onions, slice thinly. Melt butter in saucepan, add onions, cook gently until limp but not brown. Combine eggs and sour cream, mixing well; add onions, then add salt, pepper, and cayenne. Spoon into pastry-case, sprinkle generously with grated parmesan cheese, top with sprinkling of paprika. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

Continued overleaf

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Useful hints and shortcuts in housework, cooking, and sewing sent in by readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.

TO make an excellent prawning net, remove the strings from an old tennis racquet, make a mesh bag and securely sew it to the racquet frame. This net is handy also for catching small fish. — Mrs. J. Knight, 13 Briens Rd., Northmead, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A piece of string will silence that dripping tap at night. Tie one end of the string to the tap and let the other end rest in the sink. The water will run down the string quietly. — Mrs. M. Cameron, "Loch-ayr," Browley St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

For a nice change when making junket, flavor with a dessertspoon of coffee essence instead of your usual flavoring.—Mrs. Lois Golden, 25 Etela St., Belmore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When planting out geranium cuttings in tins or pots to sell at fetes, etc., place beside each a sharpened ice-cream stick, with one or two dobs of paint to indicate the color and whether the cutting has a double or single flower. — R. Lewis, 32 Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

Use a vegetable peeler instead of a grater for grating cooking chocolate for garnishing. It is cleaner and easier and the result looks nice. — Mrs. H. Williams, 11 Merribell Ave., East Coburg, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Keep sewing-machine bobbins tidy by threading them on a medium-sized meat skewer and putting a cork on the sharpened end. Each color can be seen at a glance. — Mrs. D. Thomas, 120 Mitchell St., Wodonga, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To keep ants from ice-chest or safe, stand the legs of the chest in flat shallow tins containing a syrup made as follows: Boil together a little more than ½ cup sugar with 1 cup water for 10 minutes, then add 1 heaped dessertspoon powdered borax; stir and boil again until the consistency of honey. — Mrs. M. Mallon, 112 Denham St., Rockhampton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Pipe cleaners make handy fasteners for bags containing food or oddments. I also use them to tie latch handles on cupboards to prevent my children opening them.—Mrs. D. Pemberton, 4A Bent St., Bentleigh, SE 14, Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

I use a pair of tweezers to remove tailor's tacking in all sewing. It is much easier than trying to pull the tacks out with the fingers or scissors, which might cut the material. — Mrs. B. Humphrey, Box 245, P.O., Hamilton, Vic.

Jam to make for Christmas

● This week the £5 main prize is awarded for a recipe for a colorful jam containing canned pineapple, maraschino cherries and dried apricots.

JARS of the prizewinning jam, suitably gift-wrapped, would make delightful Christmas presents. The recipe makes about six jars.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for refreshing iced tomato frappe, served in small bowls on a bed of crushed ice, and a sharp barbecue sauce to serve with grills.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHRISTMAS JAM

Twelve ounces dried apricots, 1 large can chunk style pineapple (about 30oz. size), 3½ cups water, 1 8oz. jar maraschino cherries, 6 cups sugar.

In large saucepan combine apricots, pineapple and syrup, water and cherry liquid; allow to stand 1 hour. Cook slowly until apricots are tender. Add sugar and stir over low heat until dissolved. Cook slowly, stirring often, until liquid is thick and clear. Add cherries, cut in quarters, and cook a few minutes longer. Pour into hot sterilised jars, cover with melted wax. Makes about 6 medium-sized jars.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Paterson, 167 King Street, Charleville, Qld.

CONTINENTAL SAUCE

(Serve with grills, barbecued meats.)

Half red or green pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ¾ cup water, 1½ tablespoons worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons barbecue sauce or other hot fruity sauce, 1 large can sliced mushrooms, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped chives.

Cut pepper into small pieces, fry in heated butter until tender. Add brown sugar and cornflour blended with water. Mix in sauces, mushrooms, and season with salt and pepper. Stir over low heat until just beginning to boil. Add chives and simmer about 1 minute. Serve hot — delicious on grills or barbecued meat.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Taylor, 57 Stapleton Ave., South Casino, N.S.W.

TOMATO COCKTAIL FRAPPE

One dessertspoon gelatine, ¾ cup hot water, ½ pint tomato juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 thin slice onion, ½ teaspoon meat extract, ½ pint cold water, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives, cucumber slices, and parsley to garnish.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place tomato juice, sugar, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, onion slice, and meat extract into saucepan. Add cold water, bring to the boil; simmer about 6 minutes. Strain to remove onion. When cool, add chopped chives and dissolved gelatine. Pour into ice-cream trays, freeze until mushy. Spoon into small soup cups placed on serving-plates, then surround with crushed ice. Garnish with twisted cucumber slices and parsley sprigs.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Grant, Youngtown, Tas.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

THIS pretty summer salad has a color contrast.

CUCUMBER ICE

Two cucumbers, 3 dessertspoons wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 3 dessertspoons cold water, 6 medium-sized tomatoes, lettuce leaves.

Quarter cucumbers, peel, remove seeds, and grate or puree in electric blender. Add vinegar, salt, and pepper. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add to cucumber, freeze until firm. Transfer to chilled bowl, beat well; re-freeze. Slice tomatoes downward into 6 sections, leaving them attached at base. Place each on lettuce leaf, place scoop of cucumber ice in centre.

Calories per serve, 52.

ONIONS . . . from previous page

UNUSUAL BAKED ONIONS

Twelve medium-sized onions, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch paprika, 2 teaspoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, chopped parsley.

Peel onions, cut in halves crosswise. Place in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with salt, paprika, sugar. Dot with butter, bake in slow oven about 1 hour. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

BROILED ONIONS

One pound small white onions, boiling salted water, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese, salt, pepper.

Peel onions, cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain well, place in baking-dish or griller-pan. Pour over melted butter, sprinkle with combined parmesan cheese and crumbs. Season to taste, cook under pre-heated griller 7 minutes.

FESTIVE ONIONS

Four cups sliced onions, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup cream, salt and pepper, 2-3rds cup grated cheese.

Saute onions in butter until transparent, transfer into ovenproof dish. Beat eggs until light, mix in cream, adding salt and pepper to taste. Pour over onions, sprinkle over cheese, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

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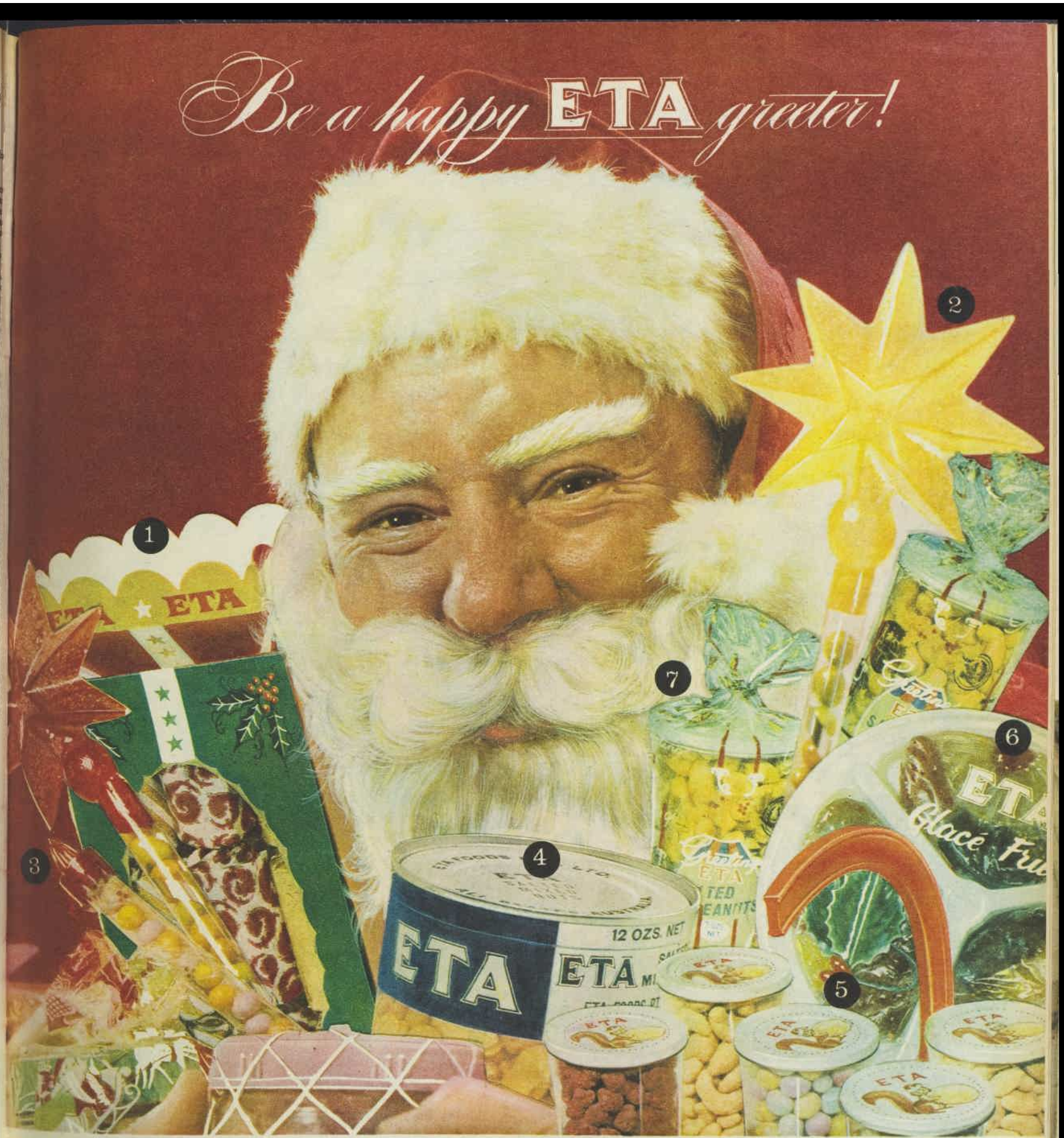

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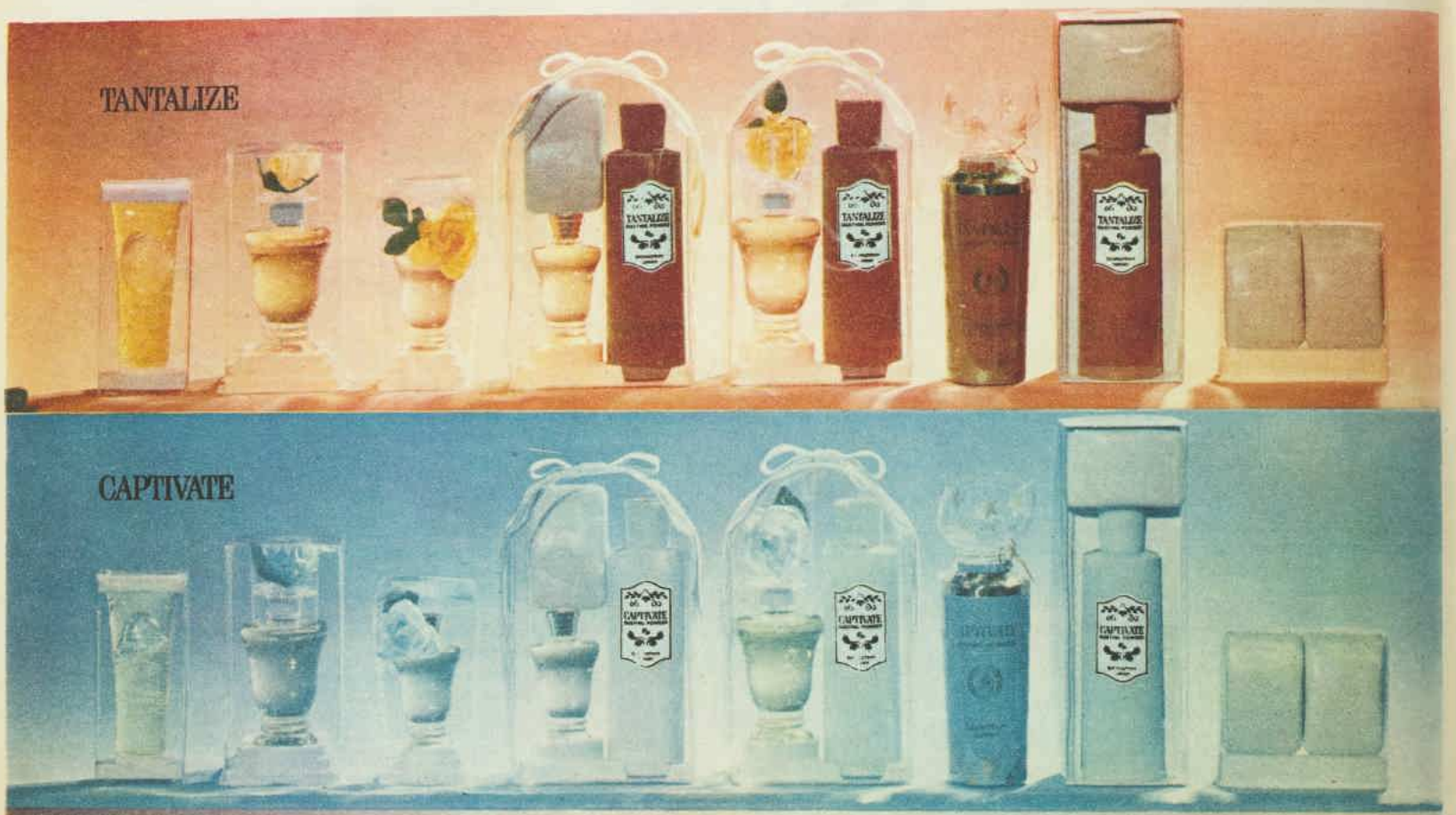

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Continued from page 42

RUN SCARED

Mrs. Bascom saw this, too, for she took another sandwich and said kindly, "No need to cry, Dilly. Lem is either elected or he's not elected." She glanced at the clock. "It's nearly midnight. There's nothing more that any of us can do."

Dilly looked at the clock, too, but said, "The poll workers can get busy soon."

It was like Dilly, Martha thought, she never gave up.

A log in the fireplace fell apart with a sputter of sparks which annoyed Stinky, who was hunched up on the mantel. He rose and peered down with indignation and the doorbell rang. It was so unexpected, shrilling through the silent house, that all three women started up, as if pulled on a single cord of something like fright. "What on earth—" Mrs. Bascom began, but Dilly was already padding over in her stockinged feet to the door.

It was the sheriff. He came in, apologising for the lateness of the hour, and a young man, in State police uniform, with a great leather holster at his waist, came in with him. The sheriff introduced him with a shade of embarrassment. "Captain Case."

He was stocky, yet hard-looking; he had sharp black eyes which took in everything. Mrs. Bascom said crisply, "What's happened, Sheriff?"

"I'm afraid it's bad news, Mrs. Bascom said crisply, way it's good news, too. We got the ballistics report. Jim Stenson didn't shoot that man."

"Thank heaven," Mrs. Bascom said. "Have you told Jim?"

"Well, not yet. That is, we're on our way to tell him and—well, you see"—the sheriff sighed heavily—"you see somebody did shoot him. So—"

"We'd like to see any guns you have in the house, Mrs. Bascom," Captain Case said smartly.

Mrs. Bascom's eyes shot fire. "What do you mean, Captain?"

The sheriff made a restraining gesture with one hand, but the smart young captain said concisely, "The only people known to have seen Sykes are Jim Stenson and young Mrs. Bascom here. There is no link we've yet discovered between Sykes and anybody else at all, so—"

Mrs. Bascom seemed to grow several feet. "Do you mean to say that you suspect my daughter-in-law of killing that man?"

"No, no," the sheriff began, but the young captain cut in, "We don't suspect anybody in particular, Mrs. Bascom. But Jim Stenson and your daughter-in-law saw the man. Nobody else that we've so far discovered—"

Mrs. Bascom interrupted. "The man with the raincoat saw him."

The captain accepted it smoothly. "If in fact he has the raincoat. But so far the only link we have with Sykes is this place, Stenson's place. Sykes was shot, you can't get around that. So if you have any guns—"

Mrs. Bascom's eyes blazed. "Go right ahead. Search anywhere." A wickedly mischevous gleam came into her face. "It's a big house — lots of places to hide a gun. Take your time." She sat down with the majesty of an outraged queen.

The sheriff passed his hand over his sagging, tired face. "Now, Mrs. Bascom, it's only a search. We don't know where to start and we've got to start somewhere and—and Sykes was found here, that is in the lake, and —"

"You know where the gun cabinet is, Sheriff," Mrs. Bascom said ruthlessly, "right there in the library."

"The murder weapon," the young captain said sharply, "isn't likely to be in any gun cabinet."

"I assure you, Captain, it is not in my handbag," Mrs. Bascom said scathingly. "The library is through that door. You'll see the gun cabinet."

Mrs. Bascom pretended to nibble at her sandwich; Dilly tucked one foot under her. All three women listened to the opening of the cabinet door in the library, the low murmur of the men's voices. They came back. The sheriff said, "Two shotguns and a rifle and this —" He held out a heavy revolver toward Mrs. Bascom.

SHE lifted one eyebrow. "Oh, that. I really don't know who it belongs to. It's been there forever."

The sheriff opened it, made sure it was not loaded, then squinted down the barrel and sighed. "You ought to take better care of this, Mrs. Bascom. Looks as if it hadn't been cleaned in years."

"I don't suppose it has been." Mrs. Bascom poured chocolate with a steady hand.

The young captain seemed to disapprove of the neighborly tone of the conversation. "There's all the rest of the house, Sheriff," he said sternly.

Again a mischievous glint shone in Mrs. Bascom's face. "Go right ahead and search, Captain. There's a cellar, too. And an attic. Full of old trunks. Oh—there are some boxes of Christmas-tree ornaments. Be sure you don't break them."

The eager glow in Captain Care's black eyes seemed a little dampened and thoughtful. In the slight pause Dilly moved. She pushed back her spectacles, she untangled one leg, and got out of her chair. She stood for a second, worrying her spectacles, then she looked at the captain and said tonelessly, "I'll save you the trouble. I've got a gun."

The sheriff's mouth fell open. The captain stared.

Dilly pawed a slipper toward her with one stockinged foot; she reached down and sought under the chair for the other slipper. Mrs. Bascom said, "Dilly —" and stopped. Dilly shoved her feet into her shoes and walked across to the telephone room. She came back with her huge alligator handbag and handed it to the captain without a word.

The captain was not prepared for its weight. His hand went down; he jerked it up and said, "This thing must weigh ten pounds!"

"Open it," the sheriff said testily.

The captain fumbled with the fastening, got the bag open, and looked startled and then appalled. After a second or two he went to a

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 2

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Sun.

★ Conditions may be summed up by saying the week is definitely unlucky. There is much confusion, deception, tension, plus sudden big moves. Best to take no chances, especially 7th.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ The unexpected could happen all along the line. There could be muddle and loss, and friends could let you down. Those born May 8-10 should take special precautions. Stick to routine.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ All departments of your life could be adversely affected this week. Watch out for double-dealing and the forked tongue. There could be big changes with far-reaching consequences.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ You have a horror stretch ahead of you and you'll need all your tenacity to weather emotional storms. Don't trust appearances, and beware of accidents. A week of big changes.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ There's conflict in the Zodiac this week, and it could influence your affairs unhappily, particularly in love and marriage. Some might have a sad parting; others' destiny could be basically altered.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ A really nasty week. You could take the brunt of the bad aspects, 7th-8th, but there is lots of confusion and loss leading up. Great changes, especially if born September 6-12.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ You'll be on a teeter-board until 11th, and you'll need every atom of balance to stop falling off. Beware accidents, muddled thinking, false friends, bolt-from-the-blue changes.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, navy. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ You could especially feel the backlash of the trouble stretch from 3rd-11th, particularly if in the November 9-11 birthday bracket. There is deception, abrupt change, strife.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, cerise, jade. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ If you are rearing to go — and this is your go period — advice is to stop in the stable. You could casually trust to luck. Watch this. Take no risks until after 11th.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Mercury enters your sign and normally sharpens your wits and improves your judgment. However, the bad patch, 3rd-11th, upsets your thinking. You'll need your prudence. Romance wilts.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, silver. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Eccentric friends could cause trouble and loss. This is all part of an unhappy span from 3rd-12th, which also adversely pressures marriage and partnership. Drastic changes are likely.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, hoops. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ With your sensitive nature, you could become a target for discordant influences, 3rd-11th. For some, a new chapter. For others, sudden changes. Anyway, avoid risks — and beatniks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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table and turned the handbag upside down and Martha understood his look of surprise, for a horde of small objects fell out on the table. A wallet, a coin purse, a compact, several nubby pencils, two small combs, pennies and dimes, battered packages of cigarettes, a dusting of loose tobacco, some face tissues, two or three folded handkerchiefs, two lipsticks—one without a cover—spilled over the table, and a perfume vial rolled off the table and on to the floor. A heavy, business-like revolver thudded on the table, too.

"Don't touch it," Captain Case snapped smartly at the sheriff, who was heard to say he didn't intend to, although certainly his hand had gone out toward it. The captain picked up the revolver with much care, eyed it closely, and then asked Dilly, "Where did you get this?"

Continued from page 75

RUN SCARED

"My husband gave it to me. I drive alone a great deal." Dilly sat down and took off her spectacles as if the scene held no interest for her.

"Is it loaded?" Captain Case didn't wait for an answer, but, handling the revolver very cautiously so as not to disturb any existing fingerprints, looked and said, "Not loaded. But —" he sniffed at it and then held it to the sheriff's nose. "What do you think, Sheriff?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

The captain sniffed again. "I'd say it's been fired lately. When did you last fire this gun, Mrs. Downes?"

"I've never fired it," Dilly said flatly.

"Where are the shells?"

"I really don't know."

The captain looked angry. "You must know!"

"Well, I don't," Dilly said. "Around somewhere, I suppose."

"But—but that doesn't make sense," the captain said in an exasperated way.

The sheriff intervened. "Ladies don't always make sense about guns."

"They can fire them, though," the captain said, scoring a point.

The sheriff said, "Captain, we'll take the revolver, and for my part I'll take Mrs. Bascom's word for it that there are no other guns in the house. It'd take hours to go through it and even then we'd not be sure. I'm in favor of going on to Jim Stenson's and getting his other guns now."

Captain Case didn't quite seem to approve, but he did seem to see the practical common sense of the sheriff's suggestion, for he cast one glance up the stairs, another toward the dining-room, and sighed almost imperceptibly. "All right. If you give me your word, Mrs. Bascom."

Mrs. Bascom sighed. "Captain, I give you my word that to my knowledge there is not so much as a waterpistol anywhere in the house—except what you've seen. But do look if you prefer, only don't wake Chrissy, she may not like it."

"Chrissy?" The captain was momentarily thrown off stride. The sheriff said, "Everybody knows Chrissy. Works here."

The captain debated, glanced at the stairs again, and nodded. "I'll just give you a receipt for this revolver, Mrs. Downes."

The sheriff looked uneasy. "We'll get it back to you, Mrs. Downes. Soon as we can."

He meant, clearly, as soon as the police had tested the revolver to see if it had been fired, as soon as they had secured shells for it and fired them and compared the slugs with the slug that had killed Walt Sykes.

THE captain strode across, in his glittering, polished boots, to hand Dilly a receipt, which she took absently and as absently dropped it on a table.

The sheriff said worriedly, "No hard feelings, I hope, Mrs. Bascom. Just a formality—"

"Of course, Sheriff."

"Oh," he clapped his hand to his forehead in dismay. "I didn't tell you. We just got word. The dead man was Walt Sykes all right. And we got a report from that fingerprint we found. He—the man with the raincoat — was Oliver Brown. No doubt about that."

Mrs. Bascom put her small hand on the sheriff's arm. After a moment she said slowly, "I wish you'd known sooner. I wish you'd known before Lem made his speech tonight."

"So do I, Mrs. Bascom. It'll all be in the papers tomorrow, earliest edition — if that's any help. I'll see that Oliver Brown's attempt to blackmail young Mrs. Bascom about the car accident is in the papers, too." He sighed. "We did everything as fast as we could, Mrs. Bascom. Sent a police car with the full report, fingerprints and all, to the State prison. Did everything, we really did."

"I know. I know. Thank you, Sheriff."

"Wish we could have done better. Oh, and Mrs. Bascom, we're leaving a police car and a couple of men here tonight."

"If you say so, Sheriff, but I assure you it's not necessary."

The sheriff rubbed his tired eyes. "I don't like the idea of Brown being still at large, that's all. I don't mean to scare you."

"We're not scared," Mrs. Bascom said. "Good night—"

The door closed behind them. Mrs. Bascom came back and stood

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

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for a moment looking at the dwindling fire. Dilly said, "Just too late for Lem's speech."

"It can't be helped," Mrs. Bascom said at last, philosophically. "Besides, Lem still couldn't have proved that they schemed to trap Martha. All this is still only surmise. The only definite thing he could have said is that the two men were released from prison the same date and that Brown had been here at Bascom Bay. If Lem had told about the phone calls and the offer to trade for Jack Mansour's freedom —no, he couldn't have done that without proof. Too many things for people to question. In any event, it's too late now. I'm going to bed."

She touched Martha's cheek lightly and lovingly with her fingers and then leaned over and kissed her, "Sleep now, Martha. You've done everything you can. You, too, Dilly."

Dilly rose, and, to Martha's surprise, unemotional Dilly put both her arms around Mrs. Bascom. Mrs. Bascom looked surprised, too. "There, Dilly, the world won't come to an end if Lem's not elected." She hugged Dilly heartily and for an instant Dilly seemed to cling to the small figure of Mrs. Bascom. Then Dilly released her and Mrs. Bascom said briskly, "Get some sleep, both of you." She turned toward the stairs and Martha said suddenly, "Do you think Lem will come home tonight?"

Mrs. Bascom's sharp yet kind eyes wavered for just an instant and Martha knew that Mrs. Bascom knew, or astutely guessed—for Lem wouldn't have told her—the situation between Lem and Martha. Then she said gently, "If Lem's got any sense he'll go right to the hotel and fall into bed and stay there till tomorrow. Good night, both of you."

She went up the stairs; they could hear her heels tapping along the hall and then the closing of a door.

DILLY sank down in a chair again, looking dowdy, old, and pale, utterly defeated. Martha forgot her ugly, nagging envy. "You've worked so hard for Lem," she said. "I'm sorry."

"I did it because I wanted to." Dilly thrust a wisp of hair back from her forehead and pulled herself out of the chair, her hands wearily on its arms as if she were tired to her very bones. She went across to the table where Captain Case had dumped out the contents of her handbag. "Did you and Lem make things up?"

"No," Martha said as flatly as Dilly.

Dilly picked up a lipstick. "Why not? I saw him put his arm around you and go off the stage with you. He said in his speech that he had changed his mind because his wife had given him strength and courage. You had your chance. What else do you want?"

Martha was so tired, so drained of emotion, that she replied simply and directly, "I want his love."

Dilly said unexpectedly, "Yes, I know. I understand. I know all about love."

She eyed the miscellany of small objects on the table, gathered up her skirt, made a sort of basket of it, and began to scoop pencils and wallet and scraps of paper into it.

A small coin missed Dilly's skirt and rolled, clattering, along the floor. Dilly said again, "Yes, I know all about love. "It's a different way of living. It's like—a disease, too; you can't help yourself once you get it, and you don't know how or when you get it. But it changes everything — gives it significance. Even colors seem brighter. Everything you do means something. Nothing in your life before seems to count. And afterward—afterward nothing is going to count and you know it." She tossed the battered lipstick without

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a cover toward the basket of logs; it fell short and rolled.

In the quiet of the night, the two women alone, honesty between them seemed a mandate. Martha said slowly, "I believe you when you said there was nothing between you and Lem. But I knew, too, that—that really there was the strongest kind of tie. I've envied you, Dilly."

Dilly didn't even look at her. She made a sweep with her arm, clearing the table. "Don't envy me! Oh, yes, I've worked well with Lem—up to now, but that's all . . . You want to know about the man. You wouldn't have thought much of him. In a way I didn't. In my heart I always knew he was interested in my money. And I knew that he was—oh, impressed with the people I knew—names. But there it was. Like a disease. I couldn't help myself. Will you lock up, Martha?"

"Dilly—"

Dilly slung her handbag over one arm. She held her skirt gathered up, her laced, beautiful slip showing. She trudged slowly up the stairs and didn't look back.

Martha stared after her long after she heard Dilly's door close. Whatever her love had been it had been an unhappy one. That was why Dilly had married Zeke! On the rebound, because, as Dilly had said, nothing in your life afterward matters.

She felt closer to Dilly than she had ever felt and at the same time farther away.

After awhile she roused; she went automatically about the little, night-time chores; the fire screen, the french windows, the front door. She opened it on an impulse and glanced out. A police car stood halfway along the drive. She didn't think that Brown was at all likely to come near the house, the lake, even the village again; still the police car was a comforting sight. She locked the door and turned off all the lights but one, in the event that Lem did return that night, and went to Lem's room, tiptoeing past the closed doors to Ma Bascom's room and to Dilly's, although she didn't think that either of them slept.

She was tired. She was so tired that she dropped down across the bed. In a moment she'd undress, but she'd rest a little first.

If Lem had any sense, as his mother had said, he'd stay in town and rest and come home the next day. He'd been up all the previous night; he'd been under a strain, on a constant round of speeches and travel and conferences for weeks. Yes, he'd certainly stay in town and come home the next day —in time to vote.

Election Day.

There was no way to guess how he felt about her own action that night. But surely in the voters' eyes her statement would somewhat clear Lem of any possible involvement. Surely they would know at least that there would be no whitewashing, no attempt to escape the penalty of her own criminal offence. But could she be sure of

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that? She couldn't be sure of anything.

Lem had changed his mind about disqualifying himself as a candidate. So he must have meant what he'd said of her, "My wife has given me the strength and courage—"

They had hustled him back on stage. He hadn't had a chance to speak to her privately. But there'd been time to say just a word: even a look, the smallest but real gesture would have been enough.

The house was quiet, yet seemed alive, too. A stairboard somewhere creaked. She half heard it and thought vaguely that all old houses come alive at night. She could almost imagine that she heard stealthy little rustlings, the sigh of old wood, the brush of a vine against a window. In fact, it was a quiet night, with no wind or rain and a heavy, overcast sky.

Lying flat on the bed, her face on her arm, half drifting into sleep, she even imagined that she heard a door somewhere open or close. Chrissy, she thought, all but submerged in exhausted sleep; Chrissy or Mrs. Bascom or Dilly, going down to the kitchen perhaps to get some hot milk or a sandwich. She only half listened and heard nothing more.

Sleep was overcoming her; it was like a drug. She told herself that she must rouse and get out of her suit and get into bed, and then heard a thin small wail from somewhere. It sounded like a cat, she thought, as she might have thought it in a dream, and then suddenly, sharply roused as the cry came again.

It came from outside, just below her window. It was Stinky, of course. He must have gone outside when the sheriff and the police captain left and none of them had seen him. She hadn't looked for him when she locked up. And now Stinky was making the rounds of the windows, demanding to be let back in again.

He could stay out; probably he'd spent many nights curled up in some warm drift of leaves. He had a thick coat. But no, she couldn't leave him outdoors all night in the damp cold. She struggled out of the sleep that dragged at every muscle; she went over to the window and called, "Stinky—Stinky—"

She couldn't see anything below; there was only a thick black. She thought of Lem saying affectionately, "That old bat." There was nothing to do but go downstairs and let Stinky into his house and his domain and a warm place to sleep. She went softly along the hall and down the stairs into the pool of light cast by the one lamp she had left burning. She hesitated for a moment; the dining-room lay directly below Lem's bedroom; fi Stinky were waiting there, the quickest way to find him was to open the terrace door of the dining-room. She turned on the dining-room lights.

She had forgotten the telephone men, putting in extra telephones. The great table was bare except for the rank of telephones, and looked strange.

She opened the terrace door and called softly so as not to awaken Mrs. Bascom. "Stinky—Stinky—" The night was very dark and cloudy; there was not a star showing and the air felt damp as if another fall of rain was in the making.

Stinky made a small, inquiring sound from behind her. She turned, startled. He was strolling in from the living-room; he paused to stretch. "Stinky!" she said in exasperation. "You were in the house all the time!"

But then she thought, suddenly, what was the sound below her windows? With a gesture which was only reflex she jerked the door shut and instantly turned the bolt.

Imagination? No, it wasn't imagination, but it was some faint noise out in the night which had suggested Stinky's hoarse cry for recognition.

Something moved beyond the black, shining glass of the door. She caught only the flicker of movement, gone before she could identify it, gone actually before she was sure she had seen it. Yet it seemed to her that a face, pallid against the darkness of the night, had moved swiftly away out of sight. She couldn't be really sure that she had seen it at all.

She waited, hearing the thud of her own pulses in her ears. The black panes winked with light from the room around her. She could see a broken reflection of herself in her yellow suit, a glimpse of the table set with telephones, and a mirror over the buffet.

THERE was now no queerly palid face, not even the impression of a face. Besides, Oliver Brown wouldn't dare the risk of returning to the house! By now he would have seen the newspapers, heard the radio broadcasts. By now he was still runing for cover.

The face was really imagination, she decided, some trick of the lights reflected by the black glass, some motion of her own moving figure. Yet he had said, uneasy, angry, already revengeful, "—I'll fix you —" There was no logic about his threat; it was mere brutal bluster. There was no reason, no real or even personally satisfying reason for Brown to — to do what? she thought, appalled at her own fantastic conjecture, for there was nothing Brown could do. Certainly he had no reason to bait her out into the darkness, making a sound like the cry of a cat!

She decided that she was letting her overtired nerves play tricks. Still, she knew, as she went back toward the stairs, that she'd feel more comfortable if she looked out to see the police car still standing in the driveway.

She debated for another second; then, before an absurd kind of fear could nibble into her courage and establish itself, she unlocked and opened the big front door and, of course, the police car stood solidly, now, before the front steps. All she had to do was speak to the police and tell them she had thought, just for a tenth of a second, that she might have seen a face. Silly!

All the same she called softly, "Officer."

Instantly a head popped out of one of the car windows, "Yes'm."

"I—thought I saw someone. On the terrace, on the other side of the house."

There was a little pause as if the two policemen took wordless counsel with each other. Then the capped head said, "Yes'm. Mrs. Downes thought someone was down at the lake, too. We've just had a look all over the grounds. Nobody here."

Martha hesitated. Dilly's alarm seemed to give a kind of validity to her own. Dilly didn't imagine things. She said finally, "When did Mrs. Downes tell you that?"

Again there was a feeling that the two men mutely consulted each other. Then the policeman leaning out of the door said, "Maybe half an hour ago. We made a circuit all around the place down along the lake. Don't you worry, Mrs. Bascom. But we'll take another look now if it'll make you feel better."

In the faint light from the room behind her she could see his face

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now more clearly. He looked a little troubled. "Mrs. Bascom, just what did you see?"

"I'm not sure really I saw anything. Just a face—but I'm not sure."

He nodded. "We'll take a look—"

"Thank you."

Feeling rather foolish, she closed the door and relocked it. She could almost hear the two men saying indulgently, "Hysterical women!" She went back upstairs and Stinky followed and established himself on the windowsill. It was far later than she had realised; she must have lain across the bed, sunk in thoughts that had no beginning and no end, for a long time. But she crossed to the window and looked down; two huge flashlights were moving about along the rim of the shrubbery down by the lake. Stinky watched with interest, his tail twitching.

When she turned out the light at last, Stinky was still craning his neck and watching, but the flashlights had quietly disappeared. So they had found no one.

"Martha," Lem said, "wake up—"

SHE was sure she was dreaming. She was dreaming and deep in sleep — yet there was daylight around her and Lem's voice again. "Martha — wake up. I've brought your breakfast."

That and the fragrance of coffee was no dream. She opened her eyes. It was full daylight and Lem stood beside the bed in sweater and slacks, looking tired but freshly shaven, holding a breakfast tray.

He put it down awkwardly, jiggling the little coffee-pot. "Chrissy said you're to have your breakfast in bed like a lady. Besides, the house is full of people."

"What time is it?"

"Nearly noon. I didn't want to wake you. But if you want to vote—"

Vote. "Oh—yes. When did you get home?"

"Late. I looked in and you were sleeping so hard I didn't want to wake you."

Her eyes met his and looked away again. "Of course."

"Martha." Lem cleared his throat and reached in a pocket for cigarettes. "That was a brave thing you did last night."

"You wouldn't have let me do it." Her voice was strangely cool and impersonal. Like Lem's, she thought.

Lem turned his cigarette over in his fingers. She sipped at the coffee. Lem said at last, "Thank you—" and went to the door. "I'll be waiting whenever you're ready," he said and was gone.

So, she thought, the moment that just might have signalled reconciliation was past. She hadn't really expected it.

She ate what she could; when she dressed she paid careful attention to every detail of her appearance. Her red suit looked brave and gay. She went downstairs, where in a few hours, while she

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slept so heavily, everything had changed.

Men were in the dining-room around the telephones; men were lounging and talking and smoking in the living-room. Telephones were ringing and voices speaking into them. Miss Stanley, Lem's secretary, came out of the hubbub. She was attractive, cool, and, as always, efficient, and told her that Lem was waiting in his car.

There were other cars parked helter-skelter all along the driveway, all the way back to the garage. They drove into the village in utter silence. They voted. When they came out there were photographers. "Look this way, Mrs. Bascom. Just one more—"

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It seemed to her that in the short space of time they were in the voting booths the whole of Bascom Bay had swiftly gathered. They went through the crowd down to the car and someone shouted, "Hurray for Lem." Others picked it up; there was scattered applause.

They drove back. It wasn't Republican weather, she thought once, dully; it wasn't Democrat weather either. It was just weather, a grey, still, overcast day. Lem said that they had driven up from the city the night before; he said that Archie and Bob Newton had come with him. He said that Miss Stanley and the others had arived early that morning. He said, at last, that it was a beautiful day, and she heard herself agree very politely, and then looked at the overcast sky with a tinge of wry humor. It was anything but beautiful. Weather makes conversation when everything else fails.

They arrived at home, and lunch was already being set out at a long buffet which had been set up with bridge tables joined together in the living-room.

Mrs. Bascom stood at one end carving from a baked ham. Someone buttonholed Lem and he went into the dining-room, from which clouds of cigarette smoke and the hum of voices and the constant shrilling of the telephone emerged. Chrissy, her face flushed, brought in a great bowl of salad. Martha took a swift lesson from Mrs. Bascom, who was neat and unperturbed in her grey dress, with pearls at her throat and ears, serving the plates, and took up a position at the other end of the table before an enormous platter of fried chicken.

People spoke to her and she spoke to them and asked if they wanted light or dark meat, and urged salad and hot rolls upon them. She remembered faces and names. She thought once of Dilly and supposed that she was in the centre of activity in the dining-room until she heard Chrissy say to Mrs. Bascom, "Shall I take a tray up to Mrs. Downes?" Mrs. Bascom replied, "Oh, no, let her sleep. She'll not come down till the returns are heavier."

They ate everywhere, perching on the arms of the sofa, taking plates into the dining-room, just standing still, absently, ears

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trained to the voices and telephones from the dining-room. Martha gradually began to sense that something, somehow, was not quite what she had expected, although she didn't know what she had expected.

Very gradually she began to understand it. There was no throb of jubilance and excitement. Chrissy confirmed that when Martha came to the kitchen with a load of empty plates. "Not like the old days," Chrissy said, shaking her head. "They act as if—" She caught herself, with a troubled glance at Martha, and said, too comfortingly, "But then the early returns never mean much. It's when the city votes come in this evening—"

So they expected defeat, Martha wondered how much Chrissy knew of her own part in that defeat and decided she knew everything, for Chrissy suddenly put a hand on her arm and said, "Now, don't you worry, Mrs. Bascom. It's too early to tell—"

Martha went back to the living-room and scooped up a tray full of cups and glasses; the decanters had been discreetly removed from the side table, which now held soft drink. Mrs. Bascom was in the dining-room leaning over a long sheet of figures in Miss Stanley's hand.

Certainly Chrissy had not had time to do up the bedrooms. Martha went upstairs. She made beds, got out fresh towels. She walked lightly past the closed door of Dilly's room. She wished she had gone through this particular gruelling experience as many times as Dilly and Mrs. Bascom and Chrissy had gone through it; they

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must have developed some kind of protecting shell.

She found the room where Lem had slept. His dark grey coat was flung over a chair and his tie lay on the floor. The bed was scarcely tumbled; he must have been so tired that he hadn't moved. On the bedside table there was an envelope labelled Mansour file. Below it was a heap of newspaper clippings and some typed pages. A memo in Miss Stanley's neat typing had fallen on the floor. "Mr. B. Here are the newspaper reports. I'll get a transcript of the trial tomorrow. Stanley."

So Lem, along with the police certainly, was trying to discover and prove a connection between Oliver Brown—and Walt Sykes—and Jack Mansour.

Martha looked with a kind of sick, reluctant curiosity at the newspaper clippings, riffling through them with her hand. There were photographs, many of them, the same handsome dark face. Jack Mansour. Jack Mansour pleads for his life. Jack Mansour's case goes to jury today.

She sat down on the bed finally and read slowly through the clippings. When she had finished she still knew only the outlines of the case, which were, as Lem had said, clear-cut.

Neighbors had heard Mansour and his wife frequently quarrelling; a witness, a woman, told that Mansour had wanted a divorce and his wife had refused it; there was a courtroom clash as to whether or not that evidence should be admitted. On the night of the murder, neighbors had heard two shots; witnesses had seen Jack Mansour leave the house, driving. He had been picked up before he could get rid of the gun; it was proved to be the gun that had killed his wife.

There was evidence of premeditation in several days of testimony proving that Mansour had bought the gun from a shady pawnbroker only the day before the murder. He had no permit to carry a gun. The jury accepted the lengthy testimony as proving intent to murder and eventually brought in the verdict of murder in the first degree.

SEVERAL witnesses had testified that he was a man of violent rages. Martha studied the handsome face again. There was certainly a touch of something both brutal and self-complacent if one looked closely enough. It was overlaid by almost flagrant masculine appeal. She agreed with the governor, who had said that if there'd been a woman on the jury Mansour might have got off. It was, though, a curiously stupid face, too.

There was no mention of Oliver Brown. But Mansour could have known Brown — and Walt Sykes, too—any time, anywhere, even in prison. The warden had said something to the effect that there were always ways of communication which they tried to stop and could never quite stop.

She wondered what the police were doing and knew what they were doing. They were searching for Oliver Brown and a car he had rented from Doug Williams. They were searching for the murderer of Walt Sykes. They were trying to discover when Walt Sykes was shot and who shot him. And why he was shot.

It seemed remarkably wrong, without any logic or reason, that the tragic, violent murder of a woman Martha had never seen should in any way affect Martha's own life. It was as if murder, once done, took on a secret, tenacious life of its own.

Walt Sykes' murder seemed to her then a logical, dreadfully inevitable outgrowth of the murder of Jack Mansour's wife. It was almost impossible to believe that the two murders had no relation.

It was hard to believe, too, as the sheriff had said, that a car can disappear — a man, possibly, yes, for a short time. But a car is hard to conceal.

It struck her then that she — all of them, including the sheriff — had been so sure at first that Jim Stenson had shot Sykes and later it seemed so likely that someone else, discovering Sykes lurking around his house, had shot him, that the likelihood had obscured the question, why was he shot?

It was growing dark. She stacked the clippings together. It was time for her to go downstairs, the heavy returns would presently begin to come in, for the polls must close very soon.

It was time for her to face the consequences of the thing that had begun when a man she had never seen had killed a woman she had never seen and then reached out with brutal cunning to trap her — and in the end to destroy Lem and herself.

She went to Lem's room, turned on lights, washed her face, brushed her hair — and remembered Archie's sour quotation, "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred." It was just then too appropriate. She went downstairs, nevertheless, and met thickened gloom along with thickened cigarette smoke in blue wreaths everywhere.

The early November twilight had closed in completely; lights were on everywhere. Somebody was stretched out on the sofa with a newspaper over his face. Several men were standing at the open front door, just standing there, saying nothing, their faces blank and tired. An adding machine was going in

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e dining-room, a rhythmic little
ud, spelling out defeat.

She caught a glimpse of the
eople still clustered around the
lephones; their faces, too, looked
ber and dull. Even the murmur
their voices seemed dreary now
if they were only going through
otions without zest or energy.

She didn't see Lem, but Bob
ewton emerged from the dining-
oom. In spite of the weary gloom
hat pervaded the house and every-
ne in it, he still looked as spruce
a cat, far sprucer than Stinky
er contrived to be in spite of his
nidious grooming. He nodded at
Martha, and as she joined him said,
"Got to have some fresh air," opened
ne of the doors upon the terrace,
nd went out.

She followed him. "How is it
oing?" She knew how it was going
nd wondered why she had asked.

Bob's gold-rimmed eye-glasses
lashed in her direction. His neat
ace was that of a poker player
rying to conceal a bad hand. "Not
oo good. It's still early, though."

She waited a moment, looking
way from Bob, down toward the
ake which held a faint grey reflec-
ion of light. "I lost him the elec-
ion, didn't I?"

He waited a moment. Then he said cautiously, "It's hard o say what loses or wins an elec-ion. If you're thinking of your peech last night I'd say that that would have helped. If anything could help then."

They stood for another moment. The adding machine sounded like a dismal little drum from behind them. But suddenly, from some-where, a wave of stubborn defiance urged up in Martha. "It's not over yet! I'll not give up till we have to!"

"Why — why, Martha!" Bob Newton looked astonished, he blinked as if he'd never seen her before and wasn't sure he saw her then.

"He's going to be elected! I know he's going to be elected!"

"Why — why —" He began to stutter, staring at her, and then someone called to him from the door. "Bob, most of the upstate count is in."

Bob Newton swallowed hard, still staring at Martha. Then he said, "How does it run?" He went back into the light and subdued hubbub and smoke of the house.

Stinky came out of the house, brushed around her ankles, and then strolled down across the lawn toward the lake. There was no place for her in the house just then. There was nothing for her to do but wait. She followed Stinky, absently.

On the side of the house facing the road she knew that there were cars and people, perhaps police again, perhaps even by now photog-raphers and reporters and tele-vision crews were begining to gather. Whatever happened they would expect some announcement from Lem. And, whatever happened, it would be soon.

On the lake side of the house there was nobody and nothing, ex-cept lights streaming out from the house. Stinky pretended to stalk something in the leaves, switched his tail and sprang, scattering only leaves. He then haughtily ignored his own pretence and went on, loping toward the lake path. He stopped short at the door of the summerhouse and arched his back, staring at the black slit of the half-closed door of the storage room.

Another game. Or a mouse. She said, "If it's a mouse, go in and get it, Stinky."

Something rustled in the black-ness beyond the door. Stinky backed away, his tail suddenly bushed out.

Martha stopped dead-still. There was a kind of clatter, as if some chair or box had fallen. She cried, "Who is that? What are you doing there?"

And in an instant flash she re-membered two things. It's easy for a man to lose himself, but not so easy for a car. And Chrissy—Chrissy saying, "You and Mrs. Downers have really cleaned out the store cupboard."

They had looked for a car, searching far afield. "He's got to eat," the sheriff had said, speaking of a man who had boasted, "You

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should see some of the locks I've opened."

Where would there be a better place to hide than close to the house, in the woods or the summer-house, where no one would believe he had the temerity to hide!

She stood still for only that re-vealing instant or two; then she turned to run for the house, but it was too late, for Oliver Brown said hoarsely, "Stop right where you are."

He thrust the door open and sprang out of the dusk, like an animal. "I've got a knife. Don't scream. I'll kill you. I'll carve you up till your own husband won't know you. Don't scream!" He clawed at her arm; he caught her wrist in a hard grip. They wouldn't have heard her in the house if she'd screamed to high heaven.

He did have a knife. It was razor-sharp, a long, kitchen knife. How many times had he crept into the kitchen while she and Dilly had believed the house locked up and safe? Once would have been enough to secure food and the knife.

It flashed in the dusk as he flourished it near—too near her, so she shrank back, pulling against the hot grip of his hand.

His face looked haggard in the pallid light; it was unshaven; his eyes were sunken and yet strangely bright. His once natty overcoat was wrinkled and dirty, the collar turned up around his throat. He still wore his black hat, pulled down over those feverishly bright eyes; his hat, too, was battered and crumpled. He began slowly to grin, showing wolfish teeth.

"I knew my luck would change. I knew if I waited long enough I'd get hold of you somehow. I nearly did last night. I was smart. I found out which was your bed-room and made a noise like a cat and down you came and — but that damn cat spoiled it. You've spoiled everything!" A painful wracking cough stopped him.

She said unexpectedly, "You're sick."

"Who wouldn't be! Two nights, bitter cold and damp. Nothing but an old sailcloth in that place." He coughed again, shaking with the pain and violence of it.

She couldn't pull her arm away, though, his hot grip was too strong. She said, "You need a doctor."

He struggled for breath. "I need —what I'm going to get. Come on —" He dragged her with feverish strength down toward the short end of the pier which still stood stretching from the shore of the lake out about ten feet. In the gloom she could see the outlines of a rowboat, rocking slightly in the water.

He stared at her and said after a minute, wildly as if he were a little delirious, "I got the boat out of that storage place — I tried to row — I can't. There must be a trick to it. I keep bumping back against these planks. Just go in a circle—"

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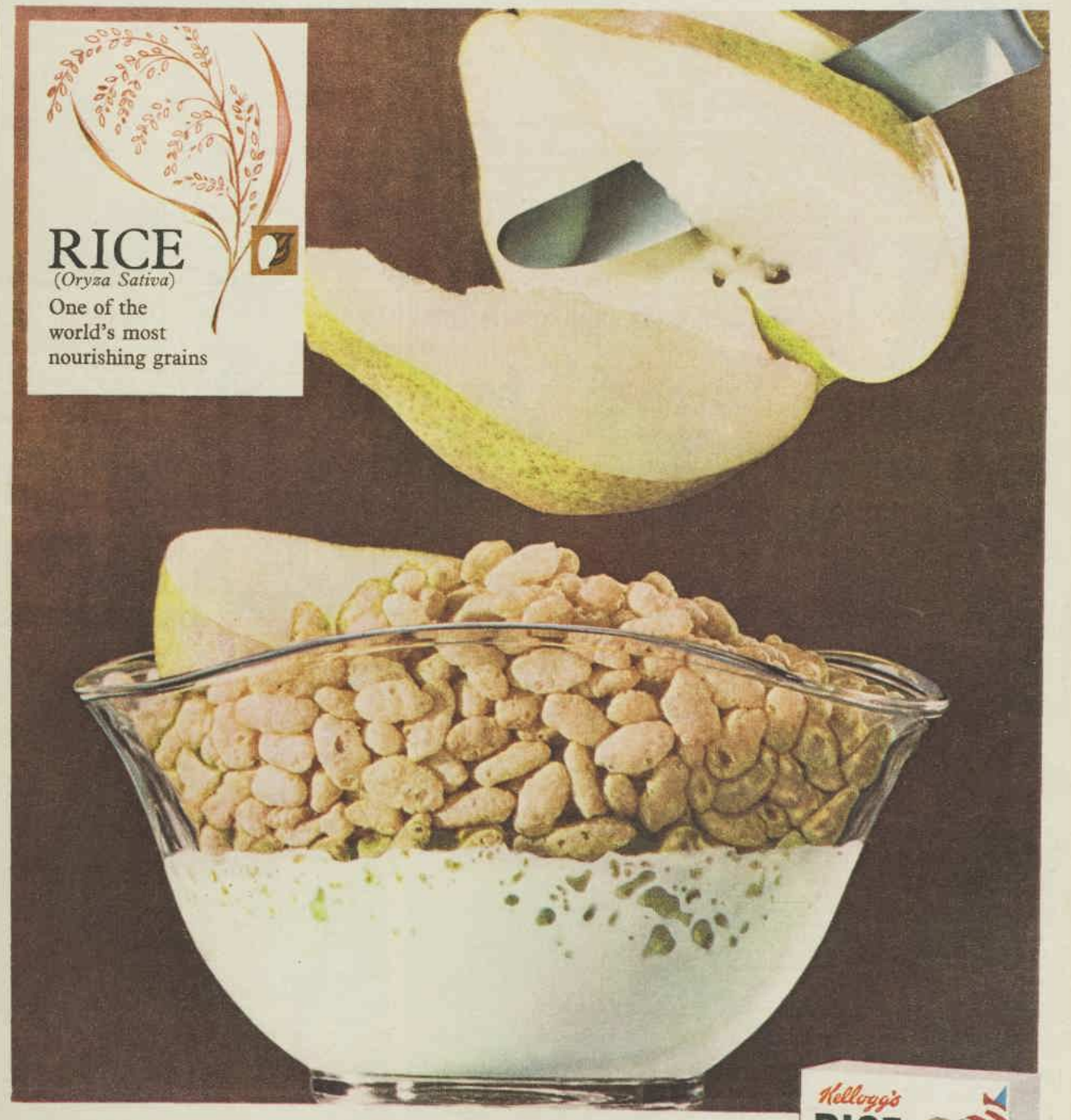

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ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

See our Home Plan this week.

Continued from page 81

RUN SCARED

"You're too weak to row, that'll all." She tried to speak quietly. "You need a doctor."

"I'm strong! Strong enough for what we're going to do. You're going to row. You know how. I'm smart. I'll fix you for what you did to me — had everything set and then you spoil it. Now—" He seemed to realise that he was rambling and pulled himself up. "You're going with me. Hostage. Safety for me. We'll find some empty house along this lake — lots of them — police can't keep them all covered — nice and cosy—"

He shoved her toward the boat and giggled. The giggle was more terrifying than the hot grip of his hand, more terrifying even than the knife, gleaming coldly in the dusk. What could anybody do with a madman with a knife?

His delirium was like madness; he obviously blamed her for the failure of his scheme; his fevered, raging mind had plotted out a way of escape and it seemed to him then logical and sound.

His black figure stood between her and the house. Over his shoulder she had a glimpse of lights from the house, shining here and there through the shrubbery. There was a small open space and she saw Stinky gallop across it, his tail still bushed out, scared yet curious, for he was heading toward the lake again.

WHAT could you do with a madman with a knife!

Fight for time. Watch for her chance, what else? She said, "I can't get into the boat unless you let me go."

"I'm too smart for that." But he debated for a moment, too, looking with perplexity at the boat below them. It was a long step from the pier, across a space of water.

He wouldn't relinquish his grip on her arm. He wouldn't relinquish the knife either. She must have made some move, for he flashed it at her in a slashing movement, so near that she jerked back, stumbled on an uneven plank, and went down, scrambling, to her knees.

It almost caught him off balance. He teetered for a second at the very edge of the pier, but he held her arm; the pier shook heavily.

She tried to thrust herself up and then in a second she realised that the pier was shaking with running footsteps. In the same second the grip on her arm was gone, and Lem was bent over a suddenly huddled black figure. The knife flew out over the lake, caught a gleam of light, splashed, and was gone. Oliver Brown cowered on the pier, covering his face with his hands.

Lem pulled Martha up into his arms.

"He had a knife—" she cried. "He had a knife—"

"I know—I got it—"

"The boat—he said he'd find an empty house—he said I'd be a hostage—"

She wasn't coherent, but Lem understood. "Did he hurt you?"

"No, no. I was scared—Oh, Lem, you came—"

"I couldn't find you. Then I saw Stinky racing around looking scared—I thought he might have followed you and I came to see—Stop that!" Brown must have made some motion, for Lem bent swiftly down again over the huddled black figure on the pier. Brown was seized with another horrible, gasping fit of coughing.

Lem looked up, his eyes blazing in his white face. "Go to the house. The library. The police are there. Send them down here. Hurry—"

She flew for the house; the path seemed long, the slope seemed steep. Stinky bounded after her. Lights were on in the library. The door upon the terrace was open. The sheriff and the captain of police must have heard or seen something, for they met her in the doorway, and before she could gasp out more than a few words they were gone, pounding down toward the lake.

She sat down in a chair. Gradually her breath stopped stinging her lungs. Stinky sat down and washed himself vigorously. Beyond the closed door to the living-room came the murmur of voices, the ringing of the telephone, and the thud-thud of the adding machine. It seemed like a different world.

Lem came back, the sheriff and Captain Case came back, half carrying the ugly, sagging figure. They put him on the sofa. He gave one look round the room, his sunken eyes found her with a concentration of rage. "You did this — you spoiled it all—"

"None of that now," the sheriff said.

Lem came to Martha. He stood like a shield between her and the man on the sofa. He said over his shoulder to the sheriff, "We'd better get a doctor—"

The sheriff said, "I'll call the police ambulance—"

The captain of police was doing something Martha could not see, then she did see, for Lem moved a little just as Captain Case pulled something from one of Brown's pockets and held it up in the light so it sparkled with fire. "It's a bracelet—"

Lem said, "Why, that — that's Dilly's. I mean Mrs. Downes'—"

"They were in it together," the police captain said. "Here's another—"

This time it was Dilly's emerald pin that he held up, with an air of triumph, so Lem could see it.

Martha said, "She gave it to him. She tried to keep him quiet—pay him off—"

Lem said quickly, "Are you sure, Martha? Did Dilly tell you that?"

"No. I asked her. She denied it, but — she'd have done anything to keep him quiet just now."

The captain of police straightened up and looked down at Brown. "Where did you get these things—these jewels?"

Brown heard; his eyelids flickered, but he wouldn't open his eyes, he wouldn't answer.

The captain said, "Don't fake now. You can hear me. You can answer, too. Your name is Oliver Brown. Don't bother to deny it. You and Walt Sykes and Jack Mansour—"

"Mansour's idea," Brown said suddenly. "His idea. All of it." He opened his eyes to shoot a vicious glance at Martha. "It would have worked, too. Except for her."

"None of that now! We know you and Sykes framed Mrs. Bascom. Might as well admit it. Come on, now — you heard me."

Brown shut his eyes again and wouldn't answer.

The sheriff came back and Mrs. Bascom came in with him, looking troubled and pale. "He told me," she said. "He told me." She put her arm around Martha.

"It's all right," Martha said.

It wasn't all right, though, for Mrs. Bascom said to Lem, "Did Brown kill that man Sykes?"

The sheriff looked away. The police captain stood very straight and looked at Lem, and Lem said, "The fact is — the sheriff and the police captain came to tell me — to tell us—"

"To question Mrs. Downes," the police captain said. "The gun that shot Walt Sykes was her gun."

"Dilly's gun! Shot Sykes! I don't believe it," Mrs. Bascom said.

"It was her gun, Mrs. Bascom," the sheriff said. "I don't say that means she shot Walt Sykes. No reason I can see for that—"

Suddenly Oliver Brown gave another high-pitched, delirious giggle.

The police captain swerved around upon him. "Did you kill Walt Sykes?"

"What! My buddy. Best friend. If we were in this together — you say we were — why would I shoot him? I needed him!"

"He's got a point there," the sheriff said quietly. "He needed Sykes. Where is the car you rented, Brown?"

"In the lake." Brown gave a giggle again. "You can't ever get it out. I ran it in the lake — then I hid in the woods and in the summer-house down there — all of you looking for me — couldn't find me. I'm smart—"

"Where is the raincoat?"

Brown looked like a man who has suddenly run into some kind of obstruction and doesn't see his way to get around it. Then apparently he did see a way. A sly smile touched his mouth. "The raincoat is in the car. You'll never find it. Joke on you. Never find that raincoat—"

The police captain said something angry under his

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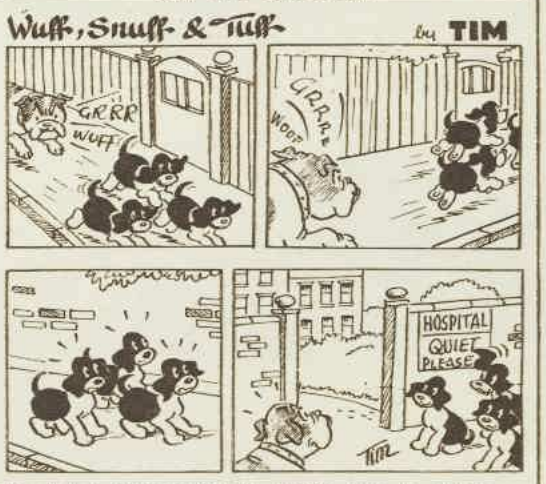
FOR THE CHILDREN

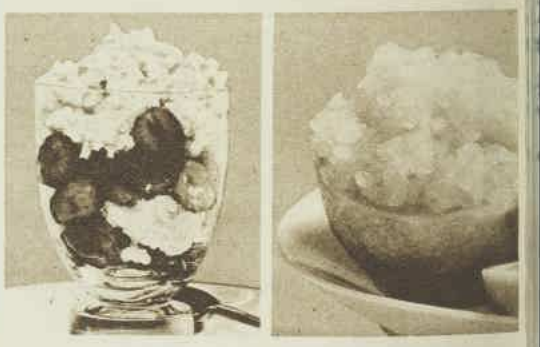


MELBOURNE Famous for its hospitality and the entertaining thing to do is PARTY RICE SURPRISE. Combine the following ingredients in a heavy saucepan and simmer 3 mins. 1 can luncheon meat diced and fried in tabsp. butter and clove crushed garlic, ½ cup diced green pepper, ½ cup diced cucumber, 1 can peeled tomatoes, ½ cup water, salt and pepper. Stir in ¼ cup uncooked rice, cover and simmer a further 15 mins., or until rice is tender. Serve hot.

TASMANIA Matching colourful history with colourful MEXICAN RICE. Saute 1½ cups uncooked rice in oil until golden brown. Remove from pan and cool. Combine 1 finely chopped onion, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper, 1¾ cups water, 6 tabsps. tomato sauce, salt and pepper in a saucepan and bring to boil. Add rice and stir once. Cover and simmer 30 mins. Remove lid and simmer another 10 mins.

RICE IS A BRIGHT IDEA!

ADELAIDE When the sun's blazing on nearby Flinders Ranges, Adelaide hostesses cool their friends with delightful PINK AND PRETTY PARFAITS. Chill 4 cups boiled rice, sweetened by adding 2 tablespoons of sugar to the water. Beat ½ pint cream until stiff, then blend a little pink food colouring, ½ tsp. almond essence and 6 tabsps. sugar. Fold into rice. Fill glasses with alternate layers of rice and any fruit. Serve chilled.



LEETON is rice-growing country, and after the picnic races they enjoy LEMON RICE. Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ¼ pint water, add rind and juice of 2 lemons. Place in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer until syrup thickens slightly. Add 2½ cups boiled rice, cover and simmer gently until rice has absorbed all lemon syrup (about 30 mins.). Serve hot or cold with fruit and cream.

SEND STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET "20 RICE IDEAS FOR SUMMER LIVING"

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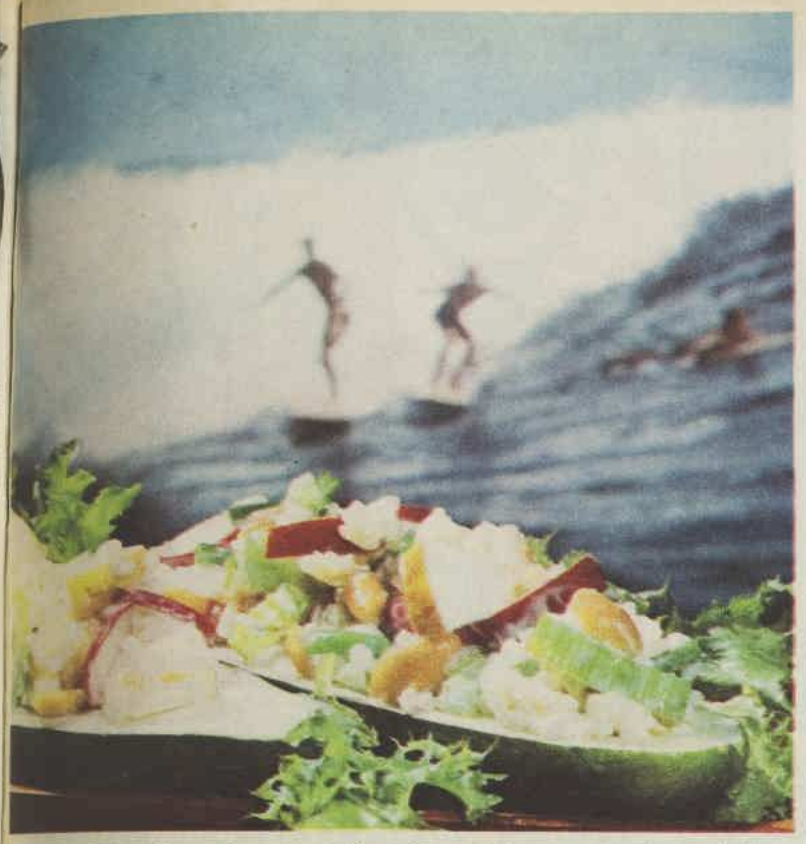


SYDNEY After surfing or sunbathing what could be more refreshingly satisfying than DENVER RICE SALAD. Place 2 cups boiled rice in bowl. Slice 1 banana, sprinkle with 1 tabsp. lemon juice. Dice 1 unpeeled apple. Add banana, apple, ½ cup sliced celery, ½ cup sliced shallots, 1 cup salted peanuts, 3 sliced radishes, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper to rice and toss thoroughly. Serve in cucumber boats.

CAIRNS In the tropical climate of Australia's north the Millstream Falls are cool and inviting like JELLY AND RICE. Add 2 cups boiled rice to partly set strawberry jelly, then chill. Fill serving glasses, allow to set, top with fruit and cream or ice cream.

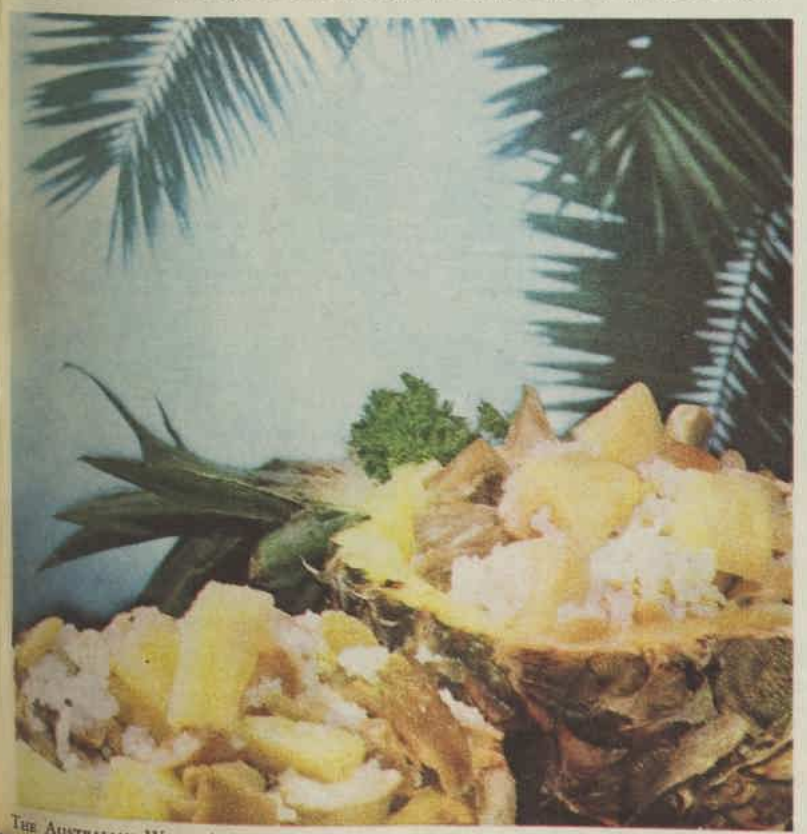
8 RICE IDEAS FOR SUMMER LIVING !!!

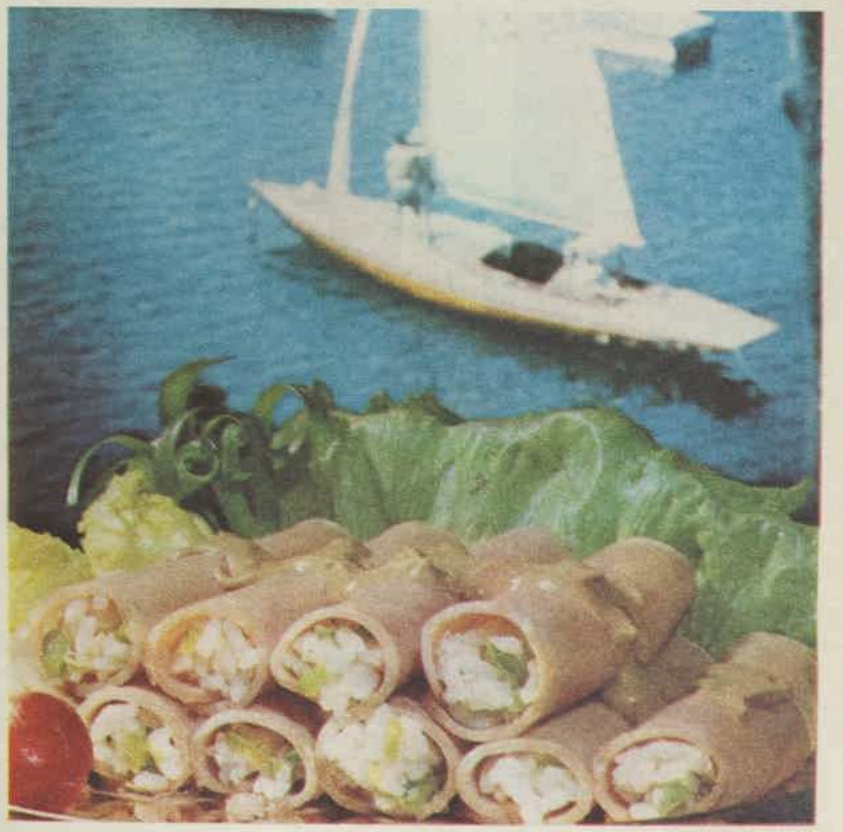
FROM THE RICE MARKETING BOARD COOKERY BUREAU

Look what's happening around Australia this summer . . . Everyone's eating rice, and loving it! Rice is the most adaptable of foods. It belongs to every day and every meal, as a main course in hot or cold dishes, or in mouth-watering summer sweets. Here are 8 delightful ways of using rice in exciting summer recipes.

BRISBANE people cool off at the Oasis. They love pineapple and it blends so well with rice in RICE CHICKEN MEDLEY. Halve a pineapple lengthwise, scoop out flesh, leaving ¼ inch thick lining. Cut flesh into chunks. Place in bowl, sprinkle over 1 tabsp. sugar. Mix 1 cup boiled rice, 1 barbecued or roasted chicken cut into small pieces, ¼ cup preserved ginger finely chopped and 1 cup salted peanuts coarsely chopped. Add pineapple and fill pineapple shells. Serve chilled.

PERTH Sailing on the beautiful Swan River is a pleasure that's hard to beat. So is rice! Especially in HAM ROLL-OVERS. Saute ¼ cup finely chopped green pepper and onion for 3 mins. Add 2 cups rice. Mix well. Spread 14 slices pressed ham with prepared mustard. Place spoonful of rice and vegetable on one end of each ham slice and roll over. Place open side down on shallow dish, bake 15 mins. in a moderate oven. Serve hot.





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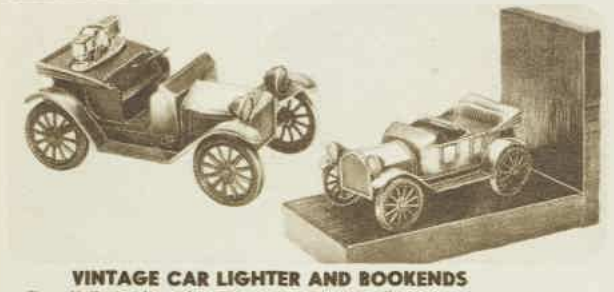
Prouds

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL JEWELLER



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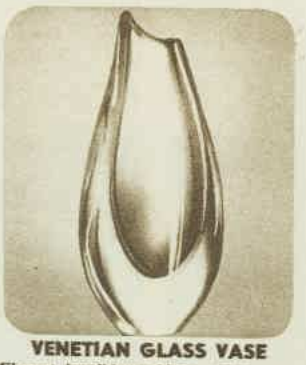

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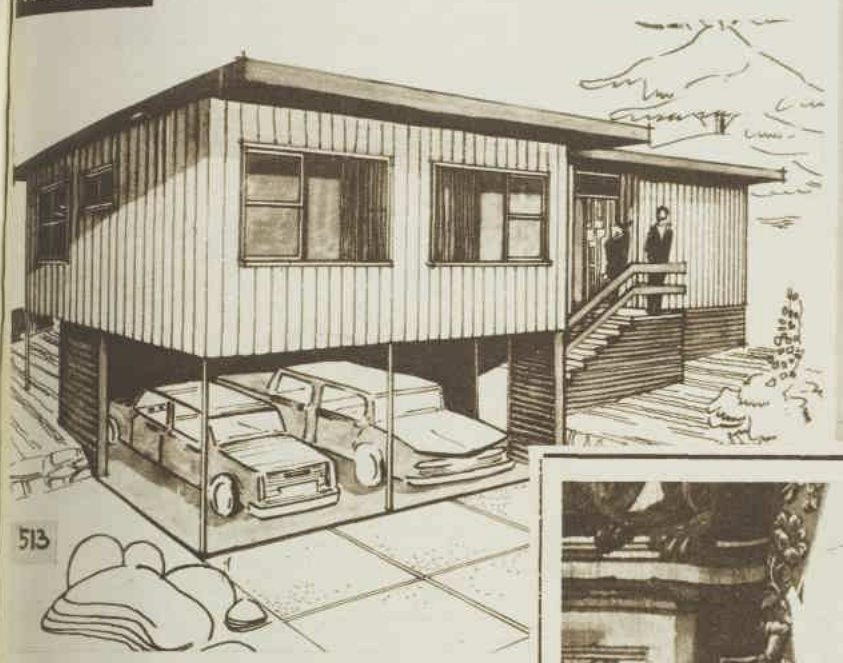
ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

WOMEN'S WEEKLY Home Plans Service



GOOD DESIGN, with utility areas below, living sections above, for an irregular block.

● This week's plan, No. 513, incorporates several features in demand by homebuilders today. This is a family home, with living and dining areas on the main floor, and the laundry and garage sections downstairs.

WHEN it comes to building one's own home, the same problems and the same needs seem to arise time and time again.

Our architect has taken these many queries into consideration, and this week has designed a house which includes many of those special features people ask for today.

The first of these is the private shower-room off the main bedroom. This is a three-bedroomed family home, and two bathrooms become almost a necessity in a house full of children. Additional feature of the main bedroom is that it is located away from the other two.

Secondly, the large family room opens off the kitchen by means of a buffet divider only, and this area can be used for family meals and children's living area. The room can be supervised easily from the kitchen.

A third feature of this week's home plan is that the living-room is completely separate from the other rooms, making for a minimum of housework. This is particularly useful when there are young children in the family.

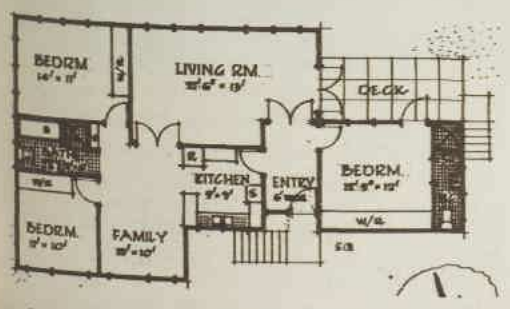
The living-room can be entered either direct from the lobby or from the family area.

Below the main floor of the house are located the carports (or garages if preferred) large enough to contain two cars, and the laundry. The stairway from the main entry to the lower floor is well protected from rain by the wide roof overhang.

In suitable areas, especially in Queensland, the whole of the basement area can be developed for future rooms.

The design shown on this page has a near-flat metal tray roof with double hung aluminium windows and wall sheeting of vertical boarding.

As illustrated, the plan covers 12.75 squares in timber, excluding deck, carport, and laundry. The overall width in timber is 52ft.



FLOOR PLAN shows the spacious layout of this three-bedroom, two-bathroom home.

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RUN SCARED

Continued from page 82

breath. The sheriff said, "Wait a minute, Captain. Brown," he said, "when did Sykes give you the raincoat?"

"Why — why, right away. The night she ran over him. Tyre marks on it, a rainy night. Lucky for us. Good clear marks—"

"Wait a minute," the sheriff said. "She didn't run over him. The autopsy showed not even a bruise. How did you work that?"

"Oh — that. Well, she would've run over him if Walt hadn't got out of the way. Same thing!"

The sheriff turned to Martha. "You said you felt two bumps before you could stop the car. Was it a rock they'd put in the road?"

"I didn't see a rock. Dilly thought it might have been a rock," Martha said.

THE sheriff looked at Brown. "A rock, then? And Sykes managed to thrust his raincoat under the wheels, and then fell behind the car and played dead. Is that it? Then what did Sykes do?"

"Why, he gave me the raincoat and then he ran out! Left. Scared little rat."

"When did you last see him?"

"You're not going to trick me that way! Last I saw him was right there in the road when he gave me the raincoat. He was okay then — only scared and drunk."

The sheriff said softly, "Why don't you want us to find the raincoat?"

Brown's eyelids fluttered again. His mouth closed tightly. The captain leaned over, pushing the sheriff aside. "You can talk. Now, answer me. Why did Mrs. Downes give you this jewellery?"

Brown shook his head and began to cough.

The sheriff said, "Lem, I think we'd better get Mrs. Downes in here. If Brown stole that gun of hers, shot Sykes, and then — well, I guess he could have replaced it in Mrs. Downes' handbag Sunday night when he came here and got into the house. Better talk to Mrs. Downes—"

The police captain turned around to Lem, his face sharp.

"Mr. Bascom, you told us tonight that Mrs. Downes didn't know Jack Mansour. Are you sure of that?"

"Certain," Lem said.

The police captain looked at Martha. "How about it? Did Mrs. Downes ever speak of Jack Mansour?"

"No—oh, yes." Suddenly Martha remembered. "She did. I asked her about him after he—Brown—talked to me about Mansour. Dilly said she'd read about the trial."

"Had she ever seen him?" the police captain said.

"Once. She was in Lem's office when Mansour came to see Lem."

"Well — Lem?" the sheriff said.

Lem stared at nothing. Mrs. Bascom's hand tightened on Martha's shoulder. Finally Lem said, "I see what you're getting at, Sheriff, but — I don't think there's anything to it. I'll call Miss Stanley in here — she's my secretary, remembers everything—" He went out.

"Sheriff," Mrs. Bascom said, "Dilly didn't shoot that man. If it was her gun, then —that man Brown stole it." She sat down, erect and composed, her pretty face as hard as a rock.

Lem came back with Miss Stanley. He looked different, Martha thought, white and drawn. "This is Miss Stanley. She'll tell you the little she knows—"

Miss Stanley was composed, too, although her usually neat hair was thrust back wildly and there was a smear of ink on one cheek. "Mr. Mansour came to consult Mr. Bascom. The date will be in my desk diary. He had no appointment, so I told him he could wait. Mrs. Downes happened to come in a moment or two later. She had no appointment, either. I was busy, but I remember that they talked a little, nothing much.

"I think Mansour passed her an ashtray and they talked about the weather or something like that. Then Mr. Bascom told me to show Mr. Mansour into the private office. Mansour came out in—oh, about ten minutes. Mrs. Downes looked at her watch and said she wouldn't see Mr. Bascom then because she was late for an engagement. She and Mr. Mansour left the office together. That's all."

There was a long silence.

"Not quite all," the captain said at last. "Look here, young lady, didn't you get an impression that they knew each other?"

Miss Stanley looked straight at him. "No, sir. I didn't get that impression at all. I was sure they had never seen each other before. May I go back now, Mr. Bascom?"

The captain shrugged. Lem nodded, opened the door, let in a wave of hubbub, and closed it behind her.

"That proves it!" the police captain said. "Your Mrs. Downes knew Mansour. Maybe she knew him before that—maybe that's the way she met him and fell for him. He was a ladykiller all right. She framed your wife. She planned the whole thing with Mansour. She shot Sykes with her own gun. That proves it."

"It doesn't prove anything of the kind," Lem said.

The sheriff said, "Easy now, Lem. Mrs. Downes played a pretty strong part in all this. She was here on the scene—she knew your wife was driving up here alone—"

Mrs. Bascom interrupted. "Lem, I don't believe Dilly killed Sykes. But—she did suggest that she come up here and let me take over her engagements. She did send Archie on a wild-goose chase to see some man she said was wavering and he wasn't at all, but the result was that Martha drove up here alone. Dilly—we've got to give her a chance to clear herself."

"She'll get a chance," the police captain said smartly. "She prevented your wife from reporting the accident to the police. She even gave her sleeping pills. It was her gun. Now her jewellery. She knew Mansour. She's in this up to her neck and—"

Brown's eyes flared open. "She shot him! I'll tell you all about it! Mrs. Downes shot him."

"Why?" the captain pounced at him.

"Because she was in this with Mansour, that's why."

There was a moment of utter silence; it was so still that Martha heard the faint rustle of Mrs. Bascom's hands, clenching together across her skirt.

The police captain was the first to speak. "So she was in it! Then why did she shoot Sykes?"

"Because he wouldn't wait for his money. She'd promised us money. That is, Mansour told us she'd pay. She's rich. I went to see her as soon as I got out. She agreed."

"That was a dangerous undertaking on your part," the sheriff said softly. "What hold does Mansour have over you?"

Brown raised himself on his elbow. "He doesn't have any hold—Oh"— He blinked. "We were old friends. Knew each other here and there. He knew I was getting out of prison. He got word to me—"

"How," said the captain sharply.

"Never mind that now," the sheriff said. "We'll find out later. See here, Brown, are you saying that you deliberately broke the law again, the minute you were out of prison, solely because you wanted money that Mansour promised you?"

The sick man lay back, his eyes half closed. "If you're coming out of prison and somebody offers you a job you take it," he said wearily. "You don't hem and haw around about it. Maybe it it was a little off-color." The captain snorted and Brown went on. "Maybe it was a little shady. But I wasn't in a position to quibble. I wanted money."

The captain turned an angry red. The sheriff put up one hand as if to restrain him and said very quietly to Brown, "How did you know Mansour would make good his promise—if he ever got out of prison? How did you know Mrs. Downes would pay you?"

"Oh" — Brown's eyelids lifted over suddenly gleaming eyes — "I'd have seen to that all right."

"By involving Mrs. Downes in murder? Killing Sykes? Using her gun as a threat over her head? Blackmailing her?"

"You're accusing me of murder," Brown said. "I didn't do it. She did. Walt Sykes got impatient for his money. He was ared, too, wanted her to pay him then and there so he could get out. So she shot him."

"Let's get this straight. When did she shoot him?

To page 90

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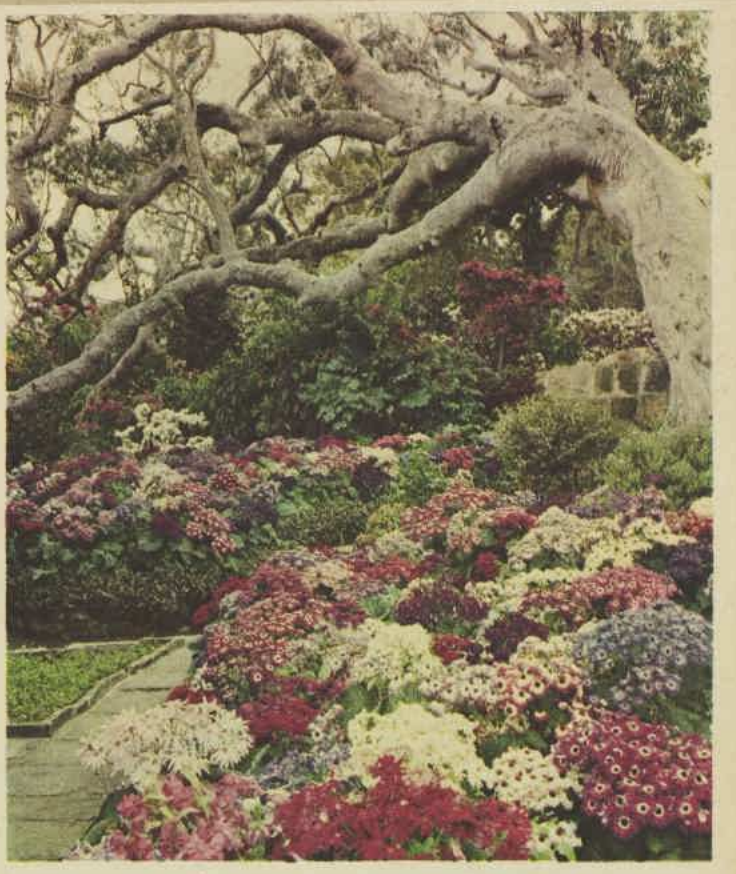

ANGOPHORA (red gum) spreads its gnarled arms over a bed of cinerarias at Mr. N. K. Wallis' home at Avalon, N.S.W. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Since the advent of the bulldozer there has been wholesale destruction of trees on new suburban subdivisions. The machines grind relentlessly over land with pleasant natural growth, reducing it to a dreary level of sterile ugliness.

THESE days building subdivisions are mainly in the fringe suburbs where natural tree and shrub growth is still abundant and could well become the foundation of new gardens.

In the past the first thought of the owner of a new block has been to cut down the trees, but such ideas are passing, and the conservation of at least some trees is becoming more popular.

Some people go so far as to build the house around the trees, but a more rational line of thought is to place the house among existing trees in such a way as to obtain an attractive overall effect.

Let land, trees, and house be considered as a whole.

It is the aim of most garden planning to achieve a sense of restfulness and harmony in the general composition, and this should be kept in mind in considering the trees to be retained on the block.

Of course, one school of thought leans to the idea of starting from scratch and building a garden entirely along new lines without the restrictions of old growth.

This has much to recommend it where the existing trees or shrubs have no particular merit, or where the owner is working to a plan based on other types of vegetation.

But in many cases the owner of a block of land is well advised to preserve any plants which have natural beauty, and which fit into the general design of the home.

The eucalypts offer wonderful possibilities. The smooth-barked gums add distinction to the garden, and the ironbarks, stringybarks, bloodwoods, and peppermints have their own charm.

The closely related angophora, often called the red gum, is one of the most picturesque of trees, and any owner of a block of land would be lucky to have one, especially as it has a fantastic ability to grow on the poorest of sandstone.

A small scribbly gum, with its clean stem and irregular crown, can be a sheer delight. Turpentines may be cut back to make dense growth and give protection from the wind.

There are, too, the casuarinas, acacias, and banksias. Pittosporums give fragrant loveliness, and many other native trees offer valuable service.

Admittedly, one has to be careful in keeping trees of any size on a property if their future growth could endanger the house.

When selecting trees for retention keep in mind their general attractiveness, health, and suitability as regards position.

Dead and badly formed branches should be removed.

As in all tree surgery, this should be done carefully. It is a common mistake to cut away a branch in such a manner that it tears back to the trunk, leaving an ugly scar which opens the way to damage by insects and fungi.

Lop and trim branches with patient care

Use the three-cut method when removing larger limbs. The first cut should be made on the lower side of the limb six or 12 inches beyond the point where the final cut is to be made and reaching about a quarter of the way through the limb.

The second cut is made on the upper side an inch or so beyond the first cut and continued through until the limb drops.

The third cut is made close to the trunk to remove the stub.

Some trees may have cavities at the base, and if these are large it is best to remove the tree.

If, however, the tree has special appeal and you want to keep it, the cavity can be filled, preferably with a mixture of sawdust and tar. Cement is often used but is too unyielding.

Any decayed or diseased wood should first be cut away and the exposed surface painted with a steriliser.

If filling of any depth is to be placed around a tree it is desirable to build a concrete "collar" around the trunk, leaving about 6in. of air space.

Deep filling around a trunk can often kill or injure the tree, although moderate filling is permissible.

In some areas, especially on sandstone country where the native plants are so interesting and varied, it might be advisable to aim at a complete native garden, or at least to devote parts solely for this purpose.

Native plants are certainly coming into their own, and their cultivation is no longer left to a handful of enthusiasts.

Some natives do not like the ground being disturbed by cultivation and should not be overwatered. It is not always easy to fit them in with the general requirements of the garden, and they are best left in some corner of their own.

But there are many which respond well to the ordinary treatment of garden plants.

Most of these remarks apply to ordinary suburban building areas, but the retention of native plants in country areas can be equally important, especially in dry inland districts.

Native trees and shrubs can be made the nucleus of the garden and provide nurses for less hardy plants. Regeneration is often remarkable if stock and fire are excluded.

Travellers are familiar with the fine results achieved at Broken Hill by these methods.

Retaining native plants and allowing them to regenerate, combined with additional plantings, has transformed parts of that district to a pleasant greenness.

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Continued from page 87

RUN SCARED

How do you know she shot him?"

"I didn't see it! Naturally. But I know—" Brown hitched himself up on his elbow again. "I'll tell you just what happened. She drove out along the road to see about the accident. We were there, both of us. Walt and me. He started to make a fuss about money. Wanted it then and there. He was drunk — had to get himself drunk before he'd do that business of faking an accident. He was scared. Dumb, too. He'd got lost on the way to where we were to meet, on the road outside this house. He got the wrong house, looked in the window, and a fellow took a shot at him. Walt ran down the road—I met him and we watched for the car.

"Oh, he faked that business of the accident all right, but he was too scared to stick with us and wait till we got Mansour out of prison. Said he was going to have his share then and there and she —oh, she's a cool one. She said it would take time. She told him to get out and he'd be paid off later. But he was drunk enough and scared enough so he kept yelling for money, then and there. He threatened to tell Bascom the whole thing. So she shot him."

"Why didn't you stop her? Why didn't you—"

"Oh, I wasn't there then. I took the raincoat and walked back to town and—no, I didn't see her shoot him. Didn't know anything about that till she"—his feverish eyes shot to Martha—"till Sunday night both of them said the police knew about the accident and Walt had been found. Mrs. Downes came after me when I left and opened the door and shoved that bracelet at me and whispered that it was true. She said that Walt had been shot, the police knew about the car accident. The deal was off. So I knew then that Mrs. Downes had shot him and she knew that I knew too much. She paid me to keep my mouth shut. So I—then—" His voice trailed off.

The captain said, "So you hung around, hiding, because you intended to blackmail Mrs. Downes."

BROWN'S eyes flickered to Martha. "It was her—the girl, that spoiled it all."

"Grudge and blackmail," the sheriff said and turned to Lem. "Mrs. Downes."

"All right." Lem took a long breath. "I'll get her. Is she in the dining-room, Ma?"

"I suppose so, I don't know." Mrs. Bascom's face was very white.

"I'll get her," Lem said. He seemed to force himself to move, to walk with his head up, across the room and out.

The sheriff sank down into a chair. The captain tapped one shining boot toe on the floor. Brown lay, a flaccid, black huddle, with red blotches on his cheeks; he was either half-conscious or pretending it.

The door swung open as Lem came back. "Dilly's not in her room! She's not in the house! She left this letter in her room—"

The police captain sprang forward. "I'll take that—"

"It's addressed to my wife." Lem gave it to Martha.

Martha stared at Dilly's hen scratches on the envelope: Martha Bascom. She had a wave of something like prescience; she almost knew what Dilly had written.

During their conversation Monday night, Martha had assumed that Dilly referred to some long-ago love which had come to an end; that Dilly, on the rebound, had married Zeke. Now Martha knew she had been wrong, for Dilly had said, "I always knew he was interested in my money—" and she hadn't had any money until after Zeke's death.

Martha was afraid to open the letter. She looked up at Lem. In his eyes she read something of her own knowledge. She gave him the letter without speaking. He opened it; the sound of the envelope tearing seemed very loud. He read it aloud, without even scanning the page first.

"'Everything went wrong. I never meant murder. They were both in the road when I went back after the accident. I was afraid you had really killed Sykes or hurt him, but you hadn't. He faked the fall behind the car. It was a rock you struck. They had put it there to convince you that you had run over Sykes. But a tyre did go over his raincoat. That was planned. He was scared and drunk. He was afraid of the whole thing, and wanted to get out then and there, but he wanted his share of the money we had promised them.'"

Mrs. Bascom whispered, "We—"

Lem went on, "'My handbag was in the car. I snatched out what money I had and gave it to Sykes. I tried to tell them both to be patient, to wait, to do nothing till the election was over. Then I came back home.

"'I didn't miss my gun at all. Brown must have taken it out of my handbag while I was trying to reason with Sykes. Sunday evening, after Sykes was found shot, I looked and the gun was gone. But I found it in my handbag again after Brown broke into the house late Sunday night.'"

"Go on," the captain said tensely.

"'So when the police asked about guns, of course I had to give them mine. My conscience — call it anything you want to, but I couldn't go on. I didn't mean murder, but I am a part of it. They'll find out that the shot that killed Sykes came from my gun. My part will come out — all of it. I had to do it, Martha. Jack Mansour said it was a way to get him out and save his life — it was Jack's idea, he worked it all out. He sent Oliver Brown to see me and tell me; he said to tell me it only needed my help and it wouldn't hurt anybody.'"

"Dilly," Mrs. Bascom whispered.

Lem cleared his throat. "'I held out against it for a while, I really did, but then I began to think we might be able to do it. It wasn't fair to you. It wasn't fair to Lem. And it all went wrong — it even lost Lem the election, and if I ever hoped to get a pardon for Jack I could only do it if Lem were elected.'"

Mrs. Bascom whispered again. "Oh, Lem—"

Lem was frowning over Dilly's hen tracks — that or finding it difficult to go any further. He cleared his throat again and went on. "'Both Sykes and Brown were supposed to wait until after the election; but they were scared and impatient. When Brown talked of the raincoat I thought Sykes had simply run out, but had made some deal with Brown before he disappeared. When Sykes was found shot I guessed — no, I knew Brown had decided to get all the money for himself, and murder was the only way to rid himself of Sykes. I still kept quiet, until the police came for the guns, and I couldn't make myself go on.

"'I'm going to tell the police outside that I think I see someone down near the lake. While they are looking I'll take the old station wagon and get out the back road. By the time you read this I'll be out of the country. The police may be able to bring me back as a material witness, but I'm not, I'm really not, an accessory after the fact, for I'm telling now all I know of the murder of Sykes. I'm all right for money. I sent a deposit there six weeks ago in case Jack escaped or I needed it. I ought to say I'm sorry. The truth is, I wouldn't have been sorry if it had worked.'" Lem paused and said then, "She's signed it, her full name."

Brown shot up, in a resurgence of feverish energy. "It was all her doing — hers and Mansour's. She'd have done anything for him, and he knew it. He could wind her around his little finger. The women were all like that about Jack. He was going to divorce his wife, though. He was going to marry Mrs. Downes and all her money. That's why he killed his wife—"

The captain pounced upon him again. "How do you know all this?"

"Because I've known Jack a long time. But she killed Sykes. I didn't kill him — I tell you I needed him. My witness — the raincoat — I wouldn't have killed him."

The sheriff took Dilly's letter from Lem and looked at it. "Mrs. Downes—" he said as if he couldn't believe it. "Mrs. Downes—"

The captain was diverted from Brown. He seized Lem's arm. "Where is she? Where did she go?"

The sheriff said slowly, "It doesn't matter where she's gone. We can get her back here. Although perhaps her letter is sufficient—".

"She's an accessory before the fact!" the captain shouted. "She's also an accessory after the fact!"

The sheriff sighed. "She's not exactly an accessory before the fact. She didn't intend murder. And, remember, she gave us the gun and she wrote this letter."

"She knew we'd find the gun!"

THE sheriff shook his head. "She could have got rid of it safely a hundred ways. No, my opinion is that she's helped give us evidence rather than hindered. But still she's a material witness, and they couldn't even have tried it without her. We'll have to bring her back, Lem."

A man said from the doorway, "Do we need a stretcher, Sheriff?"

"I told the ambulance boys to come around to this door," the sheriff said. He nodded. "In here, boys—"

They came into the library, two of them, unrolling a stretcher.

They took Oliver Brown away. "Back the way you came, boys," the sheriff said.

One of the men said. "The driveway's full of cars — people. Reporters, I guess. Suppose they ask what's happened?"

"Tell them you don't know," the captain said quickly. "I'll go along after the ambulance." He went briskly out.

The sheriff sighed. "When you play with fire you can expect to get singed. Mrs. Downes just got in deeper and deeper and couldn't get out till — she did get out. Too bad. I don't see how a woman like Mrs. Downes could have got involved with a man like Jack Mansour. Why, it was only chance that she even met him. She'd never have known such a man in the ordinary course of her life."

Mrs. Bascom linked her small hands together. "I understand it," she said. "Dilly — was never very attractive to men — or attracted by them. She met him and—" She shrugged.

Martha said, "I understand it—" She stopped herself. She would tell Lem, but nobody else, what Dilly had said. She said, "When we found Sykes it was a shock to Dilly, a terrible shock. Sheriff, I don't believe she killed him."

The sheriff said, "No, she didn't. Brown shot Sykes."

Lem looked hard at the sheriff. "Right now all Brown has to say is prove it. We can't—"

"Now, Lem," the sheriff said. "Think again. You're a good lawyer. You might have been governor if this thing hadn't happened. I'm an old country sheriff, but I'll tell you something. There's a reason why Brown didn't want us to get hold of that raincoat, and that's because there's a bullet hole in the back of it. He used the raincoat as a threat, all right; maybe he meant to cut off the tyre marks — something. But, believe me, he held on to that raincoat, and it'll show a bullet mark. It's not in the lake; he had to stash it away somewhere because of the tyre marks, and we'll find it. He'll have a hard time

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Mrs. H. WIFE

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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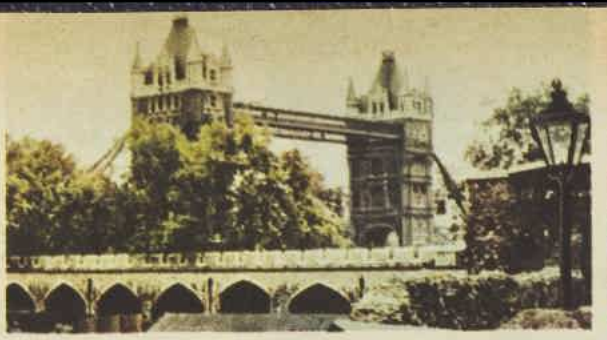

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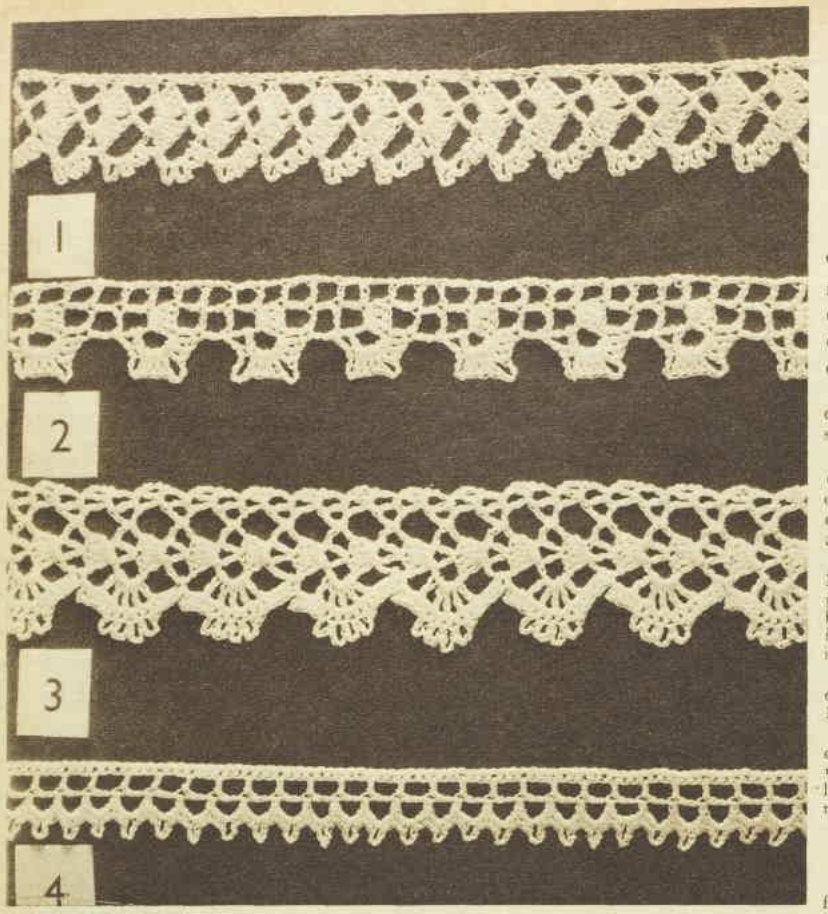

HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS

● Making handkerchiefs for Christmas? Here are six dainty new crochet designs to trim them. Directions for the four edgings shown at left begin below.

JUDGING from the number of letters we receive, crochet workers can never get enough designs for handkerchief edgings.

We have chosen the six designs on this page to satisfy, in part, that demand.

Any one will make a charming handkerchief, or can be repeated in any quantity if you wish to make a delightful gift set.

Materials: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.); Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (if your crochet is loose use a size finer hook, if tight use a size larger hook).

Measurements: Depth of edging — No. 1, 1in., No. 2, 1in., No. 3, 1½in., No. 4, ⅞in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; lp(s)., loop(s); sp(s)., space(s); rep., repeat.

EDGING No. 1

Commence with 10 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss next 2 ch., in next ch. work 1 tr. 3 ch. and 1 tr., 5 ch., miss next 2 ch., 1 d.c. in last ch., turn.

2nd Row: In 5 ch. lp. work (1 d.c., 3 ch.) 3 times and 1 d.c., 2 ch., in next 3 ch. lp. work 4 tr. 2 ch. and 4 tr., 1 d.c. between tr. and 4 turning ch. lp., 4 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in first d.c., 2 ch., in next 2 ch. sp. between tr. groups work 1 tr. 3 ch. and 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in last tr. of tr. group, turn. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows for length required. Fasten off.

EDGING No. 2

Commence with 9 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 6th ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch. 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 2 ch., miss next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 5 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Miss first tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 3 tr. in next sp., 3 ch., 1 tr. in same sp., 1 tr. in top of last tr. of second-last row, 3 ch., turn.

4th Row: In next 3 ch. sp. work 4 tr. 3 ch. and 3 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 2 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 2 ch., miss next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 5 ch., turn.

5th Row: Miss first tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., 5 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd to 5th rows for length required. Fasten off.

EDGING No. 3

Commence with 12 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 6th ch. from hook, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same place, 2 ch., miss next 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 2 ch., miss next 2 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. in next ch., 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. in first sp., 4 ch., miss next 2 sps., 5 tr. in next sp., 5 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. in 3rd of 5 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next 4 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. in next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows for length required, having an even number of 5 ch. lps. along side edge, ending with 2nd row and omitting five turning ch. Work along side with 5 ch. lps. as follows: * 2 ch., in next 5 ch. lp. work (1 tr., 1 ch.) 4 times and 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next 5 ch. lp., 1 ch., turn, 3 d.c. in first 2 ch. sp., 2 d.c. in each of next 4 sps. of 1 ch., 3 d.c. in next sp., 1 ch., turn, 1 sl-st. in each of next 5 d.c. (3 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c.) 4 times, 1 sl-st. in each of next 5 d.c., 1 d.c. into 5 ch. lp.; rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

EDGING No. 4

Make a chain measure slightly longer than length required, having a multiple of 3 ch. plus 1.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch., 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * Miss next 2 d.c., 1 tr. in next d.c., 2 ch.; rep. from *, ending with miss next 2 d.c., 1 tr. in next d.c., 6 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Miss first tr. and 2 ch., * 1 d.c. in next tr., 5 ch.; rep. from *, ending with 1 d.c. into 3rd of 5 turning ch., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: In each lp. work 2 d.c., 4 ch., and 2 d.c. Fasten off.

Damp and pin out to measurements.

Blocked up with thick CATARRH? Bethal TABLETS are the answer!

Only a Catarrh victim can appreciate how unpleasant and embarrassing this complaint can be. What a relief to know that Bethal Tablets free Catarrh congestion so quickly! Bethal works through the bloodstream, checking and clearing the formation of obstructing mucus. Many thousands of thankful people have proved Bethal Tablets over many years. Try Bethal Tablets for yourself.

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Available only at your chemist

FAN DESIGN

● With three weeks to Christmas you've still time to whip up a few of these lacy handkerchiefs for last-minute gifts.

THE edging shown below is a four-row pattern. It is crocheted right on to a hemstitched handkerchief, which saves sewing on afterwards.

The dainty scalloped fans are worked in the final row in groups of long treble with a picot in between each st.

Make it in white as shown, or in any of the pretty pastel summer colors. A good choice for this summer — pale lemon-yellow or cool fresh aqua.

Materials: 1 ball selected color Dewhurst's Sylko; 1 hemstitched handkerchief; Sun brand crochet hook No. 6½.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; l.tr., long treble; st(s), stitch(es).

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each hole.

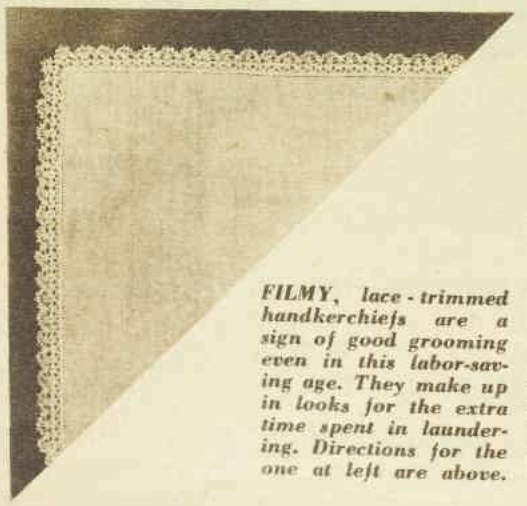
2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each of 1st 3 sts., * (3 ch., 1 d.c.) in each of next 3 sts., rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: (3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr.) over each ch. loop to end.

4th Row: Over 1st ch. loop work 6 l.tr. with 1 picot between each, * 1 d.c. over next loop, 1 picot, 1 d.c. over same loop, over next ch. loop work 6 l.tr. with 1 picot between each, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Damp and pin out to measurements.

CLUSTER groups are the basis of this attractive design. The three-row pattern is worked on to a hemstitched handkerchief, using simple crochet stitches. Directions for making are given below.



FILMY, lace-trimmed handkerchiefs are a sign of good grooming even in this labor-saving age. They make up in looks for the extra time spent in laundering. Directions for the one at left are above.

Cluster edge

THE year 1965 is going to be big for crochet. New season's suits, sweaters, coats, socks, and caps, as well as lacy collar and cuff trimmings, feature its firm but feminine texture.

Make one of these delightful handkerchief edgings and you'll be well on the way to mastering the art. They are worked in the simple stitches which are the basis of all lace making.

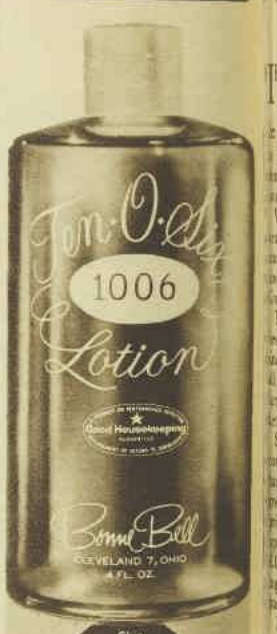
Materials: 1 ball selected color Dewhurst's Sylko; 1 hemstitched handkerchief; Sun brand crochet hook No. 6½.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; st(s), stitch(es); rep., repeat.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each hole.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st st., * 4 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., 4 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., 7 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. over 1st ch. loop, * 2 ch., 1 picot, 2 ch., 1 d.c. over next ch. loop, 4 ch., over 7 ch. loop work (1 3 tr. cluster, 2 ch., 1 picot, 2 ch., 1 3 tr. cluster), 4 ch., 1 d.c. over next loop, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.



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Cleanse your skin with Ten-O-Six twice daily.

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POSTMISTRESS AT 94!

(But she gave up milking the cows)

• Sorting and stamping mail is no trouble to the 94-year-old postmistress at Baroota, S.A., Mrs. Sarah Jane Mudge. "It's easier than milking," she said.

UNTIL she was 87, Mrs. Mudge's daily chore was milking by hand a small herd of cows.

Mrs. Mudge has been in charge of the post office for 46 years, although her husband was the official postmaster until his death 37 years ago.

The post office serves eight families at Baroota, 28 miles north of Port Pirie.

Mrs. Mudge doesn't wear glasses, and she fills in the mail advice slips and places the lead seals on the mail-bags with a remarkably steady hand. The post office is at the back of her home.

One of her twin sons, Mr. Arnold Mudge, and his wife and family share the house.

Mrs. Mudge is the eldest of five surviving sons and daughters of an English couple who settled in Corromandel Valley, in the Adelaide Hills.

Her three brothers are Sam Broadbear, 90, of Adelaide; Frank Broadbear, 89, of Rainbow, Victoria; and Stan Broadbear, 79, of Japarit, Victoria. Her sister is Ethel Allan, 84, also of Rainbow.

She has four sons — William, Roy, and twins, Arnold and Gordon, who, at 58, are the youngest. All live in the Baroota area.

There are 14 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Mudge thought she would never live to see electricity, trains, and water passing her front door. Now she has the 240-volt power connected to her home, the Trans-Australian • Railway passes within yards of the front door, and the Morgan-Whyalla water pipeline is just over the way.

She remembers that when a motor-car first passed the house she ran inside, excited that she had just seen "a cart without horses."

Mrs. Mudge dislikes her "new-fangled" electric range.

When the painters moved in to her kitchen a few months ago and she could not use the old wood stove, she left the cooking—on the "new-fangled" stove — to someone else.

—JUSTIN BRADY

• *Mrs. Sarah Jane Mudge, 94.*

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Vulcan and Dunlop Rubber.

By MARY BROKER

• You will remember that when I talked about Vulcan Industries Ltd. once before I predicted that a new issue may be made.

IF you didn't buy the shares then you may be able to buy them now at a slightly cheaper price during the current rights issue.

Vulcan manufactures heaters and cooking appliances, and is possibly best known through its Conray Convection heater.

This particular unit has been on the market only since 1955, but according to all reports is gaining quite a large proportion of the market.

Since I last discussed this company, the 1964 results have been announced. No greater improvement in net profit was shown — it edged up only slightly from £103,000 to £105,000, earning rate 21.0 per cent. compared with 20.6 per cent.

However, depreciation, which is one of the items subtracted from gross profit, rose from £20,000 to £49,000, so you can see that a great deal more was actually earned.

Prospects for the current year are apparently extremely good, with higher sales and production in the first two months compared with the previous corresponding period.

Directors are confident that earning rate and the 10 per cent. dividend will be maintained following the current 1-4 issue of 5/- shares at 2/6 premium, which is being made to increase production facilities.

Rights will be traded until December 4 and are currently selling at about 5/-. One hundred at this price would cost about £26, with a further £13 to pay in premium, making a total of £39.

Also being traded until December 4 are rights to Dunlop Rubber Australia Ltd., which is one of Australia's principal tyre makers, and the largest supplier of batteries to the automotive industry.

Other products include rubber and vinyl flooring materials, industrial products, sporting equipment, footwear, and garments, such as raincoats, and, of course, pillows and mattresses.

This diversification has really paid off, particularly in 1961 when the credit squeeze hit the automotive industry.

Although profit fell, the amount was only negligible (from £1.7 million to £1.6 million) and has since been recovered, as you will note from the 1964 profit of £2.5 million.

This gave an earning rate of 16.2 per cent. on capital and dividend was held at a steady 10 per cent.

Sales last year, by the way, were a phenomenal £85 million.

Issues have been fast and furious over the past five years for a company with such a large capital as £15 million:

October, 1959: 1-6 bonus.

July, 1963: 1-4 bonus and 1-3 new issue at par.

The current issue is at par in the ratio of one for three and is being made to finance current expansion projects. For those who are more interested in long-term growth than short-term situations, rights should prove a bargain.

Price at time of writing is 21/6, so that 100 would cost about £108. The application money of 20/- per share would be a further £100, bringing your total cost to £208.

By comparison, the fully paid shares are currently selling at 42/6, and 100 of these would cost about £214, giving you a saving of approximately £6.

message to women born before 1940

have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY symptoms can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Housewives, shop assistants and nurses are prone to it. Anyone who spends time standing up or lifts heavy weights can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS often subside and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY stages the progress of the condition can be stopped. There is no need to wait fatalistically for the drastic therapy of surgery. This cannot be attempted until the disease has become serious. You need never reach this ugly stage. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR chronic sufferers. Even at this late stage, Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking the development of more serious disturbances. By effectively easing pain and swelling, Venoruton Tablets promote better health and a brighter outlook. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyaethyl)-rutosidum is one of the most significant developments in the treatment of varicose veins. It is a method developed and exhaustively tested in the Zyma Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics. Naturally, the chronic case will need a longer course of treatment.

NEGLECT now is painfully expensive later. Can you afford the time and money it takes for varicose vein surgery? Is it fair to yourself and your family to endure the lifetime of pain and suffering, the embarrassing ugliness, the curtailment of your activities that is all too often the lot of the varicose vein sufferer?

IT AFFECTS the entire family. Could you run your home, look after your family if you were in constant pain, unable to stay on your feet for long? If your husband were affected, think of the effect it could have on family life

SAFE, no side effects even for expectant mothers. Venoruton is an established treatment. Within a few weeks Venoruton relieves the symptoms and prevents the development of more serious trouble. Venoruton soothes pain, Venoruton reduces swollen legs easily and gently, and promotes all-round improvement in your circulation.

YOUR HEALTH — beyond price. Your health and your family's happiness is beyond price. But a course of Venoruton Tablets is within your means. To start this treatment costs only 14/6 — less than 2/- a day. Treatment should be continued without interruption for four weeks and the longer you continue treatment the more lasting the results. Venoruton is easy to take — just two tablets three times a day. If you have varicose veins, or have noticed the early warning signs — cramps, swollen ankles and veins, or dull aches and pains in the legs — get Venoruton Tablets from your family chemist without delay.

Venoruton tablets

From the Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland.

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A wonderland of wonderful

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towels for EVERY-body

Fantasies of colour, wondrous designs in mix and match sets, all with a soft touch of quality.

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Continued from page 90

RUN SCARED

explaining how he got that raincoat after there was a bullet hole in it —oh, yes.

"Take it from me, Lem, Brown is as good as convicted right now. There's motive, too. Maybe Brown shot Sykes only to get him out of the way so he could get all the money he could for himself. But he certainly went out of his way to involve Mrs. Downes. Looks to me like he was trying to kill two birds with one stone. Get rid of Sykes and incriminate Mrs. Downes and bleed her for the rest of her life. Only she had the courage to stop it. Even if it meant she had to give up the scheme for getting Mansour off. And give up Mansour."

He sighed. "I can't help feeling sorry for Mrs. Downes. Looks as if she's already been punished. But we've got to bring her back — unless, of course, Brown dies. He looks bad. But even if he dies, Lem, we've got to get this whole story out in the newspapers so everybody's going to know exactly what happened and how it happened. I wish it could have come out yesterday before they voted."

"Thank you, Sheriff—" Lem put out his hand and the sheriff shook it hard. He nodded at Mrs. Bascom, he nodded at Martha, and then paused. "This was a frame, that's proved. I don't think anybody is going to press a hit-and-run charge. But next time go straight to the police."

"There'll not be a next time," Lem said. The sheriff nodded again soberly and left.

Mrs. Bascom said bleakly, "So this is the way it happened. Dilly!" She turned a stunned white face to Lem.

"Don't take it so hard. You know Dilly was always a sort of law unto herself. She went her own way."

"I know. Yes, I know, but Dilly—" Mrs. Bascom put her hands over her face. "Suppose they do bring her back. Suppose she has to stand trial."

Lem said gently, "They'll have to bring her back, Ma."

"Poor Dilly." Mrs. Bascom wiped her eyes and blew her nose. "Well, what's happened has happened, and we can't change it. I wonder where she's gone." She rubbed her eyes again with her lacy little handkerchief and answered her own question. "Some little country, some place she'd already planned on if things did go wrong. She said she'd sent money there." She gave Lem a sharp look. "Oh, I'm not going to brood about it. Dilly — no. I'm not going to brood about it."

She rose. She lifted her chin and suddenly gave them a flashing smile which, however, suggested tears. "And mark my words. I'm just not going to believe Dilly will let herself be brought back. And — and besides, I'm perfectly sure that wherever she's gone, in two years she'll be running their politics . . . I'm going to see what the latest returns are."

Lem shook his head but said nothing, and his mother kept on the smile until she reached the door and closed it behind her.

Lem said, "Ma knows better, but she would keep up a good face no matter what. In a way I'm sorry for Dilly, too, but she went into a crooked scheme with her eyes open. I can't understand it! Dilly! And a man like Mansour."

"Dilly couldn't help it," Martha said, "she loved him—"

Lem gave her a long look. "She risked your life."

"She didn't know that—"

"If I hadn't been looking for you, if that damned wonderful cat hadn't been galloping around, scared and curious — if Brown had got away with whatever cracked plan he had in mind—"

"He didn't . . . I was envious of Dilly. I didn't know, I didn't guess—"

Lem stared at her. "Envious!"

But she could still learn from Dilly. She put her arms up around Lem and he caught her instantly, hard and close to him. "Mrs. Schultz—"

"Don't talk," she whispered against his lips.

Distantly, somewhere in the house, someone gave a queerly jubilant shout. It seemed far away. Even when the door was flung open Lem still held her.

Jim Stenson shouted, "Lem —Lem! They're coming!"

Lem released her slowly.

Jim was red with excitement. "I tell you they're coming. And the newsmen are out there and the television cameras and photographers and — come on."

"Jim— Do you mean—" Lem looked suddenly both understanding and dazed.

"Haven't they told you?" Jim shouted. "It's all but over. They think Huxton will concede in the next hour or so! Where have you been? The returns got better and better and"—he bounced over to clap Lem on the back— "you're as good as in. Any minute now. Come on—both of you—" He propelled them out of the library and into a scene of wild confusion.

Everybody was talking, everybody was shouting, everybody was laughing, and all of them surged upon Lem and Martha. Jim Stenson shouted, "Let them get out on the steps — let them through, fellows—"

They went out the door; they stood on the steps, and dazzling lights beat down upon them. Shouts went up. A long line of lights, smoking red torchlights, flashlights, every kind of light, joggled along the road.

Jim shouted, "They're not waiting; They know you'll win. It's the torchlight parade!"

Someone had thrust a paper in Lem's hand. He read swiftly. Then he looked out at the faces crowding around the steps. He put up his hand and there was a quick silence.

Lem was smiling, alight, yet deeply sober, too. "There's no statement now. The final returns aren't in yet. But my friends and neighbors are coming. My wife and I want to thank them."

He drew Martha's arm through his own and held it close while the line of lights joggled nearer.

THE END

The novel "Run Scared," by Mignon G. Eberhart, is published by William Collins.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"***

—Isaiah 58:6.

For a present that's sure to please . . .

give him a NEW Gillette Slim ADJUSTABLE razor

He can adjust this slimmer, trimmer, lighter, longer razor to any one of nine settings—one just right for his skin and beard. In handy travel case with dispenser of Gillette Blades . . . **21/6**

. . . or—a TWIN PACK of the remarkable NEW Gillette *STAINLESS STEEL* Blades

Months of superbly comfortable shaves from these two 5-blade dispensers of remarkable Gillette Stainless Steel Blades. In cheerful Christmas-card pack . . . **11/8**

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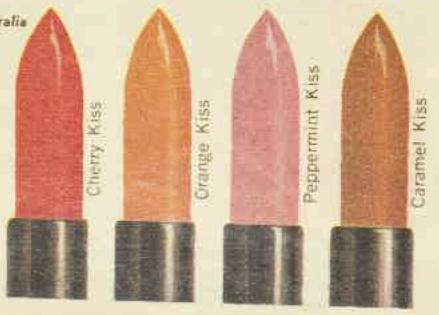

THEY'RE FLAVORED!
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Put on orange, taste orange!
Put on caramel, taste caramel!
Put on peppermint, taste peppermint!
And as for cherry — mmmm!
"Forbidden Fruits" look delicious, taste delicious — and so do girls who wear them.

Swivel Lipsticks 4/11 S'Lipsticks 6/11

It's a cool new way to collect men

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WALLY the Wombat is Wendy's favorite, and follows her everywhere around Taronga Park Zoo, where Wendy works.

By KERRY YATES

WOMBAT LOVES WENDY

and so do the lions, antelopes, wallabies, possums, squirrels, anteaters, gorillas, koalas, and gliders—but the monkeys bite

● *"You can never trust a monkey," said Wendy Hallstrom, 21. "They may look cute and cuddly but you never know when they're going to pull your hair, rip your clothes, or even attack you." And Wendy should know. As Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo's only female animal attendant, she's an expert on monkeys—and many other animals.*

"MONKEYS are very sensitive and you have to treat them gently," she said, stroking a tiny black spider monkey.

"I thought I was great friends with three little woolly monkeys last year and then one suddenly attacked me."

Wendy had picked up the baby one to nurse when the father flew at her and bit her on the hand and forehead.

"I've only a few little scars to show now, but I was so shocked at the time, I was off work for a couple of weeks," she said. "I never went back in their cage again.

"And another time I was feeding three young gorillas who had just arrived at the zoo and one grabbed my hair, another my arm, and the other my leg," she said. "They only nipped me but I panicked, screamed, and ran for my life.

"I'm sure they were just nervous, because our gorillas are not usually dangerous," she said. "They tackle your legs like a front-row forward, but are only playful and don't intend to hurt you."

Wendy was just 17 when she started working as an animal attendant five years ago.

"I always loved animals, so I asked Grandpoppy if I could have a job at the zoo when I left school," she said.

"Grandpoppy" is Sir Edward Hallstrom, the Honorary Life Director of Taronga Park Zoo.

"We didn't know if Wendy would like the job — it wouldn't be glamorous enough for many girls," Sir Edward said. "But she loves it and has been an absolute gem — we're very proud of the work she's done—especially with our young animals."

Wendy's first job was to raise some baby gibbons, "small, skinny members of the ape family," whose mother had died.

"We raise all our baby animals just like human babies — they are bottle-fed with the same milk formulas," she said. "And we give them almost as much attention, too.

"At first it surprised me how much there was to learn for my job — not just how to feed the animals, but how to look after them, handle them, and also how to understand their feelings and natures," Wendy said.

Animals respond

"I learnt everything I know from Chick Cody, a marvellous man who really used to talk with all the animals," she said. "We all miss him very much."

(Chick, who was an animal attendant and elephant trainer at Taronga Park Zoo for 37 years, died last January.)

"Chick was remarkable; even wild elephants and rhinos responded to him," Wendy said. "He taught me there were two kinds of animals — those who have to be disciplined and those who respond to kindness and sympathy — and now I know how true that is.

"Since I've been at the zoo I've raised baby antelopes, kangaroos, wallabies, koalas, possums, monkeys, lion cubs, and gorillas, so I've had a lot of experience with the different reactions of animals."

Wendy had been at the zoo for about a year when their two popular gorillas, George and Mary (they're worth about £5000) arrived from Africa.

"They were about three, but still only babies, and I had to bottle-feed them for a few months, and then I looked after them for almost two years.

"They're real comics and show-offs," said Wendy. "Mary even dances the hula, and George sulks and cries if you don't take notice of all his tricks.

"But sometimes they were really naughty, and often pulled buttons off my clothes, and they ripped the hems of a couple of dresses," she said. "And one day I had taken some V.I.P.s into their cage to meet them and George ran up to one lady as if to give her a big hug, and instead he pulled at her pearls and sent them flying all over the cage — it was really embarrassing.

"But I grew really fond of those two, and was sorry when the authorities decided last January that George and Mary were too strong for a girl to look after," she said.

"They weighed about 30lb. when they arrived and would be close to 300lb. now, so they really were powerful in the end, especially when they'd playfully throw their arms about you for a cuddle."

Another job Wendy enjoyed was raising three lion cubs from birth.

"Their mother wouldn't feed them, so I took over and looked after them for about ten months," she said. "They were gorgeous, as gentle as kittens, and I had to bottle-feed them every two hours for the first few months.

"It was a big job for me, as I also had to bathe them several times a day in hot, soapy water," she said. "And they were so young they'd often fall asleep while I was doing it."

For the past few months, Wendy has been in charge of her own department at the zoo, looking after 18 cages housing many varieties of small monkeys, antelopes, squirrels, anteaters, gliders, possums, and wombats.

"I display the animals, clean their cages, and feed and look after them all," she said. "It keeps me busy, as most of the animals have to be fed twice or three times a day.

"Most of our animals at the zoo are fed on fruit, whole or diced, and they have top quality fruit to keep them in perfect health.

"If there's a bruise on an apple, it has to be cut out, and we never give them fruit we wouldn't eat ourselves.

Reads everything

"I have special names for all my animals, mostly after towns or rivers in the countries they come from," she said. "I read everything I can about my animals because I have to answer all the questions visitors ask me, of course."

As an animal attendant, Wendy works a five-day week and an occasional weekend, and earns anything from £12 to £21 a week, depending on overtime.

"I really like my job," she said. "I can wear slacks to work and even go swimming to Balmoral Beach (it's just near the zoo) in my lunch breaks.

"In the weekends I like to go horse-riding at my grandfather's private zoo at Mona Vale — so I just can't keep away from animals.

"Wally the wombat is my favorite," Wendy said, introducing me to a small bundle of grey fur. "He's such a dear, friendly little fellow, and follows me everywhere about the zoo."

So when Wendy offered to walk back with me through the zoo grounds Wally toddled along at our heels.

I noticed several surprised people staring at us, probably wondering if we were stealing Wally from the zoo.

Two young boys even called out — "Put that back or we'll report you!"

Wendy just laughed and kept on walking.

"I'm sure some tourists really think I'm taking him home with me," she said. "But we're a familiar sight around the zoo — everyone knows us."

WENDY HALLSTROM, granddaughter of Sir Edward Hallstrom, cuddles one of the black spider monkeys she cares for.

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POISE IS MORE THAN POSTURE

The big dictionary on her head defines poise as *self-possession in meeting embarrassing situations.* But self-possession is a lot easier if the embarrassing situations never arise.

Many young women feel embarrassed during a certain time of the month.

Tampax internal sanitary protection all but does away with differences in days of the month.

Tampax is out of sight, out of mind. Nothing can show, no one can know.

Tampax eliminates chafing, odour, belts, pins, pads. Disposal problems vanish too. Tampax is pure, surgical cotton, lock-stitched for safety, and protected by a satin-smooth applicator ensuring correct and hygienic insertion. What could be simpler—nicer—easier?

If you want to feel poised, self-possessed, during trying times, use Tampax. Millions do!

Tampax is made in your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available in the standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

SCRABBLE STANDARD
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SCRABBLE for JUNIORS
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For details, see the coupon in this issue.

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Bursaries for needy apprentices

IN this democratic age the manual worker's skill must be put on as high a level as that of the academically minded person.

However, although scholarships are provided for the latter, there is no monetary help for those who cannot afford five years' apprenticeship on a minute wage.

If bursaries were awarded to manually outstanding students to raise their wage to the average, there would be less people cast adrift into dead-end jobs.

Those skilled in this capacity would then attain their rightful status in society. — *Robin R. Joyce, Kalgoorlie, W.A.*

A sandy's lot

"WHERE are all the sandies?" the boys are asking.

My boyfriend describes a sandy as a brown-skinned, brown-haired girl who carries her boyfriend's surfboard to and from the beach for him and then sits on the beach in a bikini, watching him catch the heavies.

Occasionally she is permitted to wave to him, but her eyes are never allowed to wander toward any other males, and, of course, she doesn't mind how long she is left alone on the sand.

For this she is permitted to sit beside her handsome hero!

If this is what boys are looking for in summer girlfriends, I am sure there will be many surfies very much alone.—*G. Stone, Woonona, N.S.W.*

"Petty bickering"

ISN'T it time we gave up claiming our particular taste in music or singers as supreme? As teenagers we are approaching adulthood and should have discarded the "my daddy is better than yours" attitude.

As young adults it is time we began to realise that even if a thing does not appeal to us it is not necessarily bad. There is no reason why Elvis should be any better than The Beatles — they just appeal to different people.

It is time we disregarded petty bickering over the supremacy of our entertainers and turned our young adult minds to more lasting and important things. — *Lloyd James, Fawkner, Vic.*

Poem with a point

THEY talk about our long hair,
They talk about our noise.
They talk about the strangeness
Of today's girls and boys.
They talk about our clothes,
They talk of record-playing,
They talk about us all the time,
And this is what they're saying:
"We didn't have the Rolling Stones,
We didn't have The Beatles,
We were happy staying home
With our thread and needles.
When we were able to go out,
We didn't go alone.
We took along our mum and dad
To act as chaperon."
But when all things are added up,
I think that you will see
That they have had as good a time
As either you or me!
— *"Teenager," Potts Point.*

A teen explains

ALTHOUGH many able psychologists have tried to explain that the behaviour of a typical teenager is normal for that of a growing young person, the fact is that there is no normal or typical teenager.

The mere fact of being labelled "normal" sets my hackles rising. I don't want to be judged with the masses, and nor do my friends. All of us are very much aware of ourselves as individuals; some of us, I will admit, to the extent where it becomes ridiculous.

I'm not trying to say that the teenager of today is a poor, misunderstood individual — the phrase itself has been used so many times that I'm thoroughly sick and tired of it.

I honestly think that not one of us believes it — it isn't true to begin with.

I've often said to my parents in a fit of temper, "You don't even try to understand me." (I lose my temper more often than I like to admit.) But the fact of the matter is that I don't want them to understand me.

I am glad that my parents have allowed me to live my own life. I am sorry that I have ignored their advice so many times, because they were trying to pass some of their experience on to me so that I might find life easier. I'm grateful to them for all that they've given me.

I think that without them it would have taken me much longer to see that I am glad that I am what I am. — *Lesley Letting, Yagoona, N.S.W.*

Taught to teach

I KNOW several boys and girls who, in their final year at school or first year at university, have been coaching younger pupils having difficulty with various academic subjects.

They not only earn a little extra money for themselves doing this, but are also learning the pleasure gained from helping others and the gratification that attends the profession of teaching.

One boy, previously bent on being a scientist, has now decided that he would rather teach that subject. This early experience of teaching and some of the qualities it involves could be the best way of discovering those most suited to perform the work of education and attract them to enter the profession. — *"Helping Hand," Cheltenham, N.S.W.*

In defence of long hair

● *While some readers supported Michael McDonald in his attack on long hair for boys, others quoted history to prove that it isn't so revolutionary as the critics seem to think.*

ALTHOUGH I was horrified at first and rather critical of the trend among teenagers to grow long hair in emulation of The Beatles and other modern entertainers, my attitude has softened.

This style, because it doesn't conform to the social habits of the majority, is meeting considerable opposition.

Strangely enough, the accepted hairstyle of today received the same opposition when it was first introduced — I believe during the Cromwellian period.

Who knows, perhaps it will become the accepted thing, especially when one considers the rising cost of haircuts.—*K. J. Rothe, Widgiewa, N.S.W.*

TO quote Lycurgus, founder of the great Spartan State: "A large head of hair makes the handsome more graceful and the ugly more terrible."—*"Crewcut," Toongabbie, Vic.*

A WORLD-FAMOUS physicist died a few years ago. He had revealed relativity, his name was Albert Einstein — and he had long hair!

Sampson is well known for his phenomenal strength—derived from his long hair!

Early explorers such as Cook and Drake and statesmen such as Lincoln and Washington had long hair.

Were they effeminate? I doubt it. It used to be the fashion for men to possess long, well-powdered locks and to dress in frills, stockings, and similar feminine things.

Two girls have spontaneously told me they like my hair long (while others have made no comment). — *Phillip Dawson, Como, W.A.*

I AM just wrapped in boys who wear fancy clothes and long hair. The majority of my friends agree with me: short hair is out — long hair is in.

The length of a boy's hair has nothing to do with his masculinity, which is surely the test. Good luck to mods!.—*Robin Jackson, Leopold, Vic.*

NOW that I have long hair I look after it far more than I did when it was short. I have to, otherwise it would develop into an untidy mess.

Men at the time of Christ wore long hair, and later there were the long-haired Viking invaders, who conquered the world.

P.S.: Some advice to boys: If you want to meet girls—just grow your hair long and you will meet them. I did. — *Robert Welch, Sylvania Heights, N.S.W.*

COMPLAINTS about the length of boys' hair are certainly not limited to the present generation. In the 12th century William of Malmesbury speaks of certain knights as "wearers of long hair who, forgetting what they were born, enjoy transforming themselves to look like women."

According to the historian, "they vied the women in the length of their locks and when the hair was inadequate they fastened on a kind of wig."

Let's hope today's boys don't go to such extremes. — *B.P., Yagoona, N.S.W.*

NEXT WEEK

● We announce the results of the Road Safety Contest. Read about the lucky girl and boy who each won a car, and the story of the contest and how it was judged.

● Having trouble deciding on Christmas presents to buy? We asked many leading TV stars about their favorite presents and received some surprise answers! The story will prove that it's usually the sentimental, not the monetary, value that counts.

Neat uniforms

INSTEAD of putting our tunics under the mattress, we devised the following method for keeping our summer and winter uniforms neatly pleated.

We slightly dampened the crease by running wet fingers down it and secured the bottom of each pleat with a bobby-pin. This is very easy and does not take much time and can be done when you are checking for any spots or stains. — *Ruth Gallagher, St. Kilda, Vic.*

From America

IAN STEWART, The Rolling Stones' road manager, told me he thinks the argument about The Stones playing or not playing real rhythm and blues is ridiculous. I agree, and I think entirely too much pigeonholing always has to be done about them. They're great and talented even if they don't have the greatest personalities in the world.

I don't think most parents hate them, they just don't want their daughters running out to see ANYONE do shows. — *Laurel Ballou, Manhattan Beach, California, U.S.A.*

Compliments

WHY can't girls take compliments gracefully? I was taught to say, "Thank you," when complimented. But one hears, "Oh, this old thing — I've had it for ages."

It sounds so ungracious and makes the person passing the compliment feel terrible. — *Alison Lavis, Wangaratta, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"Man! That's jazz!"

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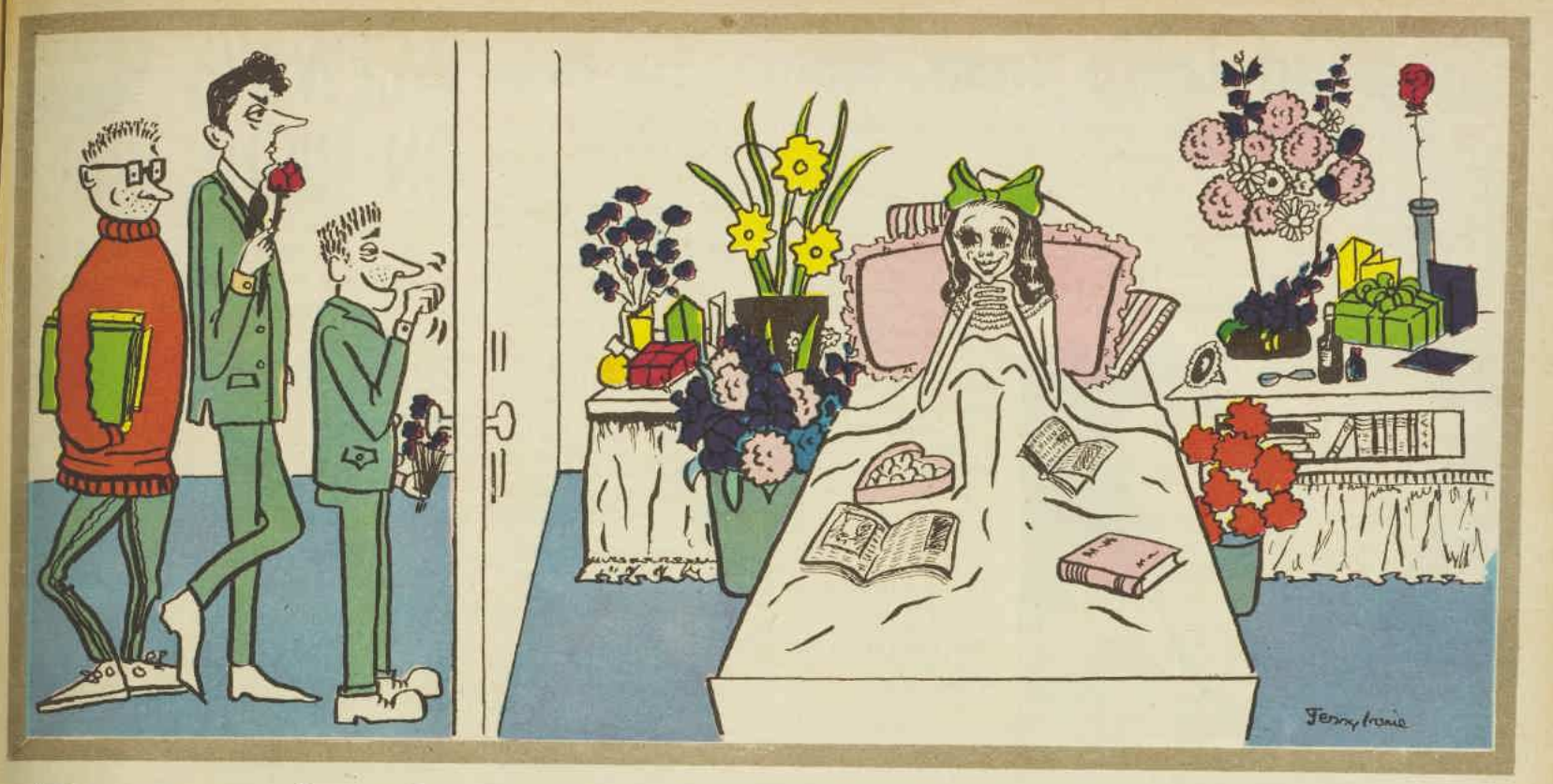

Prescription for a quick recovery

● It seems to be a recognised fact that Australian men prefer the healthy, outdoorsy type of girl. Knowing this wasn't any comfort as I sat in bed recovering from pneumonia earlier this year.

By DIANE ROBERTS

ALTHOUGH recovering, you are still sick. You must still stay in bed, you still don't feel well, and you still must take your medicine.

And while reclining weakly in your convalescent bed you begin to wonder what's going on at the office, realise you look an absolute fright, and, of course, all sorts of marvellous invitations roll in and you can't accept a single one.

Not a very happy position.

Now you can simply roll over and have a good weep and feel miserably sorry for yourself (after all, no one else does) or you can rally.

That was the position I was in, and I rallied, and, believe me, the results were quite fruitful — so here are a few suggestions.

First of all, your surroundings.

A sickroom is a depressing place. When you're recovering at home you like to have visitors, but they won't come again if they find it too much of an ordeal.

Decorate the room with gay, frivolous, feminine things like a rag doll, a teddy bear, ornaments, or a favorite picture. If you're the cute, little-girl type, a golliwog tucked up in bed with you is a sweet touch.

Flowers are a must. Naturally your visitors should bring you flowers, not because you're sick but because you're a girl.

If you have a steady boy who has been faithfully visiting your bedside filled with little expressions of concern but still on the third visit **sans fleurs**, the appearance of a single red rose with a closed card on your bedside table should bring results next visit.

Of course, it needn't be flowers. I just happen to prefer flowers. It can be fruit or books or magazines. But beware what arrives in the fruit line.

I was presented with a big, fat, luscious, just-right-to-eat mango. Now, I adore mangoes. But eating a mango in bed, where it leaves irremovable stains on sheets and your best nightgown, rather detracts from its appropriateness as a gift. And even the most brilliant conversation dims somewhat when it is punctuated by picking mango from between one's teeth.

Talk and smile

Of course, conversation is the all-important means of communication and entertainment. So after you've chatted about your illness (don't go into too many details) conversation can become rather contrived unless you are old friends.

So talk about whatever or whoever you have in common, about the books you've been reading, and then ask what your visitors have been doing.

Try to smile and look interested while they launch into details of what fun it was water-skiing last weekend, and what a marvellous party you missed, and how they're driving into the country for a picnic next weekend and "isn't it a shame you won't be able to make it . . ."

Whatever their conversation, visitors are necessary for a convalescent's morale—so plan a campaign to lure them to your bedside.

First, does everyone know you are ill? If not, you must make all your friends very much aware of this fact.

I solved this problem easily — I had it broadcasted. I have a friend who is a radio announcer and he sent me consoling calls at regular intervals.

I also have a friend who works in a television station, and he threatened to slip a slide on the screen announcing my condition. But I doubted his sincerity.

If you don't have a friend who is a radio announcer, get your best friend to get on the phone and call EVERYONE and have a little speech prepared to the effect: "Have you heard about Di, she's sick in bed . . ."

Having lured a nice team of young men to your sickbed, you must now look the part for them.

Even though they know you aren't well, they don't expect you to look sick and ghastly. It destroys some little whim men have that girls look well groomed, cute, and sweet all the time.

Remember you are an invalid, so you can't wear as much make-up as normal. Aim for effect—the delicate, frail, feminine look — with a very light base, pale powder, and a soft shell-pink lipstick.

Now the problem of eye make-up arises. Even the most sophisticated men don't like "all that stuff on your eyes," so be subtle.

In other words, plain sneaky.

Color your eyelashes very faintly with mascara, or, as I did, smooth them with oil. I was so pleased with the result I smeared petroleum jelly on my eyelids instead of eyeshadow, and thus achieved a luminous look without using heavy make-up.

Flowers and bows

Perfume, always necessary, had to be given special consideration. Not too exotic, not too cloying, so I settled on a spicy, cool fragrance. It doesn't hurt to sprinkle perfume around the pillows, either.

Hair is next. I let mine hang out with a ribbon through it while I was sick, Alice - in - Wonderland style. Sometimes I substituted a flower for the ribbon. I didn't know what to think when I was told: "You should stay sick, you look the nicest I've ever seen you."

When you receive guests, whether it be one (the least exhausting) or whether you hold court (terribly tiring), don't just sit there as they walk in and say, "G'day."

As their knock resounds on the front door arrange yourself, have a magazine open in your lap, and as they approach smile slowly and extend a limp hand.

But don't play the dying lady too long; perk up a bit, a little laugh here and there — after all, you must make your guest feel he is doing a good job. Bid him a fond farewell and smile a special smile and he'll be back for sure.

A spare afternoon near the end of your convalescence should be devoted to sending out thank-you notes for cards, gifts, visits, and phone calls.

Thus your convalescence comes to an end and you totter back to the office, smile brightly, and announce, "I'm back."

Invariably some amusing soul will say, "You been away?"

A BATH CAN BE A BEAUTY TREATMENT, TOO

● If you want to turn your bath into a refreshing beauty treatment here's how:

ALWAYS make the most of its soothing powers. Add bath oil to calming, just-warm-enough waters, or spike them with fragrant bath salts to soften your skin and relax you deliciously.

Use a back brush or a loofah mitt made of rough vegetable fibres, to speed sudsing and stimulate circulation. Coolest way to dry is not to use a towel but to drip dry.

But if you prefer a quicker method wrap up in a thick towel and let it dry you while you whisk on anti-perspirant.

Pumice rough spots of soles and heels every day to save a big job later. Leg grooming is the next step, and you can trim and file toenails straight across while you're at it.

A spot of cream on elbows, cuticles, and ankles, too, is a smooth idea, and, to finish off, a dusting of bath powder and a swift misting of spray cologne.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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Song-and-dance man wants to act

● *Handsome American entertainer Vic Dana, who visited Australia recently, started his career as a dancer, became a singer, and hopes to end up as an actor.*

VIC, a quiet, casual 22-year-old, was making his first trip to Australia to sing at a leading hotel.

Unlike many overseas entertainers he doesn't travel with an entourage of road managers, personal managers, arrangers, or any miscellaneous hangers-on.

"I prefer to travel alone whenever possible, as I don't need them and it's only extra expense. They do all the work before I leave the States, it's up to me once I'm here," he said.

VIC DANA, the young American entertainer who visited Sydney recently.

Vic was born in Buffalo, in New York State, and began studying dancing as a young boy, and before he was in his teens he had won an award for his dancing on a local television show.

"I studied all types of dancing," he said, "tap, jazz, and modern ballet mainly."

Not long after winning his award Vic went with his parents to a concert by his idol — Sammy Davis Jr. When the compere found out Vic was in the audience he asked him up on stage to dance, and when Sammy Davis finished his act he asked Vic to join him in a routine on stage.

"I was terribly nervous at first, but Sammy is a great guy and I quite enjoyed myself," said Vic.

Sammy wanted to sign Vic as his protege, but Vic's parents thought him too young to be working in nightclubs.

But then — as happens in all the best success stories — fate stepped in.

Vic saw an advertisement for a lead singer with a million selling group and, as he had studied singing at high school, went along and auditioned.

The group turned out to be The Fleetwoods, one of Vic's favorites, so he knew a lot of their songs and arrangements and passed the audition with flying colors.

Vic recorded a few singles — none of which made any spectacular impact on the hit-parade charts. And then along came that big hit disc that can pick a career out of the doldrums and put an artist in the national limelight.

In Vic's case it was "Little Altar Boy," and he hasn't looked back since.

Vic hadn't really thought about cashing in on the nightclub circuit until he took Ann-Margret to dinner at a Hollywood club. They entered a twist competition and won, and were asked to sing. The next thing Vic knew he had an engagement at the club for eight weeks as a singer.

"I dated Ann-Margret a bit, but haven't seen her for months now," said Vic.

When Vic is settled back home in Los Angeles, he intends to take up dramatic studies and hopes to turn his hand to acting.

THE CLASSICS

CORELLI: Concerti grossi

THOSE who like to buy or give at Christmas records that have some connection with the season might find the appropriate thing in a disc of Corelli concertos recently issued by H.M.V., opening with the well-known "Christmas Concerto."

This concerto gets its name from the lovely Pastorale, which Corelli added as an optional final movement for Christmas performance. (Most if not all of these concertos were originally designed to be played before or even during church services.)

As this is only one movement in one of four concertos, the connection with Christmas may be a bit tenuous; but at least the record would have more lasting value than the medleys of "Christmas Music" put out by the record companies every year.

Corelli (who died in 1714) was one of the pioneers of the "concerto grosso"—a form of composition for what would now be called a chamber orchestra, different from the later concerto for soloist and orchestra. All his works are for strings and tend to be serene and dignified in style—unlike, for example, his more passionate and experimental later contemporary Vivaldi.

These performances of four concerti grossi from Corelli's "Opus 6" by the Virtuosi di Roma under Renato Fasano are technically first-rate, though they make Corelli seem even more "pure" than he would have appeared to the listeners in his own day, when the slow movements would have been ornamented with improvised trills and other embellishments.

—MARTIN LONG

RAILWAYS ON RIGHT TRACK

ROUND ROBIN

● **I see that the N.S.W. Railways are introducing glamor-girl hostesses on their trains.**

THE department wants to choo-choose girls who will be as efficient and charming as airline hostesses.

This is a particularly satisfying Spirit of Progress.

The girls will wear uniforms, of course.

This is so each will be neatly dressed.

There will be for the girls no problem of keeping up with the Casey Joneses.

A railway hostess can have many natural beauty aids.

She would certainly be in fine fettle.

And she would almost surely always have beautifully groomed hair.

What with all those permanent way(ve)s.

Some people might sneer at the whole idea.

They could label a hostess-manned train a powder puff-puff!

All in all, though, the scheme should be a signal success.

Hostesses might be troubled by romantically minded passengers.

Yes, ironically, the only quiet trip would have to be on a mail train!

Some men no doubt will pass notes to hostesses.

These notes are known as puffing billet-deux!

Girls will spurn elderly wolves — y'know, old buffers!

Hostesses will particularly want to avoid being pinched by passengers.

In an age when steam locomotion is giving way to diesel-electric power this is not only their own personal wish but technically important, too.

There is certainly no need these days for a tender behind!

—Robin Adair

TREASURES A'PLENTY IN 'ALL THAT JUNK'

● **Are you a hoarder? Is your mother continually calling your precious collection of accumulated knick-knacks "a pile of junk"?**

IF so, do have a regular sift through and throw out the really worthless things, but at the same time scan over the half-dozen dos and don'ts we have compiled. You might find a few items of buried treasure you never knew you had!

Don't throw out those exquisitely shaped hand-lotion bottles—especially if they have wide necks. Clean them out, lacquer them with pastel paint, tie on a matching ribbon, and keep them handy on your dressing-table for collecting small change in.

Do give those powder puffs a dunking in suds once in a while. Don't, however, throw them out if they are a bit thin or frayed—keep them handy to dust delicate figurines or bric-a-brac, which chip so easily.

Don't get rid of those lipsticks just because the color is down to the rim. Invest in a lip brush — you'll lengthen the life of your lipstick and at the same time give yourself a clearer and prettier lip line.

Do keep the glossy taffeta ribbons which come with boxes of chocolates or tied around gifts. They are a simple and inexpensive way of collecting a wardrobe of "Tom Jones" bows, which are all the rage at present.

Don't discard scraps of material, no matter how small they are. Cut into unusual shapes, pieced and sewn together, they can make pretty patchwork "Babushkas," or triangle-shaped headscarves.

Do save empty perfume phials or the last slivers of cakes of heavily scented soap. Throw away the stoppers in the phials, dry out the pieces of soap, and then slip them between the folds of your dreamiest nighties or laciest underwear!

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Things to buy for Christmas

Christmas usually finds teenagers with unlimited goodwill but limited —and that can be quite a problem. So, here's a heap of ideas for gifts for all—quite inexpensive and special, too.

Mother would adore:

A jar of cream, a perfect rose, a framed picture of you , a fancy night mask, a mad beach hat, a cake of perfumed soap, a frilly , tickets to a stage show, a , bubble bath, hair spray, a tiny bottle of perfume, a prepaid appointment for a shampoo and set, a magazine subscription, a cookery book, or even a budgerigar in a .

FATHER would appreciate:

leather case for his , a road map, a beer mug, for his car r favorite armchair, a box of home-made fudge, subscription to a magazine bout OR OR , a photograph album, a pair of lippers, beach towel or hat, art print, cravat, or fishing .

SISTER would be mad about:

A record, home perm set, tickets to the movies, sun , a roller cap, false eyelashes, a pair of bikini , a diary, bath salts, a Tom Jones , a fashion magazine, a slave bracelet, a pair of sneakers, colored tights, or a bank.

BROTHER or BOYFRIEND would be pleased with:

in LP , a fancy bottle-opener, after-shave lotion, rubber thongs, road irectory, driving , desk calendar, golf , men's talc, chess et, a on his favorite sport, key ring, wallet, pin.

GRANDPARENTS or GODPARENTS would be delighted with:

to the theatre, studio photograph of you, pack of cards, flowers you've grown, you've baked, a pair of bedsocks, a pretty cup and saucer, a jar of ginger, dried , cases for their reading , a box of chocolates.

NEPHEWS, NIECES, and OTHER SMALL FRY would think super:

A white , a visit to the zoo, big jar of lollies, pogo-stick, colored , a fishing , ballpoint pen, a rag-clown, adventure book, a globe of the world, a money box with in it, a compass, a , sneakers.

COUSINS, OFFICE and SCHOOL FRIENDS would like:

A money , a lipstick, magnifying mirror, eyelash curlers, scented note-paper, a coffee mug, manicure set, bunch of red , a pyjama holder, a scarf, a string of wooden , bubble-bath, shower cap, pair of nylon , or a pretty

give GiGi
and she'll feel she's in Paris

GiGi Talc & Skin Perfume 15/6

GiGi
gift-wrapped for Christmas
GiGi Talc and Soap 11/6

Talc, Skin Perfume & concentrate 32/6

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Tall girls' club

"I HAVE heard that there is a club in Australia for tall girls. Could you please advise me as to whether this is right or not, and also where I could find out particulars?"

"Tall Too," N.S.W.

Write to Miss P. Hynes, "Stratford Hall," 47 Yarranabbe Road, Darling Point (N.S.W.).

Miss Hynes is the N.S.W. representative of the Tall Women's Association. Yearly membership fee is £1/10/- for country members and £2 for city members.

Kissing cousins

"AT the moment I am going steady with my cousin, and my father doesn't approve. I don't want to end everything with my cousin, as it would break his heart and I know he loves me very much. Could you please tell me if first cousins are able to marry and if their children are normal?"

"Problem," Qld.

There is no legal bar to first cousins marrying.

One risk involved in such a marriage is that some hereditary defect may be intensified in children, because the same hereditary traits may be present in both the husband and the wife.

Before you make any definite plans you should have a talk with your doctor and also your priest or minister.

Old enough to date?

"I WILL be 16 soon and would like to know whether I am old enough to ask my father if I could go out with a boy. The rest of the family is married and I am the last child."

"Curious," N.S.W.

I think your father might allow you to go out with groups of boys and girls—and at almost 16 I think you are old enough.

Getting to know her

"THERE is a girl at school whom I like very much, but I do not know how I can get acquainted with her. I think she likes me, because occasionally I see her looking in my direction. How can I get to know her?"

"Help," Vic.

Do you know anybody who knows her?

If you do, you ask them to introduce you — if not, just keep smiling at her when you see her, and one of these days an opportunity will arise when you can talk to her.

Should they part?

"I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl and have been going with a boy of the same age for twelve months. We are in the same grade at school, but I intend leaving at the end of the year while he stays at school for another year. He says he still likes me as much but that it would seem silly for a schoolboy to be going with a working girl after I leave school. I see his side of the problem, but am trying to convince him that it doesn't make any difference really. Do you think it does?"

"Wondering," Tas.

Yes, I do think it will make a difference.

First of all — you will be earning money, while, I suppose, he will still be on an allowance.

You will also have different interests, and you will be meeting new people.

Anyway, it is up to your boyfriend to decide for himself, and I wouldn't try to do too much convincing if I were you.

False teeth problem

"WHEN I was 13 years old I had to have my four top front teeth extracted and now I have a denture. Even though I am 16 I feel embarrassed, because I am so young to have false teeth. I am afraid to accept a date in case the boy tries to kiss me at the end of the evening, and even though several boys have shown interest in me I just can't seem to face them. If I did accept a date, do you think I should tell the boy I have a denture and do you think it would make any difference to our friendship?"

"Unhappy," W.A.

No, I don't think it would make the slightest bit of difference, and if you did let a boy kiss you he couldn't possibly tell that your teeth weren't your own.

I think you are being too sensitive about this matter.

Forget about your false teeth and think of the other things about you that are nice.

Pin up a pin-up

"I AM 17 years old and very much in love with a boy who is 18. I have been to his home several times and get so jealous because he has photographs of Patsy Ann Noble pasted all over his bedroom wall. He keeps telling me she is his favorite pin-up girl, just to tease me, and I get rather annoyed. What can I do?"

"Jealous," N.S.W.

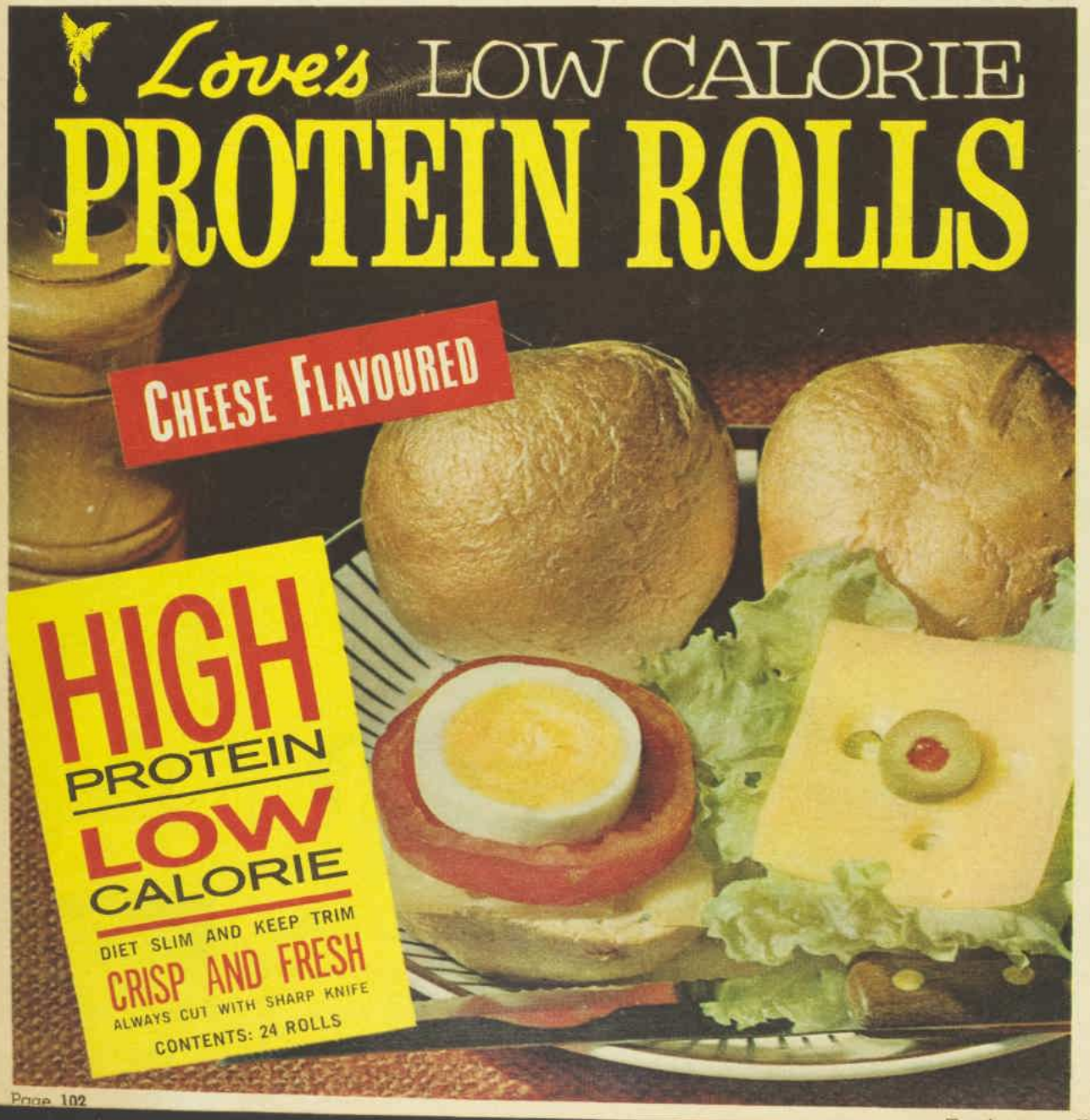
Plaster your room with pin-ups of every good-looking boy you can find — then invite your boyfriend over!

NOW! new cheese flavoured LOVE'S PROTEIN ROLLS

Love's Low Calorie Protein Rolls — good to eat and even more delicious in the new cheese flavour. Try some today. At your health food store or grocer's in packs of 24 or 12. Plain Protein Rolls also available, in packets of 24 or 12.

doubly-delicious in the new cheese flavour!

NB 1184



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HOLIDAY JOBS

• You're on your school or university vacation and plan to make this summer one to remember . . . well, why not make this summer a holiday of fun, sun, and £££. Yes, gather your resources and get a job.

THERE are jobs you can organise yourself (ever thought of pet-sitting for neighbors on holiday?) and other jobs you can obtain through an employment agency.

Remember casual jobs don't all stop with Christmas Day. There are many other jobs in the offing throughout summer which are interesting and fun and also mean money in your pocket to SPEND.

All you need to be successful in your job-hunting is a bright smile, enthusiasm, initiative, and a willingness to work.

Here are a few suggestions:

WAITRESS

For a girl this can be fun. A waitress is continually meeting people and if she is very lucky she can sometimes obtain a position at a seaside resort. The duties are waiting on tables and taking orders, although occasionally the waitress may be called upon to help out in the kitchen. Her salary, which is usually supplemented by tips, often varies with employers, but is usually paid by the hour.

WAITER

Demands for male waiters come from hotels, clubs, and restaurants. The waiter's duties are similar to those of a waitress, although frequently they include serving drinks, and you must be 19 to be allowed to do this.

COSMETICIAN

This is a popular job and today temporary work as a cosmetician is sometimes available. The cosmetic manufacturers employ their own girls for both permanent and casual work. Training is not always an essential.

DRIVER

There are driving positions available for girls and boys. The essential qualification: your driver's licence. For a girl, work can often be obtained in large hotels where she will be called upon to park guests' cars.

A boy can become a "pick up and delivery" driver for small businesses or larger firms. In parking stations, boys to park cars are often in demand, and work as chauffeurs to individuals is sometimes available.

FRUIT PICKER

This means good money, working with other people, and usually a trip away from home. Demands for boys and girls to pick and pack fruit come from outlying properties. The fruit pickers are accommodated on the premises and fares to the fruit-picking area from the pickers' homes are usually paid one-way.

GARAGE HAND

For a boy a job as a garage attendant is interesting and fun — you're always meeting people. An essential is to know a bit about cars — you MUST know where the petrol tank is. Payment is usually by the hour.

However, if garage work doesn't appeal to you why not wash your friends' and neighbors' cars for them.

KENNEL KEEPER

For teenagers there is sometimes work available in boarding and breeding kennels which are busy over the holidays. For those teenagers who love dogs this can be an ideal job . . . but remember loving dogs and working in kennels doesn't mean you can smooch and fondle them all day.

Helping out in the kennels is hard work. You must see that the dogs have everything they need — clean kennels, exercise, fresh water, and food.

As a kennel boy or girl you can be called upon to work a 40-hour week or on odd afternoons and mornings when required.

MOTHER'S HELP

As a mother's help you live-in with a family, looking after young children and helping in the house with cleaning and cooking. You become part of the family and calls come from families in the cities as well as from properties. All you need is a sense of responsibility, love of children, a congenial personality, and efficiency.

BABY-SITTER

If you'd rather not live-in with a family but like this type of work and children, why not take up baby-sitting? You could baby-sit at night — a wonderful way to get all your odd jobs done. Once the children are in bed and asleep you can catch up on all those things you keep meaning to do.

Or you could baby-sit in the sun . . . yes, help some mother with her four children at the beach. She'd be thrilled for someone to take over the responsibility while she lay nearby sunbathing.

TYPIST

Girls — you can type and have either a typewriter of your own or know people who could lend you one. Well, why not make money by taking in typing?

There are many people who want typing done for them privately — businessmen, doctors, lawyers, housewives who are always meaning to write books, and students. You'll find no lack of work and it can be fun and interesting.

So, with your typewriter and a rubber (sometimes necessary) start asking your friends if they know of anyone who wants some typing done, or advertise.

STABLE HAND

If you're a keen rider and love horses remember that vacancies sometimes occur for temporary help at riding-schools. The work consists of grooming the horses, feeding them, cleaning the stables and saddlery, taking children for rides, and generally "helping out."

Payment (in many cases the work is voluntary) varies with employers.

SALES GIRL

Selling in stores and small shops is fun and shop-girl positions on a casual basis don't all stop with Christmas Day — girls to help out on Saturday mornings and over the holiday period are often in demand.

Experience is not always essential (many small shops don't mind lack of experience as long as you have a pleasant personality and are willing to learn), but you must have a real liking for people, interest in your merchandise, plus good grooming and healthy foot muscles (you'll be on your feet most of the day).

TEACHER

Examinations may be over, but during the summer holidays many parents are anxious for their children to be given extra coaching in academic subjects.

It's not a matter of teaching something new (that's been done at school), but is more a matter of helping the pupils to understand what they've been taught and going over their work with them.

Be sure that your knowledge and understanding of the subject you're coaching in is good enough to be able to help someone else.

Payment is by the hour and you can either see the student in his home or arrange for him to come to you for the lessons.

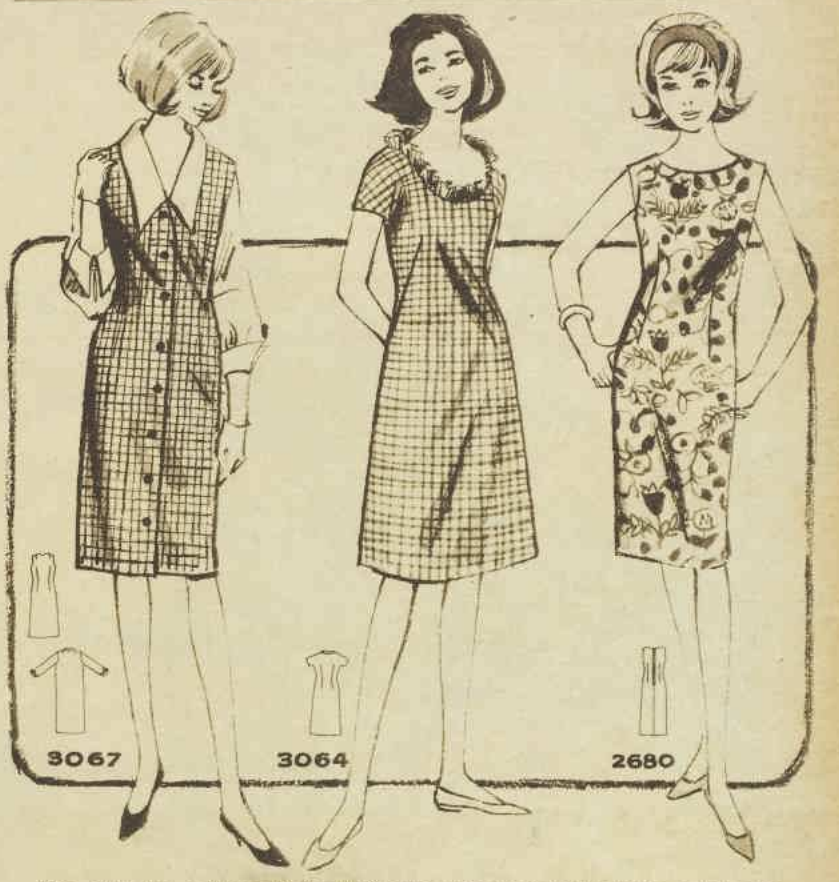
If teaching academic subjects doesn't appeal to you, but you're pretty good at smashing a ball across a tennis net or racing through the water in a freestyle race, why not offer to teach neighboring children the sport you know best for a small fee?

AND MANY OTHERS

There are hundreds of other casual jobs you can get during the summer (night porters at a hospital, railway luggage assistants, factory workers, working in a newsagency, or sewing and gardening) which all add up to a full summer of fun, interest, and money.

— JENNY IRVINE.

Butterick PATTERNS



3067.—Shift dress or blouse with "swallow" collar, three-quarter-length sleeves, and sleeveless button-through dress. Wear separately or as a co-ordinate. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3064.—Slightly A-flared dress with cap sleeves and eyelet-ruffle trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

2680.—Young Junior and Teen semi-fitted shift, with or without self-tie belt. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

2571.—Smart matron's semi-fitted jacket and dress with bloused bodice and slim skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

2161.—Toddler's shirt and shorts with square bib and back elasticised waistline. Fish applique included. Sizes ½ to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

2894.—Girl's semi-fit slightly A-line dress with popular front pleat. Self bow. Sizes 4 to 12 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

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